

THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE

EDITED FOR THE SYNDICS OF THE  
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

BY

JOHN DOVER WILSON

TITUS ANDRONICUS







# TITUS ANDRONICUS



CAMBRIDGE  
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

1948



*Printed in Great Britain at the University Press, Cambridge*  
*(Brooke Crutchley, University Printer)*  
*and published by the Cambridge University Press*  
*(Cambridge, and Bentley House, London)*  
*Agents for U.S.A., Canada, and India: Macmillan*



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THE FRONTISPIECE, WHICH REPRESENTS WHAT IS PROBABLY A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF AN EPISODE IN THE FIRST ACT OF *TITUS* (THE TABLEAU AT I. I. 130), AND WHICH IS DISCUSSED AT pp. 98-9 BELOW, HAS BEEN REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE MARQUESS OF BATH FROM A FINE PEN AND INK DRAWING AMONG THE MANUSCRIPTS IN HIS LIBRARY AT LONGLEAT (*Harley Papers*, vol. I, f. 159v.).







# INTRODUCTION

## AN ESSAY IN LITERARY DETECTION

Two substantive editions of *Titus Andronicus* have come down to us. One is a quarto printed in 1594, which passed out of ken between 1691, when Gerald Langbaine mentioned it in his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, and 1904, when a copy of it was discovered in Sweden at the house of a post-office clerk, and was purchased for £2000 by the American millionaire H. C. Folger, in whose Shakespeare Library at Washington it now lies. A photographic facsimile of this copy, published in 1936 with an informative introduction by J. Q. Adams, forms the basis of the present text. The other original is, of course, that printed in the First Folio of 1623. Set up from a copy of the third edition (1611) of the quarto, this exhibits clear traces of prompt-book influence, and must have derived from the theatre a whole scene (3. 2), of nearly ninety lines, not found in any of the three quarto editions. Some conjectures as to the kind of manuscript used in 1594 and the exact nature of the copy in 1623 will be found in the Note on the Copy, while what is known, or can be inferred, about the origins of the play and its early productions will be dealt with in § IV of this Introduction; such matters being more easily approached after the problem of authorship, which is here my main concern, has found at any rate a tentative solution.

The story of *Titus Andronicus* is derived, not from Roman history, but from some medieval tale of 'Rome the Great', probably of Oriental origin. Until 1936 no source for the play was known. In the introduction to the facsimile above mentioned (pp. 7-9) Adams gives, however, a brief account of an eighteenth-century chap-book, recently discovered at the Folger Library







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and I understand shortly to be published, which is apparently a late reprint of the prose tale upon which the play was based. Adams even suggests that the entry, on 6 February 1594 in the Stationers' Register, to the printer John Danter of the copy of a book entitled 'A Noble Roman Historye of Tytus Andronicus' with 'the ballad thereof' may refer to the first edition of this chap-book, and not, as has been generally assumed, to that of the play, which came from the same press and in the same year 1594. This seems to me unlikely.<sup>1</sup> But if Adams is right, the quarto probably appeared shortly afterwards and would not in Danter's eyes require a separate entry.

### I. *The play and the critics*

The historian of literature, no less than the scientist, must have labels for his pigeon-holes; and ever since J. A. Symonds<sup>2</sup> invented a convenient one in 'Tragedy of Blood', *Titus Andronicus* has been classified as such with Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, Chettle's *Tragedy of Hoffman*, the anonymous *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*, and other Elizabethan plays, in which a succession of ruthless crimes is accompanied by a prodigal effusion of blood. A vigorous child of the native Senecan drama, such as *Gorboduc* and *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, the type chiefly differs from its parent in that it exhibits on or just off the stage those acts of carnage and violation which, though constituting the main ingredients of the earlier plays, were there, in

<sup>1</sup> As the author of *A Knack to Know a Knaue*, 1592, was already familiar with the story of Titus, I am inclined to think the chap-book must have been available by then. See below, pp. xli-xlii.

<sup>2</sup> His footnote on p. 391 of *Shakespeare's Predecessors* (1883) remains one of the best characterizations of the type in general.



accordance with classical 'decorum', merely narrated and commented upon in lengthy and would-be lofty speeches. The 'university wits' who created the new form, writing as they did for the common playhouse and not like Hughes and Sackville directly for an audience of courtiers and lawyers, were of course bound to keep popular tastes in mind. Yet their classical allusions and quotations prove that they were still primarily concerned to catch the attention of the learned and the polite; and there are at least two scenes in *Titus* which only a classical scholar could fully understand.<sup>1</sup> In fact, the Tragedy of Blood was as fashionable with the Elizabethan and Jacobean high-brow as 'Crime Club' fiction is with his modern counterpart; a parallel not altogether flattering to ourselves. For the Elizabethan 'shocker', beginning as crude melodrama, grew under the hands of Shakespeare and Webster into tragedy of the highest order, while if a Fyodor Dostoevsky was able to raise the crime and detective story to the plane of *Macbeth*, he has had no followers. Nor can we ascribe it to any virtue of our own, or to 'progress' in general, that *Titus Andronicus*, which competed with *The Spanish Tragedy* for first place in the affections of the average Elizabethan playgoer, which retained much of its popularity into Jacobean days, and which was often performed in London for fifty years after the Restoration, has since 1725 practically disappeared from the stage<sup>2</sup>, and is now only read by a few students in each generation. It ceased to be *à la mode*, like doublet and hose and codpiece; that is all.

It follows that critics of Victorian yesterday and Georgian to-day who profess nausea for these prototypes of the world's dramatic masterpieces must be humbugging either themselves or others. For what is

<sup>1</sup> 4. 2 and 4. 3.

<sup>2</sup> See Stage-History, pp. lxvi-lxix, below.



wrong, as with most first experiments in the sphere of art, is not the character of the material—murder and debauchery do not offend us in their Jacobean offspring—but uncertainty of taste and lack of skill in the handling of it. Plethora, for example, the natural malady of artistic inexperience, is particularly conspicuous. There are some fifteen murders and executions in *Titus*, more than half of which take place on the stage; the heroine is raped, a little ‘off’, her tongue cut out and her hands ‘lopped’ from her arms; her father agrees to sacrifice his right hand to purchase life for his sons, in return for which their decapitated heads and his sundered hand are flung in contempt at his feet; in revenge for all this he then slits the throats of his daughter’s violators in full view of the audience, while she holds a basin between her stumps to catch the blood; and the play rises to a grand finale in a Thyestean banquet to which the female villain of the piece is lured that she may be made to feed upon her sons. Every outrage, moreover, has its accompaniment of lamentation, so that the blood of the victims is as it were mingled with the tears of the mourners. In short the play offers the usual bill of fare: motiveless malignity, continual blood-letting, and a relentlessly sustained assault upon the tear-ducts of the spectators.

Yet, even as compared with others of the same genre, *Titus* is a strange play, with something odd or baffling about it. If not the crudest of its kind, it is less homogeneous in style and more ramshackle in structure than most, while its incidents are often merely absurd. *Titus’* enemy, *Tamora*, the villainous Queen of the Goths, takes a leading part in Act I, and is referred to in the rest of the play as an astute schemer. But it is *Aaron*, her black paramour, who, though a mute in Act I, afterwards contrives all the outrages against the family of the Andronici, not only without consulting *Tamora*, but professedly out of sheer devilry. Only towards the



very end does she once again occupy the centre of the stage, and then her scheming is foolish and ineffectual. Moreover, the liaison between Aaron and Tamora, stressed at the opening of Act 2, possesses no further dramatic significance whatever, except in respect of its offspring, the black baby, which does not appear until 4. 2 and is itself an excrescence on the plot. Another anomaly, which there is no attempt to explain, is that though Tamora is Queen of the defeated Goths, it is to the Goths that Lucius son of Titus repairs to enlist help and raise an army against her and the emperor her husband.<sup>1</sup> And the situations are as crazy as the structure, the most ambiguous incidents being those in which Lavinia figures after she has become a handless, tongueless mute. Clearly intended to be the centre of the play's pathos, she is nevertheless slightly, and sometimes more than slightly, ludicrous whenever she appears. The speech with which her uncle Marcus greets her at her entry after the outrage is itself compact of anticlimax; and it must have been difficult for the more 'judicious' of Shakespeare's audience to refrain from hilarious applause at the acrobatic management by the boy-player of 'her' stumps, first in turning over the leaves of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, then with a stick as she reveals the names of her ravishers by writing them in the dust, and last when she holds the basin to catch their blood. But the height of absurdity is reached when at Titus' command she lowers her mouth to the stage, picks up his severed (sawdust-filled) right hand with her teeth, and trots after him as he exits, for all the world like a little puppy-dog. Furthermore, the discord and bathos which mark structure and incident are equally evident in dramatic character and poetic style. By what strange freak, for example, did it chance that the finest and tenderest passage of any length in the play, the love-

<sup>1</sup> See 3. 1. 286; 4. 2. 173; 4. 4. 27-38; 5. 1. 16 (and notes).



poem at 2. 3. 10-29, was placed on the lips of Tamora the tiger? In a word, *The Most Lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus* seems to jolt and bump along like some broken-down cart, laden with bleeding corpses from an Elizabethan scaffold, and driven by an executioner from Bedlam dressed in cap and bells.

Such a play would long since have been relegated to the limbo of half-forgotten drama by the Greene-Peele-Marlowe school, but for this: it was named during Shakespeare's lifetime as his by Francis Meres in 1598, and was included after his death among the other plays of the Folio by his fellow-actors Heminge and Condell. By what right was so great an honour conferred upon so unworthy an object? Or, if Shakespeare had in truth something to do with it, what in the name of *Richard III*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, to invoke the spirit of early plays alone, was this something he was trying to do? The second question, which awaits a satisfactory answer to the first, was never, I think, asked before the other day.<sup>1</sup> The first has been asked ever since the end of the seventeenth century, but though many answers have been found, none has been accepted as final. Yet, inasmuch as very little about *Titus* matters to us except its authorship, the rest of this Introduction must be given to one more attempt to solve that problem.

Three solutions are possible: the play may be a very bad or a very juvenile specimen of the master's handiwork; it may be another man's play which has been fathered upon him by some accident or misunderstanding; or it may be of mixed parentage, that is to say, a production for which Shakespeare is only in part responsible. Critical opinion, of which only a very brief outline can here be offered, has ranged itself under these three banners, swaying from one to another as genera-

<sup>1</sup> See Mark van Doren, *Shakespeare* (1939), pp. 42-3, and below, p. li, n. 1.



tion succeeded generation, or dividing its allegiance according to national distinctions.

A minor Restoration dramatist, Edward Ravenscroft, fired the train of controversy in 1687 by condemning *Titus*, not unjustly, as a 'heap of rubbish', and stating that he had been informed by 'some anciently conversant with the stage' that it was not Shakespeare's play at all, 'but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters'.<sup>1</sup> Ravenscroft was not a very reliable person, and the words, chiefly inspired by a desire to advertise his own 'improved' version, are of no value as evidence.<sup>2</sup> Yet, down to the end of the nineteenth century most English critics, taking their cue from him, and making light of the external evidence, have rejected Shakespeare's authorship, while allowing that he may have added a few lines here and there. The Germans, on the other hand, have since the time of Schlegel<sup>3</sup> with almost equal unanimity ascribed the play to him; and it is to their credit that they perceived the significance of Meres' testimony and the inclusion in the First Folio a hundred years before it began to dawn upon scholars in this country. Nothing foreigners said, however, could make the case seem any more plausible to English-speaking persons possessed of any poetic sensibility and knowledge of Shakespeare. It was a debate over apparently irreconcilable factors, and as both factors visibly gathered force as time went on, finality looked like receding into the inane. Early in this century, for example, the puzzled layman was given two books to ponder: Alfred Pollard's *Shakespeare Folios and Quartos* (1909), which, by immensely strengthening

<sup>1</sup> See E. K. Chambers, *William Shakespeare*, II, 254-5.

<sup>2</sup> See Stage-History, pp. lxvii-lxviii below, for an account of his *Titus Andronicus*, or *The Rape of Lavinia*.

<sup>3</sup> Schlegel, *Dramatic Literature* (Bohn's translation), pp. 442-6.



the authority of Heminge and Condell, correspondingly strengthened the grounds for accepting as authentic all the plays in the First Folio; and, on the other side, J. M. Robertson's *Did Shakespeare write 'Titus Andronicus'?* (1905), in which the case against the authenticity of this Folio play was argued with more force and with a greater display of evidence than ever before.

Robertson made some distinguished converts, among them Dr Greg; and, though his forensic tone and special pleading repelled as many as his evidence won over, the book certainly carried the problem a stage nearer solution. Most of the evidence consisted of verbal parallels between *Titus* and the writings of Shakespeare's contemporaries in the late eighties and early nineties; and from these he argued that the play was in the main the creation of George Peele, though he conjecturally assigned certain scenes to Greene, Kyd, and Marlowe; the last named being a useful card for him when faced with passages which even he was forced to acknowledge exhibited the hand of genius. The verbal parallels seemed impressive in bulk and were often plausible in detail, especially those he extracted from the poems and plays of Peele. Respecting these last, he owed more, I fancy, than he acknowledged to the industrious but muddle-headed Charles Crawford, who in the course of an uncompromising defence of Shakespeare's authorship of *Titus* in the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch* for 1900, had unwittingly gone far to undermine his own case by drawing attention to a number of very close parallels between *Titus* and *The Honour of the Garter*, a poem written by Peele in the summer of 1593. Meanwhile, collecting verbal parallels became a popular hobby. The work of Dugdale Sykes,<sup>1</sup> for example, though not

<sup>1</sup> *Sidelights on Shakespeare* (1919), and *Sidelights on Elizabethan Drama* (1924).



directly concerned with *Titus*, seemed to add strength to Robertson's case by throwing a good deal of fresh light upon Peele's diction. And when Robertson in 1924 brought out a new and enlarged edition of his book, in which he replied to critics of the first edition, it began to look as if Peele might be the long sought 'private author' referred to by Ravenscroft.

At this point, however, the other side hit back. Robertson, always blind to anything detrimental to his case, had made light of the external evidence; and his second edition, which he entitled *An Introduction to the Study of the Shakespeare Canon*, was designed as the first battering-ram in a grand assault upon the integrity of the First Folio. The assault was no sooner launched than it came under the deadly fire of Sir Edmund Chambers, who directed his guns against the enemy's main position. From his now famous lecture on *The Disintegration of Shakespeare* delivered before the British Academy in 1924, the reputation of Robertson never recovered, though his pen continued to function. And Chambers' attack was followed up in 1932 by a brilliant article from the pen of Miss St Claire Byrne in which she threw a great deal of cold water over the game of verbal parallels.<sup>1</sup> The pendulum of opinion among scholars in this country swung sharply in the direction of Shakespearian fundamentalism, and as the

<sup>1</sup> *The Library* (4th ser.), XIII, 21-48. See also A. M. Sampley, 'Verbal Tests' in *Peele's plays* (*Studies in Philology*, vol. 30, 1933, pp. 208-24), which gives a list of the 133 words and phrases claimed as characteristic of Peele by Robertson and Sykes, and shews that 120 of them may be found 'in identical or very similar form in other writers'. Had the article been more analytical it would have been more helpful. Spenser is the author from whom most of the parallels are drawn, and these are generally lumped together; but anything Spenser published after 1593 has little relevance either to *Titus* or Peele.



dust of controversy cleared away, *Titus*, though barely referred to by Sir Edmund and not at all by Miss Byrne, appeared to be firmly based upon the impregnable rock of the Folio.

Yet the critical dilemma remained, with horns further apart than ever; for as our understanding and appreciation of Shakespeare's dramatic genius deepened, it became more and more difficult for the literary man as distinct from the scholar to accept *Titus* as his. In 1904, when the force of the external evidence was first coming to be realized in this country, Bradley wrote: '*Titus Andronicus* appeared in the Folio among Shakespeare's works. It is believed by some good critics<sup>1</sup> to be his: hardly anyone doubts that he had a hand in it.'<sup>2</sup> But the very book from which these words are taken increased the number of sensitive and discriminating readers who could do nothing but doubt, so that twenty-five years later such a reader, who also happened to be an excellent critic, was expressing himself in almost exactly the opposite sense. 'Of *Titus Andronicus*', John Bailey declared in 1929, 'I need say nothing, as scarcely anyone thinks Shakespeare wrote it.'<sup>3</sup> Interesting as symptoms of fluctuating opinion, such observations, however, decided nothing, since decision could only come if the scholars succeeded in *proving* one of the three alternatives mentioned at the beginning of this section. Dr Greg had argued the second as early as 1908. Convinced, as I have said, by Robertson's first edition that 'no trace of Shakespeare's hand was discoverable in the extant text', he made a valiant effort to reconcile this conviction with a bibliographer's respect for the authority of the Folio by suggesting that the

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Raleigh's *Shakespeare*, pp. 84, 108, 125; and Saintsbury in *C.H.E.L.* v, 173-9.

<sup>2</sup> *Shakespearean Tragedy*, p. 200.

<sup>3</sup> *Shakespeare*, p. 86.



Quarto of 1594 represented the play before Shakespeare revised it, that the revised text, played by his company from 1594 onwards, was burnt in the fire that destroyed the Globe in 1613 and so never got into print, and finally that the unrevised text became *faute de mieux* the theatre prompt-book after 1613 and so went to the press with the other play-books used as copy for the Folio in 1623.<sup>1</sup> This claimed to be nothing more than a tentative suggestion advanced in order to reconcile apparently irreconcilable facts. But it opened up several interesting side-issues, to one or two of which we shall return, and it pointed the way we shall find to the true solution of the problem.

So far I have said nothing of the third school of *Titus* critics, namely those who with Greg regard Shakespeare as the reviser<sup>2</sup> of an earlier play, but unlike him believe that the play thus revised is to be seen in the Quarto and Folio texts. Many have from time to time held this theory, but the earliest to work it out in detail, as far as I know, was the young Arthur Symonds in an introduction which Furnival commissioned him to write for the Praetorius facsimile of *Titus* (1600), published in 1885. An admirable essay, full of discriminating aesthetic criticism, it has been unduly neglected in this country, while American writers appear to be unaware of its very existence, which is the more surprising, that from the dawn of the present century the theory of a revised *Titus* has been specially favoured by Shakespeareans on the other side of the Atlantic. Among

<sup>1</sup> The theory originally stated in 1908 on pp. 161-2 of the Commentary on *Henslowe's Diary*, was restated with slight modifications eleven years later in *The Modern Language Review*, XIV, 322-3.

<sup>2</sup> By 'revision' I understand at least *some* reorganization and/or rearrangement of dramatic material; the addition of lines here and there such as Ravenscroft (and Malone) contemplated cannot be so described.



American expositions<sup>1</sup> that of Professor T. M. Parrott, published in *The Modern Language Review* for January 1919, is at once the most systematic and the most suggestive. Basing his case upon a statistical table of feminine verse-endings, a test of authorship which I must confess inspires me with little confidence,<sup>2</sup> he goes through the play scene by scene as Symons had done before him, and like Robertson, whose book he has evidently studied carefully, makes considerable use of verbal parallels. In one very important particular, however, he goes far beyond him, and by so doing succeeds in putting his main conclusion completely out of court.

The most astonishing thing about Robertson, who browbeat in the name of 'scientific method' and 'logical procedure' all who differed from him, was his own lack both of science and of logic. Never, for instance, did it seem to occur to him that his collection of parallels from Shakespeare's contemporaries ought to be checked by parallels from Shakespeare's own poems and early plays. It did occur to Parrott; with the interesting result that he found in *Titus Andronicus* enough Shakespearian words, phrases, images and thoughts to constitute, at the lowest, a strong *prima facie* case for its revision by Shakespeare. And if Dr Greg found this evidence 'hardly completely convincing',<sup>3</sup> that was, I fancy, due to the fact that he overlooked one significant feature about it, perhaps because Parrott himself seems to have overlooked it also, viz. that a large proportion of the parallels come from *The Rape of Lucrece*. Now it is obvious that parallels between *Titus*, which was being published in 1594 and being

<sup>1</sup> As my Notes show, I am also indebted to two valuable articles in *Studies in Philology*: A. K. Gray's *Shakespeare and 'Titus Andronicus'* (July 1928) and J. S. G. Bolton's '*Titus Andronicus*': *Shakespeare at Thirty* (April 1933).

<sup>2</sup> See head-note to 5. 1.

<sup>3</sup> *The Modern Language Review*, xiv, 322.



played at the beginning of that year, and *Venus and Adonis*, which was entered in the Stationers' Register on 18 April 1593, striking as are some of those adduced by Professor Parrott, might be explained as plagiarism by the dramatist. But with *Lucrece*, which was entered in the Register on 9 May 1594, i.e. more than three months later than the earliest recorded performances of *Titus*, the position is different. A long poem of over 1850 lines, already promised in the Dedication of *Venus and Adonis* a year before, it must have been nearing completion by the time *Titus* was produced and could thus have owed little or nothing to the play. On the other hand, it was quite impossible for the play to owe anything to the poem, except on one condition: that the same author was concerned in the writing of both. In a word, the parallels from *Lucrece* put the case for a Shakespearian authorship or revision of *Titus* very high indeed.

## II. *Shakespeare shows his hand*

In discussing evidence from parallels Miss Byrne rightly insists upon the importance of quality. 'Mere verbal parallelism', she writes, thus making nonsense of many pages of Robertson's many books, 'is of almost no value in comparison with parallelism of thought, coupled with some verbal parallelism.'<sup>1</sup> If she will admit parallelism of situation or theme as an alternative to, or extension of, parallelism of thought, a large proportion of the parallels between *Titus* and Shakespeare's poems and early plays pass her test. It may be said that, thus interpreted, the test loses value as far as *Lucrece* is concerned owing to the fact that the central situations in poem and play are identical. It was, I suspect, this identity which first attracted Shakespeare to the play, or suggested to others he might with advantage be

<sup>1</sup> *The Library* (4th ser.), XIII, 24.



engaged to work upon it. But there are detailed similarities in *Lucrece* apart from this, and plenty of such similarities in the early plays; while once parallels of high quality have been found in sufficient number to establish identity of authorship, parallels of lower quality become interesting too. Following in Professor Parrott's footsteps and with the help of Bartlett and Schmidt, I have collected so large a quantity of Shakespearian parallels that to record them all in the Notes would greatly exceed the limits of this edition. Only a small proportion can accordingly be given there.<sup>1</sup> Yet, even so, the impartial reader will, I think, find the evidence overwhelming. Indeed, the following examples selected for their brevity should prove enough for most.<sup>2</sup> They are, I claim, mostly parallels of high quality, exhibiting as they frequently do, identity of cadence, as well as similarity of situation, thought, image or phrase. In any event here, as an earnest of the evidence in the Notes, are a number of Shakespeare's finger-prints as they show themselves in almost every scene of the last four acts.

- Titus*, 2. 1. 35: And that my sword upon thee shall approve.  
*Shrew*, 1. 2. 174: And that my deeds shall prove.  
*Titus*, 2. 1. 53-4: (*Aaron*). For shame, put up.  
                                   *Demetrius*. Not I, till I have sheathed  
                                   My rapier in his bosom  
*K. John*, 4. 3. (*Bastard*). Put it up again.  
       79-80: *Salisbury*. Not till I sheathe it in a  
                                   murderer's skin.  
*Titus*, 2. 1. 89: Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.  
*L.L.L.* 5. 2. 281: Well, better wits have worn plain  
                                   statute-caps.

<sup>1</sup> Unfortunately too, limitations of space made it impossible to quote all but a very few at length. But the references are there for the reader to turn up for himself.

<sup>2</sup> For longer and more complicated instances see notes 2. 3. 201-4; 2. 4. 48-51; 3. 1. 96-7; 3. 2. 16-20.



- Titus*, 2. 3. 145: Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.  
*Rom.* 1. 3. 68: Thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy  
 teat.
- Titus*, 2. 3. 148: What! wouldst thou have me prove  
 myself a bastard?
- Merch.* 4. 1. 69: What, wouldst thou have a serpent stung  
 thee twice?
- Titus*, 2. 3. 212: A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling  
 joints.
- Ric. III*, 5. 3. 181: Cold fearful drops stand on my trem-  
 bling flesh.
- Titus*, 2. 3. 256: 'Tis not an hour since I left them there.  
*K. John*, 4. 3. 104: 'Tis not an hour since I left him well.
- Titus*, 2. 4. 3: Write down thy mind, bewray thy  
 meaning so
- 1 Hen. VI*, 5. 3. 66: I'll call for pen and ink, and write my  
 mind.
- Rom.* 5. 2. 4: Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
- Titus*, 3. 1. 54: A wilderness of tigers?
- Merch.* 3. 1. 115: A wilderness of monkeys.
- Lucrece*, l. 980: Wilder to him than tigers in their  
 wildness.
- Titus*, 3. 1. 68: What fool hath added water to the sea?
- 3 Hen. VI*, 5. 4. 8: With tearful eyes add water to the sea.
- Titus*, 3. 1. 103-4: Had I but seen thy picture in this plight  
 It would have madded me.
- 1 Hen. VI*, 4. 7.  
 83-4: Were but his picture left amongst you  
 here  
 It would amaze the proudest of you all.
- Titus*, 3. 1. 233-4: Then give me leave; for losers will have  
 leave  
 To ease their stomachs with their bitter  
 tongues.
- 2 Hen. VI*, 3. 1. 182: But I can give the loser leave to chide.
- Titus*, 3. 2. 24: Why, Marcus, no man should be mad  
 but I.
- K. John*, 4. 1. 13: Methinks no body should be sad but I.



- Titus*, 4. 1. 60. O, why should nature build so foul  
a den!
- M.N.D.* 5. 1. 289: O wherefore, nature, didst thou lions  
frame?
- Titus*, 4. 2. 101-2: For all the water in the ocean  
Can never turn the swan's black legs to  
white.
- Ric. II*, 3. 2. 54: Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed  
king.
- Titus*, 4. 2. 151: A long-tongued babbling gossip.  
*Two Nts*, 1. 5. 277: The babbling gossip of the air.
- Titus*, 4. 3. 45: Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we.  
*Lucrece*, ll. 664-5: The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's  
foot,  
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's  
root.
- Titus*, 4. 4. 83: Is the sun dimmed, that gnats do fly  
in it?
- Errors*, 2. 2. 30: When the sun shines let foolish gnats  
make sport.
- Titus*, 5. 1. 57-8: If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
I'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot  
you all!'
- L.L.L.* 5. 2. 866: A twelvemonth? well, befall what will  
befall,  
I'll jest a twelvemonth in a hospital.
- Titus*, 5. 2. 1: Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment.  
*Shrew*, 4. 3. 172: Even in these honest mean habiliments.
- Titus*, 5. 2. 191: your unhallowed dam.  
*Merch.* 4. 1. 136: thy unhallowed dam.
- Titus*, 5. 3. 13: The venomous malice of my swelling  
heart.
- 1 Hen. VI*, 3. 1. 26: From envious malice of thy swelling  
heart.
- Titus*, 5. 3. 76: Do shameful execution on herself.  
*Ric. II*, 2. 1. 66: Hath made a shameful conquest of  
itself.



*Titus*, 5. 3. 82: To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,  
*Rom.* 2. 2. 167: Like softest music to attending ears.

Finally, here are a dozen common Shakespearian turns of speech which I happen to have noticed in *Titus*: 'mannerisms' it would be wrong to call them, so natural and unobtrusive are they, being for the most part little flourishes of a lively character at the beginning of speeches, lines or phrases. That they are individually peculiar to Shakespeare I do not of course maintain, though I think some are. What is suggestive is that all should be found in *Titus*.

(i) The cumulative succession of phrases or epithets beginning with 'this' or 'that':<sup>1</sup>

*Titus*, 2. 1. 22-3: 'this queen...this siren'; *K John*, 2. 1. 577 ff. (The Bastard on Commodity); *L.L.L.* 3. 1. 178-9 (Berowne on Cupid); *Ric. II*, 2. 1. 40-51 (Gaunt on England).

(ii) Sentences beginning 'Now will I':

*Titus*, 2. 3. 190: 'Now will I hence'; cf. 2. 3. 206; 3. 1. 306; 4. 4. 109; 5. 2. 132; *M.N.D.* 5. 1. 191; *Rom.* 2. 2. 189.

(iii) 'Even' (generally used for emphasis) at the beginning of a line:

*Titus*, 2. 3. 162: 'Even for his sake am I pitiless'; cf. 2. 3. 145; 3. 1. 259, 275; 4. 4. 103; 5. 1. 86; 5. 2. 56, 115; *Merch.* 2. 6. 45: 'Even in the lovely garnish of a boy'; *A.Y.L.* 2. 7. 57; 3 *Hen. VI*, 1. 2. 34. Very common in Sh.

(iv) 'Some say' (to introduce a piece of beast-lore):

*Titus*, 2. 3. 153; *Rom.* 3. 5. 29, 31.

<sup>1</sup> First pointed out by A. K. Gray, *Studies in Philology*, xxv, 303 ff.



(v) 'As who should (would) say' = as if to say:

*Titus*, 4. 2. 121; 4. 4. 20; *V.A.* 1. 280; *Lucr.* 1. 320; *Merch.* 1. 1. 93; 1. 2. 44; *Shrew*, 4. 3. 13; *Ric.* II, 5. 4. 8; *1 Hen. VI*, 1. 4. 93; 4. 7. 27; *2 Hen. VI*, 4. 7. 99. Seldom in later plays.

(vi) 'Nothing so...':

*Titus*, 2. 3. 156: 'Nothing so kind, but something pitiful'; *2 Hen. VI*, 5. 2. 65; *1 Hen. IV*, 3. 1. 132; 5. 1. 38.

(vii) 'Now' (as introductory flourish to a mild oath):

*Titus*, 2. 1. 61: 'Now, by the gods'; *K. John*, 1. 1. 259; 2. 1. 397; *Ric. III*: 'Now, by St Paul' (*passim*).

(viii) 'But, soft':

*Titus*, 5. 3. 116. Very common in Sh.

(ix) 'That ever...' (to express indignation or surprise):

*Titus*, 3. 1. 249; *Rom.* 3. 2. 63; *1 Hen. IV*, 2. 4. 96.

(x) 'Why, there's a...' or 'Here's a...' (Fr. *voilà*, *voici*):

*Titus*, 4. 2. 116, 119; *Shrew*, 5. 2. 180; *K. John*, 2. 1. 455, 457.

(xi) 'What a...!':

*Titus*, 4. 2. 25: 'Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!'; *V.A.* 1. 343: 'what a sight it was!'; *Err.* 5. 1. 269: 'Why, what an intricate impeach is this!'

(xii) '...cannot (or 'shall not') choose but':

*Titus*, 4. 3. 74-5: 'he should not choose but'. Bartlett gives sixteen instances of this idiom under 'choose'.

The foregoing parallels should establish the fact that Shakespeare was deeply involved in the received text.



They will be followed up, as I have said, by a wealth of further parallels in the Notes, while at the head of each scene therein I have summarized my impressions as to Shakespeare's contribution in detail. But the reader will already, I hope, be prepared to agree that the external evidence for Shakespeare's hand in the play has been corroborated by the internal. The problem cannot, however, be left there. Like Symons, Parrott, and many other critics, I do not find a single convincing trace of Shakespeare in the whole of Act 1, which runs to close upon 500 lines. Who then wrote that? In the next section I bring forward fresh evidence to support—I would claim, to demonstrate—the theory, which J. M. Robertson, though refusing to see the hand of Shakespeare anywhere, went some way towards proving, viz. that we must look to George Peele for the authorship, not only of Act 1, but of most of the basic text upon which Shakespeare worked. In other words, I hold with the Americans that Shakespeare did not invent *Titus*, he revised it. And, as I shall show in the Notes, he must have worked over the last four acts pretty thoroughly, so that Meres and the editors of the Folio were fully within their rights in calling it his. The aesthetic responsibility for it is therefore his also. But that raises problems which must be postponed to the final section.

### III. *Peele also shows his hand*

The verse of Act 1 has a certain stateliness, not inappropriate to what is in part an imperial election and in part a funeral service. It is even at times capable of dignity and grace, together with genuine poetic feeling, as in the solemn prayer (ll. 150–6) with which Titus consigns his dead sons to the ancestral tomb, or in the plea of Tamora (ll. 104–20) on behalf of her first-born. Clearly, the author, if we assume the act to be by a



single writer, was no hack dramatist. On the other hand, one has only to examine the quality of his mind, the fabric of his verse, and the composition of his sentences, to feel certain that, whoever he may have been, his name was not Shakespeare. One or two simple generalizations may be hazarded about Shakespeare's verse, which are not, I think, likely to be questioned by any who have considered it seriously. First of all, it is never empty. No doubt, the later the play, at any rate up to and including the great tragedies, the greater the pregnancy of its style. Yet even the verse of his earliest plays, of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Richard III*, and *King John* for example, is richer in content than that of his contemporaries at that period, not excluding Marlowe. Secondly, it is not to be analysed. Those familiar with it may feel confident of being able to recognize the Shakespearian accent; but if taxed for their reasons they will be hard put, seeing that his style is organic, not mechanical, that is to say it will only yield to the analysis of a chemistry not yet discovered. And its third characteristic, which follows from the second, is its freshness and variety.<sup>1</sup> Lastly, summing up and transcending all the others, there is its vital dramatic quality. The form and movement of the verse is determined by the individuality of the character speaking it; it *sounds* like the utterance of a human voice; more than that, the mind it expresses appears to contain many thoughts over and above those which its

<sup>1</sup> That words are repeated at times in *Titus* in the same sentence (*v.* notes 2. 3. 99, 104, 260; 3. 1. 151-6; 4. 1. 25, etc.) is a sure sign that Shakespeare was writing in great haste; and such inadvertences are quite different from the mechanical repetitions to be noted shortly. As to 'freshness' nothing in Shakespeare is more marked than the freshness and vividness of his imagery. The images are not always original; he may borrow them from Spenser or others. But they are always fresh-seen and new-minted.



creator permits the audience to overhear; and this even when it runs into the patterns and antithetical curvetings his Pegasus delighted in at this stage.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast to all this than the verse of the first act of *Titus*. Perhaps its most obvious feature is monotony, 'deadly monotony' Parrott calls it. Most critics have remarked upon its metrical flatness. But it is dramatically flat also, since all the characters speak with the same voice, frame their sentences after similar patterns, and even borrow words and phrases from each other. Almost every speech, for instance, during the first half of the act, i.e. for some 240 lines, begins with a vocative and continues with a verb in the imperative mood. Saturninus opens the play with

Noble patricians, patrons of my right.

And when Bassianus follows on, seven lines later, like this:

Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,

he seems an auctioneer, outbidding his rival by one alliterative word. The speech he then delivers is, moreover, a bag of tricks, some of which are used several times in other parts of the act.

Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,  
If ever Bassianus, Caesar's son,  
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,  
Keep then this passage to the Capitol,  
And suffer not dishonour to approach  
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,  
To justice, continence, and nobility:  
But let desert in pure election shine,  
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

The words 'of my right' are not only repeated from l. 1, but 'right' in the same sense and as a terminal word, is found again at ll. 41, 56 and 279. Further,



the tiresome rhetorical device of a character referring to himself in the third person and by name occurs more than a dozen times elsewhere in the act. And we need only set

consecrate

To justice, continence and nobility

beside

consecrate

My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners

in ll. 248-9, to see the quality of the mind we are dealing with.<sup>1</sup> But we find the most striking repetition at ll. 428-31, where Tamora in a briefer speech reproduces the very structure of Bassianus' nine lines and in part his words, even concluding, as he does, with a line commencing 'And' and reiterating the vocative with which the speech opens:

My worthy lord, *if ever* Tamora

*Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,*

*Then* hear me speak indifferently for all;

*And* at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

It may be noted too, in passing, that the construction, 'if ever...were' followed by an imperative, crops up again in ll. 107-8, and that 'then' is a favourite conjunction of the writer (cf. ll. 135, 185, 228, 439). Nor is all this the peculiarity of a single speech. Once we begin noting the echoes and repetitions in Act 1, there is no end to them. For a sample: the words 'gracious' and 'return' become obsessions, and are used half a dozen times or more in the first 170 lines; 'in arms' or 'with arms' occurs at the end of ll. 2, 30, 32, 38 and 196; the Goths are three times described as having been 'yoked' by Titus (ll. 30, 69, 111), and his sons twice as 'alive and dead' (ll. 81, 123); 'appeasing' the 'shadows' of the dead is also twice spoken of (ll. 100, 126); and the tomb to which they are consigned is called

<sup>1</sup> See note 1. 1. 14-15; and cf. 2. 1. 92.



'sweet cell of virtue' in l. 93 and 'virtue's nest' in l. 376. Among other recurrences are three lines (ll. 294, 300, 344) beginning 'Nor thou nor he', 'Nor her nor thee', 'Nor thou, nor these' respectively;<sup>1</sup> the odd word 're-salute' (ll. 75, 326) which is not found elsewhere in the canon; echoes like 'live in fame' (l. 158), 'sleep in fame' (l. 173), 'lives in fame' (l. 390), and 'repose in fame' (l. 353); a strained use of 'humbled' (ll. 51, 252, 472). In a word, Act I, the product of a mind working mechanically, is a tissue of clichés in metre, sentence structure and phrasing.

Monotony, poverty, and with these their corollaries, emptiness and affectation. The first sixty lines do not contain a single image beyond such cheap or forced expressions as 'laden with honour's spoils' (l. 36), 'Rome's rich ornament' (l. 52) for Lavinia, and 'let desert in pure election shine' (l. 16); the rest is, in content and imagination, mere prose, tricked out with alliteration, tautology, and other patent dodges for filling up the lines, which are as monotonous in cadence as they are empty of poetic thought. With the entrance of Titus at l. 70 the writer, it is true, feeling called upon for a special effort, launches out into an extended simile, in which his hero compares his return to Rome with that of a ship putting into the home port 'with precious lading'. It would pass well enough in the theatre; but on inspection is revealed as forced, pretentious, and only an elaboration of 'laden with honour's spoils' in l. 36. In a word, it is the sort of image that Shakespeare did *not* indulge in.

My notes show Act I to be as full of parallels with the works of Peele as the last four acts are of parallels with Shakespeare. Most of the clichés and tricks brought out in the preceding paragraphs are indubitably Peele's also. No dramatist of the age is so apt to repeat himself,

<sup>1</sup> See note 1 i. 294.



or so much given to odd or strained phrases, which once coined, or borrowed from some one else, he will reproduce time after time in his various poems and plays.<sup>1</sup> Three illustrations will suffice here. The first,

renowned  
For arms, for honour, and religious love,<sup>2</sup>

is taken from ll. 285-6 of *The Honour of the Garter* (a poem we shall see that Peele wrote at much the same time as *Titus*), but might be a quotation from Act 1 of *Titus*, so closely does it parallel the cadence of ll. 14-15, 248-9 and the patter about 'arms' and 'honour' of which it is full. The second, which comes from *The Arraignment of Paris* (pub. 1584), shows how the same notions and phrases remain in use with Peele after a lapse of ten years. Speaking of Troy, the Prologue of that play foresees

King Priam's palace waste with flaming fire,  
Whose thick and foggy smoke, piercing the sky,  
Must serve for messenger of sacrifice,  
T' appease the anger of the angry heavens.

Clearly there is a close connexion between this and the following from *Titus* (1. 1. 124, 126, 144-5):

Religiously they ask a sacrifice . . .  
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone . . .  
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,  
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky.

<sup>1</sup> How Crawford could write that Peele 'does not repeat himself in' a 'parrot-like manner' (*Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, xxvi, 117) I do not understand.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Edward I*, xiv. 14: 'With gold, with glory, and with kingly gifts'; *David and Bethsabe*, 3. 186: 'With truth, with honour, and with high success'; *Alcazar*, 1. 2. 63: 'A long, a happy, and triumphant reign'; 1. 2. 78: 'The favour, fortune, and success of war'; 4. 2. 29: 'Adorn his crown, his kingdom, and his fame'.



The third illustration takes us back to Bassianus' speech and Peele's love of the vocative, or, as it would be more precise to call it, his trick of falling into the vocative line. We find him using it already in *The Arraignment of Paris*, and following it up as in Bassianus' speech with a conditional clause and an imperative, while he makes the speaker, again like Bassianus, refer to himself by name and in the third person.

Thrice-reverend gods, and thou, immortal Jove,  
Apollo addresses the Olympians at 4. 1. 251, continues:

If Phoebus may, as him doth much behove,  
Be licenséd, according to our laws,  
To speak uprightly in this doubted cause,

and comes along with the inevitable imperative after another half-dozen parenthetical lines. This gives us what may be called the double vocative, which is the commonest form the cliché takes, though not quite with its usual rhythm. The norm occurs at 1. 1. 163 of *The Arraignment*:

Divinest Pallas, and you sacred dames,  
while I need only quote *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1. 1. 49:

Distresséd ladies, and ye dames of Fess,  
and *Edward I*, 9. 1:

Lords of Albania, and my peers of France,  
to show that the type became in Peele's years of decline almost a spasmodic reaction. Act 1 of *Titus*, as it happens, offers no example of this, but a good specimen occurs at 5. 1. 1:

Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,  
which is useful to quote since it gives us, I believe, a glimpse of Peele's original verse beneath the Shakespearean revision.



Yet George Peele bears an honourable name among Shakespeare's predecessors, and it is only fair to suppose that in the composition of this tragedy he was working half-heartedly, as a hack for the players. Certainly, he *could* have written better verse; and, as I have noted above, in two later passages (ll. 116-20, 150-6) he rises into the upper air of true poetry. Both have accordingly been attributed by many critics to Shakespeare, the more readily that the thought in each can be paralleled in his other plays, the first with Portia's speech on Mercy, the second with scarcely less famous lines in *Macbeth*. Both, however, are entirely characteristic of Peele in diction and cadence,<sup>1</sup> and I do not think that anyone, fresh from reading his often noble poem on *The Honour of the Garter*, would be able to deny him the credit for the best things in Act 1.

Robertson, who argues well for Peele's authorship in Act 1, finds himself obliged, as I have said, in his anxiety to exclude Shakespeare from the play altogether, to bring in Greene, Marlowe, Kyd, and even Lodge to explain the new style which is undeniably evident in the later acts, a style and a spirit which have been well described by A. K. Gray as follows:

In Act II almost at once, the rhythm of the blank verse changes; it becomes more fluent, more musical; the meaning undulates easily from line to line, pausing in mid-air, turning back on itself in a parenthesis or a rhetorical question, lingering now and then to sport with a conceit or a metaphor. The general spirit of the two acts is different as well. Outrage and horror abound in both, but whereas the rhetorician of Act I staggers clumsily from horror to horror, without stopping to warn, explain, or analyse, the poet of Act II foreshadows his horror by omens, dreams, and ironical asides, and tries to relieve them of something of their naked crudity by investing them with pathos and sentiment.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See notes below, pp. 105, 106.

<sup>2</sup> *Studies in Philology* (1928), xxv, 298.



Now Shakespeare's predecessors in drama possessed a more or less common diction, partly a creation of their own, particularly of Greene and Marlowe, and partly derived from Spenser and Sidney; a diction, moreover, of which Shakespeare himself shows traces. Whatever theory, then, one entertains as to the authorship of *Titus*, it ought to be easy to find parallels in it to the writings of one or other of Robertson's candidates. Yet, in point of fact, such parallels amount to very little indeed. In 1896, for instance, A. B. Grosart, who had published *The Complete Works of Robert Greene* ten years earlier, and must therefore have been more at home with Greene's style and vocabulary than any man before or since, made a singularly ineffective attempt to fasten the main authorship of *Titus* upon him.<sup>1</sup> As for Marlowe, one has only to check the vocabulary of *Titus* with Crawford's concordance to his works to realize that, though he is imitated in the later acts, it is most unlikely that he can have had a hand in the play at any stage of its development. I am less certain about Kyd. The vocabulary clues favour him almost as little as they do Marlowe. On the other hand, the scenes in which Titus is, or feigns to be, mad (3. 2; 4. 1; 4. 3; 5. 2) have reminded everyone of Hieronymo in *The Spanish Tragedy*, and it is at least possible that Kyd lent Peele a hand with these after his release from prison some time after May 1593.<sup>2</sup> The theory would explain the interesting allusion to Cornelia in 4. 1. 12, seeing that Kyd's translation of Garnier's *Cornélie* was entered in the Stationers' Register, 26 January 1594. But Shakespeare certainly went over the mad scenes as well as the others, and it was not beyond his power to play the sedulous ape to Kyd as he did to Marlowe. Anyhow, all the evidence points to Peele as the man solely

<sup>1</sup> *Englische Studien*, xxii, 389-435.

<sup>2</sup> See Chambers, *Elizabethan Stage*, III, 394.



responsible for the basic play, apart from the mad scenes, while even in them his hand seems evident at times. In brief, we may be confident that only two dramatists were concerned in the making of *Titus* as a whole, Peele and Shakespeare.

#### IV. *How it all happened*

At what dates and for what companies was *Titus* written and then rewritten? The best introduction to this side of the problem is a consideration of yet another indication of the hand of Peele in Act 1.

Soon after the discovery of the First Quarto in 1904, it was noted that it contained after l. 1. 35 three and a half lines which are omitted from all subsequent versions.<sup>1</sup> I print them as they stand, distinguishing them from their context by means of square brackets:

Five times he hath returned  
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sonnes,  
In coffins from the field, [and at this day,  
To the Monument of that<sup>2</sup> Andronic  
Done sacrifice of expiation,  
And slaine the noblest prisoner of the *Gothes*,]  
And now at last laden with honours spoiles,  
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome.

By changing 'day' to 'door' J. S. G. Bolton attempted, not very successfully, to bring the sense into line with that of the rest of the speech.<sup>3</sup> But Greg, linking up the passage with the elaborate Quarto stage-direction for the triumphant entry of Titus at l. 69, which includes an entry for *Tamora the Queene of Gothes and her two*

<sup>1</sup> A list of its variants from Q2 (1600) was printed in *Shakespeare Jahrbuch* (XLI, 211-15) for 1905; but the most detailed collation is that by Professor J. S. G. Bolton in his article *The Authentic Text of 'Titus Andronicus'*, *P.M.L.A.* (1929), XLIV, 765-88.

<sup>2</sup> A misprint for 'the', as most critics agree.

<sup>3</sup> Bolton, *ibid.* p. 781.



*sonnes* Chiron *and* Demetrius', but makes no reference to her eldest son Alarbus who is sacrificed a hundred lines later at the tomb of the Andronici, rightly concluded that it had been left standing in the manuscript by oversight; and he further surmised that as the passage 'forms the subject of the episode that immediately follows', the episode in question, viz. the slaughter of Alarbus, would 'seem to be an addition to the original composition'.<sup>1</sup> Registering it as one among other 'marks of alteration' in the text, Greg leaves it at that. The point may, I think without undue stretching, be developed further. This Alarbus incident, including all references to it, is wholly comprised within ll. 96-149, and when these fifty-four lines are examined in their context it will be seen that, if they are omitted, the text not only runs straight on but gains considerably. Reproaching himself, Titus asks in ll. 87-9:

Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?  
Make way to lay them by their bretheren.

There follows in the Quarto the direction *They open the Tombe* and after that six lines of solemn committal by Titus. But instead of being laid to rest the bodies continue to 'hover' for a further fifty-four lines until Alarbus is dispatched; whereupon we have a second direction, *Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe*, and a second speech of committal from Titus. Clearly the whole business of Alarbus, together with one of the funeral prayers of Titus, is an insertion, which (if we may judge from the dramatic context) the play was not originally plotted to contain at all, while the three and a half lines at l. 1. 35 belong to the original text and should have been deleted.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Editorial Problem in Shakespeare*, pp. 117-18.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. note 4. 3. 95-108 for another possible relic of the same kind.



In the burial of Mutius (ll. 341-90) we have, I believe, a second episode which was inserted in the same fashion. Here too the clue was furnished by Dr Greg, who in the paragraph from which I have already quoted notes an 'abrupt' transition at l. 1. 391. This I interpret, not with him as pointing to what was once the beginning of a new scene, but as originally a direct sequel to l. 340. For omit as before the fifty lines in question and the context runs straight on, while there is nothing 'abrupt' about Marcus' reference to the sudden 'advancement' of the Queen of Goths and to Titus' 'dumps', if that reference follows immediately upon her departure to be married to Saturnine and Titus' 'dreary' comment thereon. Once again, in short, the text gains much and loses nothing by the omission. Mutius, indeed, is a quite unnecessary complication, and I suspect that his death at the hands of Titus has also been added. But I have no wish to stress this last point. Enough to have shown good cause for believing that in the 1594 text two insertions at any rate may be detected in Act 1, amounting to over a hundred lines when taken together. That is to say the act was once shorter than its present length by about a fifth. If the other four acts have been expanded in proportion, this would mean that *Titus*, which now contains 2522 lines, originally ran to about 2000, and for all we know, may have been a good deal shorter still.

Now there existed at this period, as is now recognized, a class of shortened texts, probably abridged for provincial performance;<sup>1</sup> and it is not therefore impossible that some short texts were actually composed for companies who went on extended tours in the bad plague years of 1592-4. In *Titus*, then, we have what is, I suggest, a play specially written for a travelling company and afterwards adapted for London production. Link

<sup>1</sup> See Greg, *Editorial Problem*, p. 56.



up this with the conclusion reached above about the authorship of the play, and what follows? In the first place, we find Peele adding to his own play in Act 1, doing so in a manner which shows him compelled to *contrive* his additions, and not making a very neat job of it. For obviously, if the passages I have indicated are additions, they were composed for the purpose and not taken from some longer and still older text, or reconstructed from memory. In other words, not only had Peele no full-length play before him to draw upon, but it is extremely improbable that any full-length play had ever before existed. And we find something else, even more important, viz. a simple and entirely sufficient explanation of Shakespeare's connexion with the play: he was called in to help Peele expand it. And if we go on to ask why Peele was not left to pad out his own drama, the answer I fancy is partly that Shakespeare was known to be working just then upon the kindred theme of *Lucrece*, but mainly that the Earl of Sussex's men were in a hurry.

The last sentence brings us back to the question of dates and occasions. And here we are fortunate in possessing a good deal of external evidence to corroborate and supplement our tentative conclusions from internal premises. In point of fact, if *Titus* be a play first written by Peele and then revised by Shakespeare, as I hope readers will now be prepared to concede, it is possible to fix the dates both of the writing and of the revision with an exactitude unusual in Elizabethan stage-history. The matter is the more important in that this is the most difficult and obscure period of Shakespeare's dramatic career, largely because it is also the most baffling and confused period in the annals of the London companies, namely that of the great plague of 1592-4, during which theatres were closed in London by authority at frequent intervals and often for many months at a stretch. Yet two records stand out like rocks



amid the uncertainties and complexities of the time: the Stationers' Register and the *Diary*, or account-book, of Philip Henslowe, father-in-law of the actor Edward Alleyn and owner of the Rose Theatre; and fortunately they combine to help us fix the date of Shakespeare's revision of *Titus*. He must have finished with it about the middle of January 1594 at latest, inasmuch as Henslowe records the earliest known performance on 23 January<sup>1</sup> by the Earl of Sussex's company at the Rose, while the copy for the earliest known edition was probably entered in the Stationers' Register on 6 February, a fortnight later,<sup>2</sup> and in any case was printed not long after. Henslowe, it should be observed, marks the play as 'new', and notes two other performances, on 28 January and 6 February, the second of these being not only the same day as the entry in the Register but also the latest day possible for performances, seeing that owing to an increase in the deaths from plague all London theatres were closed thereafter for a couple of months.

So much for the downward limit. An upward limit for the revision is determined, less precisely but with no less certainty, by the composition and publication of *Lucrece*. As we have seen, the fact that this poem was not entered in the Stationers' Register until 9 May 1594 and that the text of *Titus*, played three months earlier, nevertheless contains close parallels with it, strongly suggests, if it does not prove, that Shakespeare was working on *Titus* and *Lucrece* at almost the same time. Indeed, when we observe that one of the most striking parallels links an early scene affected by the revision (2. 4) with a passage (ll. 1730-43) very near the end of the poem, we may suspect the latter to have been practically complete when the former was taken in hand.

<sup>1</sup> *Henslowe's Diary* (ed. W. W. Greg), I, 16.

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. viii.



Here the Register and the *Diary* once again come to our assistance, supplemented by what we know of the incidence of the plague from month to month.<sup>1</sup> In his dedication to *Venus and Adonis*, entered in the Register on 15 April 1593, Shakespeare promises Southampton 'to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour'. As the London theatres were closed for nearly the whole of 1593, i.e. from the beginning of February till almost the end of December, his 'idle hours' were presumably numerous, and we may suppose the 'graver labour' of *Lucrece* to have been one of his main occupations during the summer and autumn of that year. We may suppose further that it was approaching completion when a fall in the death-rate allowed the resumption of plays for a short winter season. According to Henslowe Sussex's men were acting at the Rose from 27 December to 6 February. Is it a wild guess that Shakespeare spent the first fortnight<sup>2</sup> or so of this period in remoulding the last four acts of *Titus* so that it would be ready in time for the performance on 23 January? Or if such dating be thought more definite than the facts warrant, it will at least be conceded that the revision was almost certainly made for this occasion and this company, and that the necessity for haste explains why Shakespeare was engaged to lend Peele a hand.

If some of these arguments are new, the conclusion does not materially differ from that reached by most critics who have subscribed to the theory of revision.<sup>3</sup> On the other hand, when I now go on to claim that the

<sup>1</sup> The facts are gathered together in Appendix E to *The Elizabethan Stage*, IV.

<sup>2</sup> Tradition names a fortnight as the time he spent on *The Merry Wives*.

<sup>3</sup> E.g. A. K. Gray (*Studies in Philology*, xxv, 297-9) reaches similar results on similar grounds.



original play dates from the summer of 1593, that is, not many months before it came under Shakespeare's hands, I am widely departing from previous critical opinion, which has generally inclined to a much earlier period. Many reasons have been advanced for this early date, none when examined of any real weight. The statement on the title-page of the Quarto, for instance, that *Titus* had been 'plaide by the Right Honourable the Earle of Darbie, Earle of Pembroke, and Earle of Sussex their Servants', implies a lengthy stage-history only to minds unaware of the rapid vicissitudes of the plague years. Many again have deduced from Jonson's jibe, in *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), at admirers of *The Spanish Tragedy* and *Titus*, as men 'whose judgement . . . hath stood still these five and twenty or thirty years', that the latter play must have been written somewhere between 1584 and 1589.<sup>1</sup> But one does not usually go to a dramatist for exact chronology, least of all to one who styles himself a 'comical satirist', while it seems to have been overlooked that 'five and twenty or thirty years' may refer only to *The Spanish Tragedy* which was probably written in the eighties. Then there is the tiresome business of the lost play *Titus and Vespasian*, which quite a number of critics, including Sir Edmund Chambers,<sup>2</sup> have been inclined to identify with *Titus Andronicus*, ever since it was noticed that Henslowe's *Diary*, which contains no reference to a *Titus Andronicus* before January 1594, records no fewer than ten performances of a *Titus and Vespasian* by Lord Strange's men between 11 April 1592 and 25 January 1593. Could that have been the title of the pre-Shakespearian play? The answer 'yes' seemed to come from Ger-

<sup>1</sup> E.g. Parrott (*loc. cit.* XIV, 17) seems to believe in this date.

<sup>2</sup> See his *William Shakespeare*, I, 319, and *Elizabethan Stage*, II, 130.



many with the publication in 1865 of Cohn's translation of a number of early German versions of Shakespeare's plays, some of them obviously garbled and debased player's texts, and among them a much abridged and bedevilled *Titus Andronicus* dating from 1620, in which most of the characters have been renamed, Lucius in particular being called Vespasian. That was enough for many students, English as well as German. But for Henslowe, however, critics would have explained this change of names as part of the general corruption of the text. Those responsible, they would have said, for the German version, or for the English version it was presumably translated from, had lost or forgotten the names of all but two characters;<sup>1</sup> they had therefore to invent, and vaguely aware of a Vespasian related to the Titus of Roman history, snatched at the name for the part of Lucius.

But that was another Titus; nor do I doubt that this "Vespasian" was borrowed from another *Titus* play performed in 1593. And by an amusing accident evidence for this comes from the source which has hitherto been regarded as affording proof positive of the existence of *Titus Andronicus* some years before 1594. On 10 June 1592, Henslowe tells us, Strange's men began acting a play entitled *A Knack to Know a Knave*,

<sup>1</sup> A parallel case is the bad quarto of *A Shrew*, 1594, in which also all but two (Sly and Kate) of Shakespeare's characters in *The Shrew* have been renamed. It is worth noting that the text for the German *Titus Andronicus* was probably supplied, as Chambers suggests (*Elizabethan Stage*, II, 285) by two actors, Robert Browne and John Greene, who led a company of English players in Germany towards the end of the sixteenth and during the first twenty years of the seventeenth century. For the two original names that survive in the text are Titus and Saturninus, parts which these actors may themselves have played.



in which Steevens discovered the following allusion to the hero of our play:

My gracious lord, as welcome shall you be  
To me, my daughter, and my son-in-law,  
As Titus was unto the Roman senators,  
When he had made a conquest of the Goths;  
That, in requital of his service done,  
Did offer him the imperial diadem.  
As they in Titus, we your grace still find  
The perfect figure of a princely mind.<sup>1</sup>

That the writer is thinking of the play before us seems obvious, and all have assumed it. Steevens lived too soon to have heard of *Titus and Vespasian*, since Henslowe's *Diary* was virtually unknown until Collier printed it in 1845. But later critics have, it seems, not troubled to read the play Steevens quotes, or they must have noticed allusions to Vespasian (i) four lines from the beginning, and (ii) in the following passage from the third scene in which a father asks King Edgar for punishment upon an unfilial son:

Then, virtuous prince, mirror of courtesy,  
Whose judgements and whose laws for government,  
And punishing of every foul abuse,  
Is like the judgement of great Alexander,  
Third of that name, whom some termed the Severe;  
Or like Vespasian, Rome's virtuous governor,  
Who for a blow his son did give a swain  
Did straight command that he should lose his hand.  
Then, virtuous Edgar, be Vespasian once,  
In giving sentence on a graceless child.<sup>2</sup>

Manifestly we have as much right to assume these lines refer to a play as we have in the case of those which Steevens cites; more right in fact. For, though neither passage, taken by itself, proves anything more than that

<sup>1</sup> See Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, VI, 572.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 520-1.



the writer of *A Knack* was familiar with a story or two about the Titus or Vespasian of whom he speaks, the seven performances by Strange's company of *Titus and Vespasian*, recorded by Henslowe during the two months preceding the first production of *A Knack*, make it pretty certain that the allusions to Vespasian are to this play in the repertory of the same company and already well known on the stage.

Not that the allusion first quoted, which seems so clear a reflexion of the opening scene of *Titus Andronicus*, cannot also refer to a play. After all, the description 'plaide by the Right Honourable the Earle of Darbie' his 'Seruants', which stands on the title-page of the 1594 Quarto must point to performances previous to 1594, and to performances by the company of Lord Strange, who became Earl of Derby upon the death of his father on 25 September 1593. Unfortunately, we know very little for certain about performances in 1593; for the *Diary* breaks off twelve days after the production of *A Knack*, i.e. on 23 June 1592, and does not resume until 29 December, when Strange's men began a short winter season lasting until 1 February 1593; after which there comes another and much longer break covering most of 1593 and only ending with the appearance at the Rose of the Sussex men on 27 December. These breaks mean the inhibition of plays in London by authority, mainly though not entirely on account of the plague; and during them, as we know, chiefly from municipal records,<sup>1</sup> Strange's men did much travelling in the country. They may therefore have given performances of a play called *Titus Andronicus* in 1593 without the fact leaving any trace. I say 1593, for reasons that will presently appear, and because Henslowe

<sup>1</sup> See *English Dramatic Companies, 1558-1642*, by J. T. Murray (1910), and Chambers, *Elizabethan Stage*, II, *passim*.



records no such play during the winter season 1592-3, as he is likely to have done had it been in existence by then.

It may here be objected: 'Surely you are not suggesting that the allusion in *A Knack*, first acted on 10 June 1592, was to a play which did not come into being until some time in 1593!' Yes, I am suggesting just that; and the thing is perfectly possible granted one condition, viz. that the allusion and *Titus Andronicus* were written by the same author, who when he composed the passage in *A Knack* was familiar with the story of Titus and perhaps already contemplating a play on the subject.<sup>1</sup> And this, I am persuaded, is what actually happened. *A Knack*, a poor play which apparently owed its popularity to Kempe's 'merriments of the men of Gotham' (sc. xii) specifically mentioned on the title-page, consists of two ill-matched components, obviously by different dramatists: a humorous 'morality' of the Elizabethan pattern, and a romantic plot which acts as a kind of envelope to the other. Fleay ascribed these to Robert Wilson and George Peele respectively;<sup>2</sup> and Greg, in 1908 at least, found the attribution 'possible'.<sup>3</sup> For myself, coming to the play after a close study of Peele's writings, with an ear well tuned to catch his routine cadences and an eye alert for his stereotyped phrases and diction, I find plenty of both in the romantic scenes, and so feel no doubt on the score of his authorship. Some of my evidence is given with other parallels in the Notes. But readers may perhaps be inclined to a 'willing suspension of disbelief' for the

<sup>1</sup> This assumes that the original of the *Titus* chap-book recently discovered in the Folger Library was available to Peele in 1592; see p. viii, above.

<sup>2</sup> *Biographical Chronicle of the London Stage* (1890), II, 310.

<sup>3</sup> *Henslowe's Diary*, II, 156.



moment by inspecting the fourth line of the play already referred to, which runs:

Like wise Vespasian, Rome's rich emperor;  
and when set beside *Titus Andronicus*, I. I. 52:

Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
is seen to duplicate, both in diction and rhythm, a typical line of Peele's.

But we may draw closer still, and point to almost the very months of 1593 during which Peele was writing his second *Titus* play. For just as parallels with Shakespeare's *Lucrece* help to fix the time of the play's revision, so scarcely less striking parallels with Peele's poem *The Honour of the Garter* help to fix the time of its genesis.<sup>1</sup> The composition of this poem can be dated with certainty. The installation at Windsor for which it was written took place on 26 June 1593; a copy was presented to the Earl of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle by Peele himself on 23 June, when the poet received a fee of £3 duly noted in the earl's account book;<sup>2</sup> the Prologue, which was probably written last of all, refers to the death of Marlowe, which happened on 30 May; finally, while the court gossip Philip Gawdy wrote to his brother on 3 May that the new Knights of the Garter had not yet been chosen,<sup>3</sup> Peele devotes the last sixty lines of the poem to specifying by name all the five Knights designate and singing their praises. *The Honour of the Garter*, then, was evidently begun some time in May and finished about the middle of June. On the other hand, despite Peele's habit of repeating his clichés year after year, the parallels with *Titus Andronicus* make it tolerably certain that play and poem were being written at the same time. Perhaps the most

<sup>1</sup> See above pp. xiv, xxx, xxxii.

<sup>2</sup> See A. H. Bullen, *Works of Peele*, II, 316.

<sup>3</sup> *Letters of Philip Gawdy* (ed. I. H. Jeayes, 1906), p. 70.



interesting are two references to the white robe of a 'candidatè' for office in Rome. The first (ll. 91-2) describes Edward III, the founder of the Order, as

A goodly King in robes most richly dight,  
The upper like a Roman palliament.

The second (ll. 313-16), which is nothing but a piece of learning thrust in for display with characteristic ineptitude, runs thus:

O sacred loyalty! in purest hearts  
Thou build'st thy bower! thy weeds of spotless white,  
Like those that stood for Rome's great offices,  
Make thee renown'd, glorious in innocency.

Indisputably there is a close connexion between these lines and l. 1. 182 of the play which runs

This palliament of white and spotless hue,  
—a description by Marcus of the white toga he hands  
to Titus, bidding him at the same time

Be 'candidatus' then, and put it on.

Further, it can hardly be denied that 'palliament', a quasi-classical word apparently coined by Peele himself,<sup>1</sup> was first used in the play, since while entirely germane to the election scene with which *Titus* opens, it has no relevance of any real kind to *The Honour of the Garter*, as Peele himself tacitly admits when he feebly follows on with

Indeed a chaperon, for such it was;  
that is to say, it was not a 'pallium' or cloak at all, but  
a hood!<sup>2</sup> Peele, then, I take it, wrote the lines in *Titus*

<sup>1</sup> Not found except in these two passages, v. O.E.D.

<sup>2</sup> The 'upper' robe or mantle of the Order was often described as 'pallium' or 'toga', but this was in Elizabeth's time a purplish blue colour, the 'chaperon' or hood being of various colours lined with white. V. Sir Harris Nicolas, *Orders of Knighthood* (1842), II, 340-7.



before the corresponding ones in *The Garter*. On the other hand, the following parallels picked out by Crawford<sup>1</sup> point to influence in the opposite direction:

*The Garter*, ll 284-7, 398-9; 409-10:

Here virtue doth outlive th' arrest of death;  
For dead is Bedford, virtuous and renown'd  
For arms, for honour, and religious love,  
And yet alive his name in Fame's records.

Long mayst thou live

And die in fame . . .

So live, as with a many more you may  
Survive and triumph in eternity.

*Titus*, I. I. 157-8, 167-8, 172-3, 390:

In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;  
My noble lord and father, live in fame!

Lavinia, live, outlive thy father's days,  
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,  
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

*The Honour of the Garter* is, as it were, a celebration of the English Valhalla at Windsor and the line last quoted from *Titus* is a kind of epitome of Peele's thought in the poem, while the other lines are variations upon the same theme. That they are also relevant to the tomb of the Andronici suggests that Peele introduced the tomb in order to work in thoughts and phrases already invented for the scene in St George's Chapel. Play and poem are indeed so full of echoes that they must be practically contemporaneous. In other words we may with some confidence assume that Peele was working at *Titus Andronicus* in the spring and summer of 1593.

That he wrote it too for Lord Strange's company, at

<sup>1</sup> *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, xxxvi, 116-17.



this time playing with Edward Alleyn of the Admiral's men as their leader, follows from what has been observed above, and is as good as proved by the mention of the Earl of Derby's servants on the title-page of the Quarto. Nor is the reference in the same title to the Earl of Pembroke's company difficult to account for, if, as Chambers<sup>1</sup> and others assume, this was an offshoot of Strange's company, specially constituted to meet the necessities of the plague years. Both companies are known to have been touring the country in the summer of 1593, though we learn from one of Henslowe's letters to Alleyn that by 28 September Pembroke's men had been five or six weeks back in London, 'for they can not save their charges with travel, as I hear, and were faine to pawn their 'parel for their charge'.<sup>2</sup> Thus it is not likely that *Titus* can have been ready in time for them to play it often. Nevertheless, it is a fair guess that copies were supplied to both companies and that it was one of these copies which came into the hands of Sussex's company and after revision was played by them in January 1594.

If the foregoing reconstruction of the making and remaking of *Titus* provides an answer to some questions it raises a number of others. What, for instance, was Shakespeare doing at the beginning of 1594 with the Earl of Sussex's men, a company not otherwise associated with his name? How did a play, written by Peele for the Strange-Derby troupe, come into possession of this other company, and then a few months later pass into that of the Lord Chamberlain's men with whom Shakespeare acted, and for whom he wrote for the next twenty years? A possible answer to all this is that Sussex's men bought the play in the first instance, engaged Shakespeare to enlarge it and, going bankrupt

<sup>1</sup> *Elizabethan Stage*, II, 129-31.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 123.



as it seems they did<sup>1</sup> immediately after, had nothing to give him in return for his labour except the prompt-book resulting from it. Such an answer would explain how *Titus* became part of the Chamberlain's men's repertory, and would also explain the rather surprisingly early entry of the play in the Stationers' Register on the last day of its performance by Sussex's company. For they had two dramatists to remunerate, and if Shakespeare received the prompt-book as his fee, Peele's may well have been the original manuscript or 'foul papers'; and if so the exceedingly impecunious person he is known to have been<sup>2</sup> would naturally convert it into cash at the earliest possible moment by selling it to a publisher. This, however, is guess-work and of but slight importance to the main issue. More relevant, though scarcely less difficult, is the question of how the two dramatists divided their work of revision and expansion. On the face of it the answer seems patent; Peele undertook Act 1; Shakespeare the rest. This does well enough for Act 1, in which no certain trace of Shakespeare is to be found. On the other hand, as my notes show, it is pretty clear that Peele was in some way concerned with the expansion of Act 5 and in particular with additions to the plot as it affected Aaron.<sup>3</sup> Now Professor Bolton has persuasively argued that one of the principal features of the revision as a whole was a development of the part of Aaron.<sup>4</sup> To find Peele, therefore, at work on additions to the Aaron motif at the end of Act 5 suggests the probability of his having also written additions to the part in earlier scenes. Yet it is just in Aaron's speeches

<sup>1</sup> Both Greg (*Henslowe's Diary*, II, 161) and Chambers (*Elizabethan Stage*, II, 96, III, 183-4, n. 4) assume this, but I do not know their evidence.

<sup>2</sup> Greene speaks of him as 'driven to extreme shifts' in his *Groatsworth of Wit*, 1592

<sup>3</sup> See notes 5. 3. 120-40, 141-71, 142-5.

<sup>4</sup> See *Studies in Philology*, xxx, 212 ff.



that we shall discover the most striking touches of Shakespeare's dramatic genius. It looks, therefore, as if, while there may have been an agreed division of labour between the two at the outset of the revision, when Shakespeare had Peele's additions before him he could not keep his fingers off them, or got fascinated by Aaron and could not help working him out to the end. But let us turn to another problem, the *real* problem of *Titus*, the problem which has underlain the three centuries of discussion about authorship: how can we credit Shakespeare with the fustian we find in many of the passages undoubtedly from his hand?

#### V. *Shakespeare's attitude to the play*

No one, I think, who has followed the examination of Peele's style in § III will suppose for a moment that Shakespeare felt anything but contempt for it. When he set to work upon the play he was nearing the end of his thirtieth year and had attained, not of course his full stature, but surely a mood of self-confidence, together with a pleasing sense of mastery in his art. Two years had passed since a spokesman of the old school, addressing his fellows, had confessed the 'upstart's' triumph and his own defeat in bitter terms from his death-bed; and since then the upstart had published *Venus and Adonis*, the most popularly successful poem of the age, had secured the patronage of a member of the inner ring at Elizabeth's court, and had probably been recently entertaining 'divers of worship' with *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Richard III*, which, wherever you place them in the rank of his plays, were written by a man at once very sure of his powers and delighting in their exercise. It is therefore exceedingly unlikely that he would cherish deferential feelings for this particularly poor specimen of the old school, which he was called upon to patch up.

What then? The play, for all its faults, partly because



of its faults, had money in it, big money. The plague, moreover, had been raging in London for over two years and the whole acting profession was wellnigh ruined. Shakespeare put the job through to relieve a very pressing necessity, and in the doing of it produced one of the most popular, and therefore most profitable, of Elizabethan plays. But having undertaken it against the grain he took out compensation for himself in kind. Once catch the trick of it, you can see him laughing behind his hand through most of the scenes he rehandled. Look for example at that long speech of Marcus in 2. 4, which 'presents' Lavinia to the audience upon her first appearance after Tamora's sons have 'trimmed' her, and expatiates upon almost every detail of her deflowered and mutilated person, in forty-seven lines of inordinately figured verse. We cannot point to a single detail of the scene as certainly Peele's or derived from him, so that I feel pretty certain that it was one of Shakespeare's additions to the basic play. One of two things then: either Shakespeare wrote this 'tawdry rant' or 'bleating pathos', as Symons and Robertson justly call it, because he could no other, or he wrote it deliberately, knowing it for what it was. In pondering this problem I would ask the reader to savour its successive phrases upon his palate. Let him mark, for instance, the inept curiosity and bland surprise of

Speak gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands  
Hath lopped and hewed and made thy body bare  
Of her two branches?

—a woodman, discovering an injury to one of his trees, would have shown more indignation; or the studied triviality of

Fair Philomel, why she but lost her tongue,  
And in a tedious sampler sewed her mind;

or the sublime image of Lavinia as a public conduit from which the blood gushes in 'three issuing spouts'!



And having marked these things, let him ask himself whether he can conceive Shakespeare writing such stuff in earnest at any period of his poetic development.<sup>1</sup>

It is true that this descanting upon physical suffering and wounds and effusion of blood, together with the lamentation which occupies so large a portion of the verse in Act 3, belong to a vogue of the age; there is plenty of both, for example, in Sidney's *Arcadia*. It is true also that they are a marked feature of Shakespeare's first phase. As for the analogy between wind and rain and the storms of human passion and grief, that runs all through Shakespeare and the pastoral romances alike.<sup>2</sup> But, as said above, what is in question in *Titus* is not the material handled but the manner and spirit of the handling. In others of his early plays, in 2 and 3 *Henry VI* and *Richard III*, for instance, which were almost certainly composed or revised by him before 1594, or in *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, some of which may be a little before, others a little after *Titus*, nothing remotely resembling the tone of this scene is to be found, and certainly nothing that can be styled 'bleating pathos' or 'tawdry rant'. But we can best put the matter to the test by comparing a particularly egregious, or offensive, portion of Marcus'

<sup>1</sup> In this interpretation I can claim the support of Mr van Doren (*Shakespeare*, 1939, pp. 42-3), who ventilates 'the possibility' that Shakespeare 'was parodying his contemporaries and himself', and instances the following as examples of anticlimax: 2. 1. 21-3; 2. 3. 198-202; 3. 1. 226-32; 5. 1. 125-37.

<sup>2</sup> See my note on *Macbeth*, 1. 7. 25 and Jusserand (*Literary History of the English People*, 1909, III, 34) who notes that 'in the *Diana* of Montemayor a "shepherd" causes the grass to grow in a meadow, and the water surrounding the island to rise, by the abundance of his tears'.



speech with something elsewhere in Shakespeare which resembles it closely in matter and diction. Let us examine one of those parallels in *Lucrece* which Professor Parrott quotes so effectively. The scene after Lucrece has stabbed herself is thus described (ll. 1730-43):

Stone-still, astonished with this deadly deed,  
Stood Colatine, and all his lordly crew;  
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,  
Himself on her self-slaughtered body threw;  
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew  
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,  
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide  
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
Circles her body in on every side,  
Who like a late-sacked island, vastly stood,  
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.  
Some of her blood still pure and red remained,  
And some looked black, and that false Tarquin stained.

And this is how Marcus speaks of Lavinia's mouth from which the tongue had been torn (2. 4. 22-5):

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,  
Like to a bubbling fountain stirred with wind,  
Doth rise and fall between thy roséd lips,  
Coming and going with thy honey breath.

The two passages furnish an excellent example of identity of theme, coupled with verbal parallelism, and verbal parallelism of high quality, seeing that the blood is crimson, bubbling, a river, and a fountain in both. Yet, what a world of difference in tone or spirit! The first, a period piece with an elaborated conceit that may repel the modern reader, is nevertheless the unquestionable product of a serious artistic impulse, executed with restraint and considerable skill, and striking no false note. The second is a bundle of ill-matched conceits



held together by sticky sentimentalism. Or, to select one detail, consider the controlled metaphor in

And from the purple fountain Brutus drew  
The murderous knife,

and compare it with the flaccid and turgid simile used a little later by Marcus:

And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,  
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts. . . .

Is it not clear that the whole speech is caricature, or rather that Shakespeare is drawing upon imagery already put to serious use in *Lucrece*<sup>1</sup> in order to disport himself with the ridiculous *Titus*?

And in the next scene Titus out-bleats his brother Marcus. Take this for an introduction:

When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew  
Upon a gathered lily almost withered.

It comes from the same corner of Shakespeare's brain as the King's 'sonnet' in *Love's Labour's Lost* (4. 3. 24 ff.) which begins

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not  
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,  
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote  
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows.

Both passages are in mocking vein; but whereas the latter mocks at love in a rather absurd conceit consistently developed, the former mocks at the conceit itself by reducing it to sheer bathos. And if we should chance to overlook the strange phenomenon of the dews of heaven falling upon cut flowers in a vase, the cautious word 'almost' shows us the author pulling our leg. But the scene consists in the main of the lamentations of Titus; and it is these which provide most of the fun. Having

<sup>1</sup> For another palpable instance see note 3. 2. 16-20.



just lost his right hand, the old man lifts the left to heaven, and kneels to pray for pity, only to find the handless, tongueless Lavinia kneeling beside him; a heart-rending tableau, upon which he comments as follows:

What, wouldst thou kneel with me?  
Do then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers,  
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,  
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds  
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

It is just the kind of three-piled hyperbole, which the prentice boys and citizens' wives could never have enough of. But the voice of common sense (and Shakespeare) is heard in a querulous interjection from Marcus—of all people!

O brother, *speak with possibility*,  
And do not break into these deep extremes.

The rising tide of hysteria is not thus to be checked, however; and when Titus replies, Bottom-like,

Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?  
Then be my passions bottomless with them,

and Marcus objects once more,

But yet let reason govern thy lament,

Titus finally silences him in a speech which, outsoaring the earlier fog of sighs that stains the sun, identifies Lavinia with the weeping welkin and himself with the sea, or the earth (he is not certain which), and then suddenly crashes to the ground with these ineffable lines:

Then must my earth with her continual tears  
Become a deluge, overflowed and drowned:  
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.  
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave  
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.



And he continues to ease his stomach for the rest of the act. 'The ugly figure of vomiting woes like a drunkard may be matched', Parrott notes, 'with a line from *Lucrece* (l. 703),

Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt.

But what is in question in *Lucrece* is the foul lust of Tarquin, to which 'the ugly figure' is as appropriate as it is outrageous when Titus applies it to his sorrows. Similarly, the close parallel Parrott points out in *Romeo and Juliet*, 3. 5. 132 *seq.* to 'the elaborate comparison' which Titus draws 'between mortal grief and the wind-swept sea' has this much in common with it, that what Capulet utters in comic raillery,<sup>1</sup> Titus is supposed to be howling in tragic despair. Many more instances of the same kind of thing might be given,<sup>2</sup> but there the text lies; and I would not spoil the reader's enjoyment of Shakespeare's by doling out the fun piecemeal. And if there be anyone who still thinks these turgid lamentations were written, or should be read, with a straight face, he will I presume also accept as tragic earnest Lavinia's puppy-dog exit with the hand of Titus between her teeth,<sup>3</sup> or—to take a minor absurdity of another kind—Saturninus' exit on the grandiloquent, but philologically impossible, flourish,

Then go successantly, and plead with him.

Yet *Titus* is not all burlesque and melodramatic travesty; not only a huge joke which, we may guess, Shakespeare enjoyed twice over, once in the penning of it, and again in performance, while he watched his dear groundlings, and most of those in the more expensive parts of the theatre also, gaping ever wider to swallow more as he tossed them bigger and bigger

<sup>1</sup> See note 3. 1. 222–30 for the passage.

<sup>2</sup> See note 3. 2. 16–20 for another good illustration.

<sup>3</sup> See above, p. xi.



gobbets of sob-stuff and raw beef-steak. For he had one weakness, which, though the secret of his strength, often thwarted his first intentions and sometimes went near to ruining a whole drama: he could not help falling in love with his characters. Even old man Titus succeeds in winning him over before the end. Absurd as their occasion and action may be, the scenes in which he kills the black fly and in which the witless-witty Tamora visits him disguised as Revenge and leaves her sons behind in his power, give an impression of real dignity and pathos, while the second of them is also steeped in tragic irony, so that those who find here adumbrations, unmistakable if faint, of *King Lear* are not putting the thing too high.

But the most interesting of these 'compunctious visitings of nature' came to Shakespeare in 2. 3, that is, not long after he took over from Peele. For, a short while before she ceases to speak for ever, the puppet Lavinia suddenly springs to life. Most critics have written her off with Arthur Symons as an 'unmixed blunder'.

I can never [he writes] read the third scene of the second act without amazement at the folly of the author, who, requiring in the nature of things to win our sympathy for his afflicted heroine, fills her mouth with the grossest and vilest insults against Tamora—so gross, so vile, so unwomanly, that her punishment becomes something of a retribution instead of being wholly a brutality. There is every dramatic reason why the victim should not share the villain's soul, every dramatic reason why her situation should be pure pathos. Nothing but the coarseness of nature in the man who first wrote it can explain the absurdity.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Praetorius facsimile, *op. cit.* p. xii. The 'Arden' editor attempts to discount Symons' criticism as Victorian prudery and claims that under the same circumstances 'good Queen Bess' would have used the same language; the answer to



Symons refers to 2. 3. 55–88, which I agree with Parrott is ‘livelier in movement than anything in Act 1’ and may therefore have been touched up by Shakespeare. But I am also certain that any revision that took place here was confined to little points of style and metre and left the original situation and characters unchanged; for the simple reason, though Symons somehow missed it, that Lavinia is one person at this point and a totally different person after the death of her husband. Yet the change from one to the other, which begins to dawn upon an intent reader at l. 136,

O Tamora! thou bear’st a woman’s face,  
is so skilfully led up to that no spectator is likely to be conscious of it, though he may gasp with compassionate surprise at its consummation. Bassianus out of the way, Tamora’s sons reveal to Lavinia the fate in store for her, and she begins to plead, in speeches whose echoes from Shakespeare’s plays, especially from *Romeo and Juliet*, leave no doubt about their authorship, which is further attested by the unmistakable cadence and phrasing of lines in the dialogue such as:

This minion stood upon her chastity—  
That nice-preservéd honesty of yours—  
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain—  
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny—  
What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?—  
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children—  
Nothing so kind but something pitiful.

So it goes on for forty lines or more, and all the time her enemies (and the audience) suppose she is begging for

which is that Elizabeth Tudor would *not* have made a good model for a pathetic heroine, and that none of Shakespeare’s other pathetic heroines, Viola, Ophelia, Desdemona, Imogen, could possibly have spoken as Lavinia does here.



her life, until, in a sudden last appeal, she clings to Tamora's knees and reveals her mind (ll. 168-75):

*Lavinia.* O Tamora, be called a gentle queen,  
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!  
For 'tis not life that I have begged so long;  
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

*Tamora.* What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

*Lavinia.* 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more  
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:  
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust.

The woman who displays this delicacy and reticence is of a different species from the insinuating hussy who, a hundred lines earlier, finding Tamora alone with Aaron, had railed as follows:

Under your patience, gentle emperess,  
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;  
And to be doubted that your Moor and you  
Are singled forth to try experiments.

The one shrinks from mentioning, even at a moment of extreme need, what is to the other a matter of everyday parlance and habitual scurrility. The one is the sister of Viola and Desdemona; the other talks the kind of language that Peele found appropriate for goddesses in his *Arraignment of Paris*.<sup>1</sup>

And that Viola's sister is Shakespeare's daughter is proved, if ever style proved anything, by the lovely and tender line

Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

It is the finest stroke of the play, and more human than anything in the highly-wrought *Lucrece*. It proceeded too from a spasm of genuine compassion on the part of the writer, if we may guess from the effect of the same scene upon a younger poet two centuries later. The earliest personal glimpse we have of Robert Burns is of

<sup>1</sup> See the opening thirty-six lines of Act 2.



an evening in his father's cottage when the local dominie called to regale the family with a reading from Shakespeare. Why *Titus* of all plays was chosen we are not told. All we know is that when the reader reached 2. 3 the boy Robert grew to 'an agony of distress', which burst forth in violent anger and a demand that the thing should stop before he threw the book into the fire.<sup>1</sup> No one will impute Victorian prudery to Burns; what afflicted him was the outrage, not to propriety, but to our common humanity. Shakespeare at thirty was surely moved in the same way, though to a different end.

Then there is Aaron and his little black baby, who introduce us to the other side of Shakespeare's genius at this period. A black paramour for Tamora appeared, I do not doubt, in Peele's original draft, and both the verse and the parallels in the first two scenes of Act 2 seem to indicate that much of what he says there is Peele's also, though I dare swear that 'Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace' is of Shakespeare's invention,<sup>2</sup> together with a number of other vitalizing touches in 2. 1. But one must agree with Parrott and Bolton<sup>3</sup> that we first become really conscious of the master-hand in 2. 3, while it is to be remarked that it is Aaron's long second speech in lines 30-50 which introduces him to us in his new and quite unmotivated rôle as leading villain of the piece. To my mind the verse he here utters is altogether different from anything we have had before from his lips. Not only is he masterful for the first time; he speaks lines which are themselves direct, simple, and masterfully written. At no period could Peele have released and controlled such a tide of verse, or have depicted so vividly the physical

<sup>1</sup> See *Life of Robert Burns*, by F. B. Snyder, 1932, p. 50. I have to thank my friend Mr J. Randall Philip for drawing my attention to this interesting parallel.

<sup>2</sup> See note 2. 1. 37.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *Studies in Philology*, xxx, 213.



effects of a state of mind. The following passage (2. 3. 32-7), for example, may not ineptly be compared with *Macbeth*, I. 3. 134-7:

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,  
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,  
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls  
Even as an adder when she doth unroll  
To do some fatal execution?  
No, madam, these are no venereal signs.

'Cloudy melancholy', recalling 'cloudy countenance' at I. 1. 263, may point to a Peele substratum, though we find 'cloudy men', 'cloudy brow', 'cloudy princes' and 'cloudy messenger' elsewhere in Shakespeare; a conflict of parallels which shows how carefully one should pick one's steps on ground of this nature. But 'deadly-standing eye' gives the kind of double-barrelled epithet Shakespeare affects, and is supported by 'deadly eye' (*Richard III*, I. 3. 225) and 'dead in look' (2 *Henry IV*, I. 1. 71), while the striking simile of the adder, itself a development of Tamora's 'snake...rolléd' (I. 13), finds parallels in *Venus and Adonis*, ll. 878-9:

Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder  
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,

and 2 *Henry VI*, 3. 1. 228-30:

Or as the snake rolled in a flowering bank,  
With shining checkered slough, doth sting a child,  
That for the beauty thinks it excellent,

which should convince most persons of Shakespeare's authorship. But it is not so much this or that passage which reminds us of him, as the structure and sweep of the whole speech, presenting as it does at once the movement of a living mind and the organized thought of a vigorous one. We are in a realm of imagination to which the versifier of Act 1 had, and could have, no entry.



Recognizing this, Robertson assigns the speech to Marlowe. Aaron is certainly an imitation of Marlowe's Machiavellian villains; we may even suspect that in Peele's original he was a slavish copy which lagged far behind. But in our *Titus*, while still Marlovian, the imitation far out-tops the model. This, from the speech just quoted,

Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,  
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,

though characteristically Shakespearian in cadence, sounds the note of atheism we look for in Marlowe's villains and supermen. Marlovian too in sentiment, though not, I feel again, in phrasing, are

O, how this villany  
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!

(3. 1. 203-4)

and

Some devil whisper curses in my ear,  
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth  
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

(5. 3. 11-13)

It has also been a commonplace, since Isaac Reed pointed it out in 1773, that the speech at 5. 1. 124-44, in which Aaron boasts of his crimes, and grieves he cannot live to do ten thousand more, is closely modelled on, not to say stolen from, Barabas's boast to Ithamore in 2. 3. 175-202 of *The Jew of Malta*, while Robertson<sup>1</sup> notes a similar correspondence between what Aaron says at 5. 1. 98-120 and Barabas says at 5. 5. 77-89 of the same play. Yet there is nothing in Marlowe to suggest that he could create a vivacious villain, an engaging villain, a villain at once supremely self-confident and bubbling over with gaiety and vitality. Critics have been unable to appreciate Aaron to the full, because, led

<sup>1</sup> Robertson, *op. cit.* p. 241.



astray by his superficial and spasmodic resemblances to Barabas, they have tended to take him too solemnly; they have failed to enjoy him, because they have not noticed how thoroughly he enjoys himself. And though many traces of his earlier Peelean identity remain, and are sometimes visible through long stretches of dialogue, he has enough of Shakespeare in him to overshadow these and set the key, by means of 'the vigour and the picture' of his style, for a very different interpretation of the 'part' as a whole on the stage, beside which Barabas shows like an ugly, and rather stupid, old boggy man, 'a monster with a painted nose' as Lamb called him. Note too his attitude to the other characters in the play, among whom he moves with the serene assurance, manipulating or killing them off with the nonchalance, of some being from another world. Quite inhuman for example, yet almost sublime, is his contemptuous dismissal of the Nurse, as he stabs her to the heart:

Wheak, wheak!

So cries a pig preparéd to the spit.

To the Romans he is an 'inhuman dog', an 'unhallowed slave', a 'devil'. But such epithets, conditioned reflexes of their craven sensibility, do not touch him at all. He himself gives the clue to his nature in that simile of the adder, which Shakespeare, surely of set purpose, places on his lips at the beginning of his first important speech. Like the adder, 'with shining chequered slough', this negro, whose 'body's hue' seems to his 'white-limed' victims

Spotted, detested, and abominable,

is a creature of sunlight and of lightning action. 'Fatal execution' is the law of his being; to condemn it or recoil from it is as foolish and irrelevant as it would be to arraign beasts of prey like

The chaféd boar, the mountain lioness,



with whom he also compares himself later. Let us rather for his beauty think him most excellent, and give thanks for the recovery of a fresh Shakespearian character, who like all the rest exists in his own right, since he is at once astonishingly real and spiritually unique.

Not that he is without close relatives in Shakespeare's tribe. Richard Crookback, another brisk, blithe villain, like him separated by circumstances of birth from his fellow-mortals and contemptuous of them, like him swift both to resolve and to shed blood, is clearly his cousin; and the Edmund of *King Lear*, an Ishmael too, is of the same blood. But he is not sib to the scoundrels only. Could he have encountered Philip the Bastard in *King John*, a lover of the battle-field, and yet another separated being, who glories in his own bastardy, as Aaron glories in his bastard boy, after the same manner and using almost the same language,<sup>1</sup> they would have hailed each other as equals and brothers. For he is a humorous villain, and therefore of the same breed as the humorous heroes and humorous lovers in whom Shakespeare delighted during the 'Elizabethan' decade of his dramatic career, including Berowne and Benedick, Petruchio and Henry V, as well as the son of Richard Cordelion.<sup>2</sup> In other words, he was just the part in which Burbage excelled at this period. As there is no reason for associating Burbage with the Earl of Sussex's company, it is doubtful whether Shakespeare created or re-created the part for Burbage in the first place. But it would be surprising if he had not him in mind as the character began to take life under his hand.

Aaron is Shakespeare's master-stroke in *Titus*. A great actor impersonating him, as Quin's fame in the part seems to show,<sup>3</sup> might even succeed in holding the

<sup>1</sup> See notes 4. 2. 53, 110, 149; 5. 3. 11.

<sup>2</sup> See my Introduction to *Henry V*, p. xlii.

<sup>3</sup> See Stage-History, p. lxix.



'heap of rubbish' he stands out from more or less together in the theatre. And the 'master-touch' in Aaron's character is his delight in, and passionate defence of, the little black baby who takes the centre of the stage in two scenes, and was, we may be sure, made much more of in the revision than in the original. For see what the infant's entry does! It reveals this enemy of mankind, of white mankind at least, as a devoted father; and so compels us, who already admire, to sympathize as well. One who proclaims:

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,  
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,  
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point  
That touches this my first-born son and heir!—

or retorts to Tamora's legitimate son, who blushes 'to think upon this ignominy' that has befallen his mother,

Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:  
Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing  
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!  
Here's a young lad framed of another leer:  
Look, how the black slave smiles upon his father,  
As who would say 'Old lad, I am thine own!'—

sheds his last trace of the Marlovian monster and becomes, as Wordsworth might say, 'a genuine inmate of the household of man'.

J.D.W.

*February 1947.*



## THE STAGE-HISTORY OF *TITUS ANDRONICUS*

The origins of *Titus Andronicus*, probably in 1593, and the records of early performances in 1594 have been discussed in the Introduction.<sup>1</sup> No notice of any production between 1594 and 1660 happens to have come down to us, but it must have had a vogue for at least a decade and a half, since Q2 of 1600 and Q3 of 1611 each refers to its having been performed 'sundry times' by the Lord Chamberlain's men (who by 1611 were 'the Kinges Maiesties' Seruants'). And Ben Jonson's<sup>2</sup> reference to it in 1614 points to continued and considerable popularity. At the Restoration it was assigned (with nineteen other plays of Shakespeare) by the Lord Chamberlain to the King's men at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane;<sup>3</sup> and it appears last in Downes' list of twenty-one old plays revived by them between the opening of the Theatre Royal in May 1663 and the amalgamation of the King's and the Duke's men in November 1682. These were in addition to their old stock plays (which included *Henry IV*, *Julius Caesar*, and *Othello*); 'being old plays', writes Downes, they 'were acted but now and then; yet. . . were very satisfactory to the Town'. It is doubtful, however, whether they ever presented the original play.<sup>4</sup> There seems no

<sup>1</sup> See above, § IV.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. xl.

<sup>3</sup> The warrant, of about 12 January 1669, is printed in Allardyce Nicoll's *History of Restoration Drama*, p. 315.

<sup>4</sup> 'It does not appear to have been acted on the Restoration stage until Ravenscroft took it in hand' (Hazelton Spencer, *Shakespeare Improved*, p. 97). On the other hand, Allardyce Nicoll names it as one of the plays revived at the Red Bull prior to the opening of Theatre Royal (*op. cit.* p. 82, n. 1), but he does not cite the evidence.



record of a performance earlier than that assigned by Genest to 'the latter part of 1678'; and this must have been, as he asserts, Ravenscroft's version (published in 1687), *Titus Andronicus, or The Rape of Lavinia*, 'altered from Shakespeare'; for in his preface 'To the Reader' the author writes: 'it first appear'd upon the Stage, at the beginning of the pretended Popish plot.' It was certainly Ravenscroft's adaptation which was shown once in the 1703-4 season, and three times in August, September, and November 1704, since the *Daily Courant's* announcements all give the double title.

Ravenscroft made large claims of having improved the play, by using its materials to convert 'rather a heap of Rubbish then a Structure' into a fine 'Fabrick'. 'None in all that Authors Works ever receiv'd greater Alterations or Additions, the Language not only refin'd, but many Scenes entirely New: Besides most of the principal Characters heighten'd, and the Plot much encreas'd.' Little of this is borne out by a collation with the original play. The characters gain nothing from his alterations, the additions are few, and his tinkering with the diction only betrays his lack of style and defective sense of metre. Most of the play substantially reproduces the original, and till 2. 3 the changes are quite negligible, except that 2. 2 is omitted. In Acts 3 and 4 there are many changes in the order and detail of the action; but the chief inventions are reserved for the last Act. There is some not unskilful transposition of passages, as when the writing in the sand of 4. 1 is sandwiched between the chopping off of Titus' hand and the bringing in of the heads of his sons (3. 1 in Shakespeare). Some small improvements too may be admitted. In 2. 3, instead of senselessly tumbling into the pit, Quintus and Martius are found gazing into it after having been decoyed to the spot more naturally than in the original by a mysterious but tempting letter. The description of ll. 93-7,



which contradicts the picture in ll. 13-15, is omitted; so is the 'deer-dear' pun of ll. 89-91, doubtless to 'refine' the language. We are spared the sight of Titus' hand being cut off, and the barbarous murder of Demetrius and Chiron; both take place off stage. The boy bears away in his hand, instead of Lavinia in her mouth, Titus' severed limb. But as though to compensate for such squeamishness, Ravenscroft exerts himself to outdo the Elizabethan horrors in the final scene. Here, after the killing of Lavinia, Aaron is tortured on the rack in full view of the audience; when Tamora inquires for her sons, a curtain is drawn, disclosing their heads and hands hanging up on the wall, and their 'bodies in chairs in bloody linen'; hearts and tongues and blood, Titus explains, have been mixed with the food and wine which Tamora has just taken. The latter survives Titus' death-stroke long enough to ask for her child by Aaron, whom she then stabs to death. Thereupon Aaron, complaining of being 'outdone in my own art', cries, 'Give me the child, I'll eat it'. At this, the wounded but still living Saturninus dies in horror. Finally Lucius decrees that Aaron shall 'at once be burnt and Rack'd to death', and the play ends with the execution of this sentence—'The Fire flames about the Moor' while he speaks the same last satanic words as in Shakespeare, and 'Scene closes'. One wonders how this sensational finale was managed on the Restoration stage.

There is no record of the cast in the notices of the Theatre Royal's revivals; nor of the play being shown between 1678 and 1703-4. Genest's notice of the play in August 1704 states, however, 'not acted for 6 years', which suggests a revival in the nineties. If it was played during the union of the Companies (1682-95) Betterton must have acted Titus,<sup>1</sup> and Sandford Aaron. It is more

<sup>1</sup> Allardyce Nicoll says we know this to have been one of his parts (*op. cit.* p. 64), but does not give his authority.



difficult to decide the respective parts taken by Mohun and Hart when the King's men had the monopoly of the play.

When we next hear of the play we have more information. In August 1717, Drury Lane presented it four times, and Genest gives us the cast. Mills was Titus, and Quin Aaron: Walker acted Bassanius, Bowman Marcus, Ryan Lucius, and Thurmond Saturninus. The claim 'not acted 15 years' is clearly exaggerated, but suggests that this was the first showing since 1704. It was now acted four times, and revived again in every season, except in 1723, down to April 1724, when the performance was for Quin's benefit. In December 1720 the play migrated to Lincoln's Inn Fields; but the venue was again Drury Lane the next year (June 27). Mills was now Titus once more; otherwise the part had passed to Boheme in these later years. The women's parts were varied more than the men's, but our first information of them is of Mrs Giffard's playing Tamora in December 1720. Mrs Seymour, Mrs Egleton, and Mrs Knight succeeded her; while Lavinia was assigned successively to Mrs Knapp, Mrs Morgan, and Mrs Sterling. In 1721 a stage-coach was brought on at Drury Lane; this must have been for the processional entry of Titus and his captives in the first scene, whether as a triumphal chariot for the conquering hero, or as a funeral hearse for the dead. The notices—'altered from Shakespeare' or 'Titus Andronicus with the Rape of Lavinia'—prove that these revivals were still of Ravenscroft's adaptation. Their relative frequency during the seven years is usually ascribed to the fame of Quin in the part of Aaron. But he did not always act in them; Bickerstaffe in July 1718, and Walker in June 1721 and August 1722 took his place. And the play disappears from stage records after 1725, though Quin did not retire till 1751.

For a century and a quarter we hear nothing more.



Clearly the exploitation of the play's sensational horrors by a third-rate playwright quickly lost its appeal. Only three times since the eighteenth century does anyone seem to have ventured to revive the play in England. In March 1852, when it ran for six nights, and again in 1857 it was shown in a minor theatre in London, the Britannia. The attraction was the playing of the Moor by a veritable negro, Ira Aldridge, who had earned the title of 'the African Roscius' by his acting of Othello as early as 1826. The actress, Miss O'Neill, declared him the 'superior of Kean in his rendering of Aaron',<sup>1</sup> but there seems no other evidence that Kean ever staged the play. 'A somewhat condensed version was given', writes Mr N. W. Hill,<sup>2</sup> 'with certain innovations added', which probably means that Ravenscroft's adaptation was again used. More than sixty years later, the play appeared at the Old Vic, which thus became the one theatre in the world which has given every play in the Shakespearian canon. The date was October 1923; the producer, Robert Atkins; Wilfrid Walter played Titus, George Hayes Aaron, Ian Swinley Saturninus, Florence Saunders Tamora, and Jane Bacon Lavinia. For the first and only occasion, probably, since Jacobean times, Londoners now listened again to the genuine Elizabethan text. The clown, omitted by Ravenscroft, was restored and given to Hay Petrie—'the one cheerful thing in the play', thought the critic of *The Times*, to whom its horrors were made tolerable only by the swiftness of the action. Mr Gordon Crosse, however, found it

enjoyable in spite of the horrors...by no means glossed over. The audience near the end refused to take them seriously any longer, and laughed when the deaths of

<sup>1</sup> Letter from N. W. Hill in *The Times Literary Supplement*, 1 May 1919.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*



Tamora, Titus and Saturninus followed each other within about five seconds, as in a burlesque melodrama.<sup>1</sup>

He thought Wilfrid Walter's Titus 'a grand performance' and George Hayes' Aaron 'excellent throughout'; while Mr Montague Summers, whose approval of the whole is unqualified, singled out Hayes' acting as showing 'extraordinary genius' and rising at times to 'heights of impressive power'.<sup>2</sup> The play ran for nine nights, from 8 to 20 October.

From America comes only a single notice of the play. It was given in Walnut Theatre, Philadelphia for four successive nights from 30 January 1839. But again it was not the original play which was shown, but a new adaptation by N. H. Bannister—'altered into a beautiful play', runs the notice by an American writer.<sup>3</sup> It is easy to believe that he improved on Ravenscroft's improvement; harder to think that 'a beautiful play' can be quite the aptest description of any recognizable version.

C. B. YOUNG

July 1946.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps judging better than they knew; cf. Introd. § IV. See G. Crosse, *Fifty Years of Shakespearian Playgoing*, pp. 78-9.

<sup>2</sup> Montague Summers' edition of Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 127.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Durang in *Sunday Dispatch* of Philadelphia. See A. H. Wilson, *History of the Philadelphia Theatre*, 1835-55, pp. 2, 68, 656.



## TO THE READER

The following is a brief description of the punctuation and other typographical devices employed in the text, which have been more fully explained in the *Note on Punctuation* and the *Textual Introduction* to be found in *The Tempest* volume:

An obelisk (†) implies corruption or emendation, and suggests a reference to the Notes.

A single bracket at the beginning of a speech signifies an 'aside'.

Four dots represent a *full stop* in the original, except when it occurs at the end of a speech, and they mark a long pause. Original *colons* or *semicolons*, which denote a somewhat shorter pause, are retained, or represented as three dots when they appear to possess special dramatic significance. Similarly, significant *commas* have been given as dashes.

Round brackets are taken from the original, and mark a significant change of voice; when the original brackets seem to imply little more than the drop in tone accompanying parenthesis, they are conveyed by commas or dashes.

Single inverted commas (‘ ’) are editorial; double ones (“ ”) derive from the original, where they are used to draw attention to maxims, quotations, etc.

The reference number for the first line is given at the head of each page. Numerals in square brackets are placed at the beginning of the traditional acts and scenes



# TITUS ANDRONICUS



The scene: Rome, and the country near by

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

SATURNINUS, *son to the late Emperor of Rome, afterwards  
Emperor*

BASSIANUS, *brother to Saturninus*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *tribune of the people, and brother  
to Titus*

LUCIUS	}	<i>sons to Titus Andronicus</i>
QUINTUS		
MARTIUS		
MUTIUS		

Young LUCIUS, *a boy, son to Lucius*

PUBLIUS, *son to Marcus Andronicus*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman*

ALARBUS	}	<i>sons to Tamora</i>
DEMETRIUS		
CHIRON		

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora*

*A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans  
and Goths*

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths*

LAVINIA, *daughter to Titus Andronicus*

*Nurse, and a blackamoor Child*

*Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers,  
Soldiers, and Attendants*



# TITUS ANDRONICUS

[1. 1.] *An open place in Rome, before the Capitol, beside the entrance to which there stands the monument of the Andronici. Through a window opening on to the balcony of an upper chamber in the Capitol may be seen the Senate in session. Drums and trumpets are heard*

*SATURNINUS and his followers march into the square on one side; BASSIANUS and his followers on the other*

*Saturninus.* Noble patricians, patrons of my right,  
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;  
And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
Plead my successive title with your swords:  
I am his first-born son, that was the last  
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;  
Then let my father's honours live in me,  
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

*Bassianus.* Romans, friends, followers, favourers of  
my right,  
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,  
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,  
Keep then this passage to the Capitol,  
And suffer not dishonour to approach  
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,  
To justice, continence, and nobility:  
But let desert in pure election shine,  
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

10

*MARCUS ANDRONICUS comes forward on to the balcony  
bearing a crown in his hands*

*Marcus.* Princes, that strive by factions and by friends  
Ambitiously for rule and empery,



- 20 Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand  
A special party, have by common voice,  
In election for the Roman empery,  
Chosen Andronicus, surnaméd Pius  
For many good and great deserts to Rome.  
A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
Lives not this day within the city walls.  
He by the senate is accited home  
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;  
That with his sons, a terror to our foes,  
30 Hath yoked a nation strong, trained up in arms.  
Ten years are spent since first he undertook  
This cause of Rome, and chastiséd with arms  
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath returned  
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons  
In coffins from the field [and at this day  
To the monument of the Andronici  
Done sacrifice of expiation,  
And slain the noblest prisoner of the Goths.]  
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,  
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
Renownéd Titus, flourishing in arms.  
Let us entreat, by honour of his name,  
40 Whom worthily you would have now succeed,  
And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,  
That you withdraw you and abate your strength,  
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,  
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

*Saturninus.* How fair the tribune speaks to calm  
my thoughts!

*Bassianus.* Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy  
In thy uprightness and integrity,  
And so I love and honour thee and thine,



Thy nobler brother Titus and his sons, 50  
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,  
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;  
And to my fortunes and the people's favour  
Commit my cause in balance to be weighed.

*[his followers disperse]*

*Saturninus.* Friends, that have been thus forward in  
my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,  
And to the love and favour of my country  
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

*[his followers disperse]*

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me, 60  
As I am confident and kind to thee.  
Open the gates and let me in.

*Bassianus.* Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

*[they go up into the Senate-house]*

*Enter a Captain*

*Captain.* Romans, make way! the good Andronicus,  
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,  
Successful in the battles that he fights,  
With honour and with fortune is returned,  
From where he circumscribéd with his sword,  
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*A sound of drums and trumpets. Then enter in procession MUTIUS and MARTIUS, two soldiers bearing a coffin covered with black, QUINTUS and LUCIUS, and TITUS ANDRONICUS, followed by his prisoners TAMORA Queen of the Goths, her sons ALARBUS, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, AARON the Moor, and others. The soldiers set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks*



70 *Titus.* Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!  
Lo, as the bark that hath discharged his fraught  
Returns with precious lading to the bay  
From whence at first she weighed her anchorage,  
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,  
To re-salute his country with his tears,  
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.  
Thou great defender of this Capitol,  
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!  
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,  
80 Half of the number that King Priam had,  
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!  
These that survive let Rome reward with love;  
These that I bring unto their latest home,  
With burial amongst their ancestors.  
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.  
Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,  
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?  
Make way to lay them by their bretheren.

*[they open the tomb]*

90 There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!  
O sacred receptacle of my joys,  
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
How many sons hast thou of mine in store,  
That thou wilt never render to me more!  
*Lucius.* Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,  
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile  
'Ad manes fratrum' sacrifice his flesh,  
Before this earthy prison of their bones,  
100 That so the shadows be not unappeased,  
Nor we disturbed with prodigies on earth.  
*Titus.* I give him you, the noblest that survives,



The eldest son of this distressed queen.

*Tamora.* Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,  
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,  
A mother's tears in passion for her son:  
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
O, think my son to be as dear to me!  
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,  
To beautify thy triumphs and return, 110  
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;  
But must my sons be slaughtered in the streets,  
For valiant doings in their country's cause?  
O, if to fight for king and commonweal  
Were piety in thine, it is in these:  
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.  
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?  
Draw near them then in being merciful:  
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;  
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son. 120

*Titus.* Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.  
These are their brethren, whom your Goths beheld  
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain  
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:  
To this your son is marked, and die he must,  
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

*Lucius.* Away with him! and make a fire straight,  
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,  
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.

[*the sons of Titus hale Alarbus forth*]

*Tamora.* O cruel, irreligious piety! 130

*Chiron.* Was never Scythia half so barbarous.

*Demetrius.* Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.  
Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive  
To tremble under Titus' threat'ning look.  
Then, madam, stand resolved, but hope withal



The self-same gods that armed the Queen of Troy  
With opportunity of sharp revenge  
Upon the Thracian tyrant in her tent  
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths,  
140 (When Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen)  
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Enter the sons of Andronicus again,  
with their swords bloody*

*Lucius.* See, lord and father, how we have performed  
Our Roman rites! Alarbus' limbs are lopped,  
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,  
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky.  
Remaineth naught but to inter our brethren,  
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

*Titus.* Let it be so, and let Andronicus  
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

*[trumpets sounded and the coffin laid in the tomb]*  
150 In peace and honour rest you here, my sons,  
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,  
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
Here grow no damnéd drugs, here are no storms,  
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

*Enter LAVINIA*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

*Lavinia.* In peace and honour live Lord Titus long,  
My noble lord and father, live in fame!  
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears  
160 I render for my brethren's obsequies,  
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy  
Shed on this earth for thy return to Rome.  
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,



Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

*Titus.* Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved  
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!  
Lavinia, live, outlive thy father's days,  
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

*Enter above MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS,  
BASSIANUS, and others*

*Marcus.* Long live Lord Titus, my belovéd brother,  
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome! 170

*Titus.* Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

*Marcus.* And welcome, nephews, from  
successful wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!  
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,  
That in your country's service drew your swords,  
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,  
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,  
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.  
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,  
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been, 180  
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,  
This palliament of white and spotless hue,  
And name thee in election for the empire  
With these our late-deceaséd emperor's sons:  
Be 'candidatus' then, and put it on,  
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

*Titus.* A better head her glorious body fits  
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:  
What should I don this robe and trouble you?  
Be chosen with proclamations to-day, 190  
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,  
And set abroad new business for you all?



Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,  
And led my country's strength successfully,  
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,  
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,  
In right and service of their noble country:  
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
But not a sceptre to control the world.

200 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

*Marcus.* Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

*Saturninus.* Proud and ambitious tribune, canst  
thou tell?

*Titus.* Patience, Prince Saturninus.

*Saturninus.* Romans, do me right.

Patricians, draw your swords and sheathe them not  
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:

Andronicus, would thou were shipped to hell,  
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

*Lucius.* Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good  
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

210 *Titus.* Content thee, prince, I will restore to thee  
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

*Bassianus.* Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,  
But honour thee, and will do till I die;  
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,  
I will most thankful be, and thanks to men  
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

*Titus.* People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,  
I ask your voices and your suffrages.

Will ye bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

220 *Tribune.* To gratify the good Andronicus,  
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,  
The people will accept whom he admits.

*Titus.* Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I make,  
That you create our emperor's eldest son,



Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will I hope  
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,  
And ripen justice in this commonweal:  
Then if you will elect by my advice,  
Crown him, and say, 'Long live our emperor!'

*Marcus.* With voices and applause of every sort, 230  
Patricians and plebeians, we create  
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,  
And say 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!'

*[a long flourish till they come down]*

*Saturninus.* Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done  
To us in our election this day,  
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:  
And for an onset, Titus, to advance  
Thy name and honourable family,  
Lavinia will I make my empress, 240  
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,  
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:  
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

*Titus.* It doth, my worthy lord, and in this match  
I hold me highly honoured of your grace,  
And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,  
King and commander of our commonweal,  
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate  
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,  
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord: 250  
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,  
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

*Saturninus.* Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!  
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts  
Rome shall record, and when I do forget  
The least of these unspeakable deserts,  
Romans, forget your fealty to me.



*Titus* [*to Tamora*]. Now, madam, are you prisoner to  
an emperor,

To him that, for your honour and your state,  
260 Will use you nobly and your followers.

(*Saturninus*. A goodly lady, trust me! Of the hue  
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.  
[*aloud*] Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance.  
Though chance of war hath wrought this change  
of cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome.  
Princely shall be thy usage every way.  
Rest on my word, and let not discontent  
Daunt all your hopes. Madam, he comforts you  
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.  
270 Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

*Lavinia*. Not I, my lord, sith true nobility  
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

*Saturninus*. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans,  
let us go.

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.  
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

[*Flourish*. *Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb show*  
*Bassianus* [*seizing Lavinia*]. Lord Titus, by your leave,  
this maid is mine.

*Titus*. How, sir! are you in earnest then, my lord?

*Bassianus*. Ay, noble Titus, and resolved withal  
To do myself this reason and this right.

280 *Marcus*. 'Suum cuique' is our Roman justice.

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

*Lucius*. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

*Titus*. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the  
emperor's guard?

Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised!

*Saturninus*. Surprised! by whom?



*Bassianus.* By him that justly may  
Bear his betrothed from all the world away.

*Mutius.* Brothers, help to convey her hence away,  
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

*MARCUS, BASSIANUS and the brothers LUCIUS, QUINTUS  
and MARTIUS form a bodyguard for LAVINIA, as they  
leave the square*

*Titus.* Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

*SATURNINUS beckons TAMORA aside and they go up  
into the Capitol with AARON and her sons*

*Mutius.* My lord, you pass not here. 290

*Titus.* What, villain boy!

Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*they fight*]

*Mutius [falling].* Help, Lucius, help!

*LUCIUS returns*

*Lucius.* My lord, you are unjust; and more than so,  
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

*Titus.* Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:

My sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

*Lucius.* Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,  
That is another's lawful promised love. [*he goes*]

*Enter aloft the Emperor with Tamora and her  
two sons and Aaron the Moor*

*Saturninus.* No, Titus, no, the emperor needs her not,  
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock: 300  
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once,  
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,  
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.



Was none in Rome to make a stale  
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,  
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,  
That saidst, I begged the empire at thy hands.

*Titus.* O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

*Saturninus.* But go thy ways, go, give that  
changing piece

310 To him that flourished for her with his sword:

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy,  
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,  
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

*Titus.* These words are razors to my wounded heart.

*Saturninus.* And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen  
of Goths,

That like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs  
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,  
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,  
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,

320 And will create thee emperess of Rome.

Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?  
And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,  
Sith priest and holy water are so near,  
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing  
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,  
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,  
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place  
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

*Tamora.* And here in sight of heaven to Rome I swear,  
330 If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,  
She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

*Saturninus.* Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.

Lords, accompany  
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,



Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,  
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquer'd.  
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

*[they go within]*

*Titus.* I am not bid to wait upon this bride.  
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,  
Dishonoured thus and challeng'd of wrongs? 340

*Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS*

*Martius.* O Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!  
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

*Titus.* No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,  
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed  
That hath dishonoured all our family,  
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

*Lucius.* But let us give him burial as becomes;  
Give Mutius burial with our bretheren.

*Titus.* Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:  
This monument five hundred years hath stood, 350  
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:  
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors  
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.  
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

*Martius.* My lord, this is impiety in you.  
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him,  
He must be buried with his bretheren.

*Quintus, Martius.* And shall, or him we will  
accompany.

*Titus.* And shall? what villain was it spake that word?

*Quintus.* He that would vouch it in any place but here. 360

*Titus.* What, would you bury him in my despite?

*Martius.* No, noble Titus, but entreat of thee  
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.



*Titus.* Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,  
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded.  
My foes I do repute you every one,  
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

*Martius.* He is not with himself, let us withdraw.

*Quintus.* Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

*[the brother and the sons kneel]*

370 *Marcus.* Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—

*Quintus.* Father, and in that name doth  
nature speak,—

*Titus.* Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

*Marcus.* Renowned Titus, more than half my soul

*Lucius.* Dear father, soul and substance of us all—

*Marcus.* Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous:

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax

380 That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals:

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barred his entrance here.

*Titus.*

Rise, Marcus, rise.

The dismal'st day is this that e'er I saw,

To be dishonoured by my sons in Rome!

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

*They put him in the tomb*

*Lucius.* There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with  
thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

*They all kneel and say*

*All.* No man shed tears for noble Mutius,

390 He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.



*Marcus.* My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,  
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths  
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

*Titus.* I know not, Marcus, but I know it is,  
(Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.)  
Is she not then beholding to the man  
That brought her for this high good turn so far?  
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

*Re-enter, from one side, SATURNINUS attended, TAMORA,  
DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and AARON; from the other,  
BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, with others*

*Saturninus.* So Bassianus, you have played your prize:  
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride! 400

*Bassianus.* And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,  
Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.

*Saturninus.* Traitor, if Rome have law, or we  
have power,  
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

*Bassianus.* Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,  
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?  
But let the laws of Rome determine all,  
Meanwhile am I possessed of that is mine.

*Saturninus.* 'Tis good, sir; you are very short with us,  
But if we live we'll be as sharp with you. 410

*Bassianus.* My lord, what I have done, as best I may  
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.  
Only thus much I give your grace to know—  
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,  
Is in opinion and in honour wronged;  
That in the rescue of Lavinia  
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,  
In zeal to you and highly moved to wrath



420 To be controlled in that he frankly gave.

Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,  
That hath expressed himself in all his deeds  
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

*Titus.* Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds,  
'Tis thou and those that have dishonoured me.  
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,  
How I have loved and honoured Saturnine!

*Tamora.* My worthy lord, if ever Tamora  
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

430 Then hear me speak indifferently for all;  
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

*Saturninus.* What, madam! be dishonoured openly,  
And basely put it up without revenge?

*Tamora.* Not so, my lord, the gods of Rome forbend  
I should be author to dishonour you!  
But on mine honour dare I undertake  
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,  
Whose fury-not dissembled speaks his griefs:  
Then at my suit look graciously on him,

440 Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,  
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

[*Aside*] My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last,  
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents—  
You are but newly planted in your throne—  
Lest then the people, and patricians too,  
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,  
And so supplant you for ingratitude,  
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin.  
Yield at entreats: and then let me alone,

450 I'll find a day to massacre them all,  
And raze their faction and their family,  
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,  
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;



And make them know what 'tis to let a queen  
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.

[*Aloud*] Come, come, sweet emperor—  
come, Andronicus—

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart  
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

*Saturninus*. Rise, Titus, rise, my empress  
hath prevailed.

*Titus*. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord. 460  
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

*Tamora*. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
A Roman now adopted happily,  
And must advise the emperor for his good.  
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus.  
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,  
That I have reconciled your friends and you.  
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have passed  
My word and promise to the emperor,  
That you will be more mild and tractable. 470  
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia;  
By my advice, all humbled on your knees, [*they kneel*]  
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

*Lucius*. We do, and vow to heaven, and to his highness,  
That what we did was mildly as we might,  
Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

*Marcus*. That on mine honour here do I protest.

*Saturninus*. Away, and talk not, trouble us no more.

*Tamora*. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all  
be friends.

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace. 480  
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

*Saturninus*. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy  
brother's here,  
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,



I do remit these young men's heinous faults.  
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,  
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore  
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.  
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,  
490 You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.  
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

*Titus.* To-morrow, an it please your majesty  
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,  
With horn and hound we'll give your grace bonjour.  
*Saturninus.* Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

*They troop out with trumpets blowing.*

*Aaron remains*

[2. 1.] *Aaron.* Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,  
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,  
Advanced above pale envy's threat'ning reach.  
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,  
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,  
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;  
So Tamora.

10 Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,  
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,  
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long  
Hast prisoner held, fettered in amorous chains,  
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,  
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.  
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!  
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,



To wait upon this new-made emperess. 20  
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,  
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,  
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,  
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.  
Holloa! what storm is this? [*he steps aside*]

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving*

*Demetrius.* Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wits  
want edge,  
And manners, to intrude where I am graced,  
And may for aught thou know'st affected be.  
*Chiron.* Demetrius, thou dost overween in all,  
And so in this, to bear me down with braves. 30  
'Tis not the difference of a year or two  
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate;  
I am as able and as fit as thou  
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace,  
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.  
(*Aaron.* Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep  
the peace.)

*Demetrius.* Why, boy, although our  
mother, unadvised,  
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,  
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends? 40  
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,  
Till you know better how to handle it.

*Chiron.* Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,  
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

*Demetrius.* Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*they draw*  
*Aaron* [*comes forward*]. Why, how now, lords!  
So near the emperor's palace dare ye draw,  
And maintain such a quarrel openly?



Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.

I would not for a million of gold

50 The cause were known to them it most concerns,

Nor would your noble mother for much more

Be so dishonoured in the court of Rome.

For shame, put up.

*Demetrius.* Not I, till I have sheathed

My rapier in his bosom, and withal

Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,

That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

*Chiron.* For that I am prepared and full resolved,

Foul-spoken coward, that thund'rest with thy tongue

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

60 *Aaron.* Away, I say!

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,

This petty brabble will undo us all.

Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous

It is to jet upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate;

That for her love such quarrels may be broached

Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware! an should the empress know

70 This discord's ground, the music would not please.

*Chiron.* I care not, I, knew she and all the world:

I love Lavinia more than all the world.

*Demetrius.* Youngling, learn thou to make some  
meaner choice.

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

*Aaron.* Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome

How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths

By this device.



*Chiron.* Aaron, a thousand deaths  
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love. 80

*Aaron.* To achieve her how?

*Demetrius.* Why mak'st thou it so strange?  
She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won;  
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.  
What, man! more water glideth by the mill  
Than wots the miller of, and easy it is  
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:  
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,  
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

(*Aaron.* Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. 90

*Demetrius.* Then why should he despair that knows  
to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?  
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

*Aaron.* Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so  
Would serve your turns.

*Chiron.* Ay, so the turn were served.

*Demetrius.* Aaron, thou hast hit it.

*Aaron.* Would you had hit it too,  
Then should not we be tired with this ado.  
Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools  
To square for this? would it offend you then 100  
That both should speed?

*Chiron.* Faith, not me.

*Demetrius.* Nor me, so I were one.

*Aaron.* For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar.  
'Tis policy and stratagem must do  
That you affect, and so must you resolve,  
That what you cannot as you would achieve,  
You must perforce accomplish as you may.



Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste  
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

110 A speedier course than ling'ring languishment  
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.  
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,  
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:  
The forest walks are wide and spacious,  
And many unfrequented plots there are  
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:  
Single you thither then this dainty doe,  
And strike her home by force, if not by words:  
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

120 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit  
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,  
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,  
And she shall file our engines with advice,  
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,  
But to your wishes' height advance you both.  
The emperor's court is like the House of Fame,  
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:  
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;  
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns,  
130 There serve your lust shadowed from heaven's eye,  
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

*Chiron.* Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

*Demetrius.* 'Sit fas aut nefas', till I find the stream  
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,  
'Per Styga, per manes vehor'.

[*they go*]



[2. 2.] *A glade in a forest near Rome*

*Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS with his three sons and  
MARCUS, making a noise with hounds and horns*

*Titus.* The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,  
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:  
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,  
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,  
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,  
That all the court may echo with the noise.  
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
To attend the emperor's person carefully:  
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,  
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired. 10

*Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then  
enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA,  
CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and their attendants*

Many good morrows to your majesty!  
Madam, to you as many and as good!  
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

*Saturninus.* And you have rung it lustily, my lords,  
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

*Bassianus.* Lavinia, how say you?

*Lavinia.* I say, no;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

*Saturninus.* Come on then, horse and chariots let  
us have,

And to our sport. [*To Tamora*] Madam, now shall  
ye see

Our Roman hunting.

*Marcus.* I have dogs, my lord,  
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,  
And climb the highest promontory top. 20



*Titus.* And I have horse will follow where the game  
Makes way and run like swallows o'er the plain.

*Demetrius.* Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse  
nor hound,  
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.     [*they go*]

[2. 3.] *Enter AARON alone, with a bag of gold*

*Aaron.* He that had wit would think that I had none,  
To bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to inherit it.  
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly  
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent piece of villainy:  
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,  
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.  
[*hides the gold*]

*Enter TAMORA alone to the Moor*

- 10 *Tamora.* My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,  
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?  
The birds chaunt melody on every bush,  
The snake lies rolléd in the cheerful sun,  
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a chequered shadow on the ground:  
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,  
And whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,  
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,  
As if a double hunt were heard at once,  
20 Let us sit down and mark their yellowing noise:  
And after conflict such as was supposed  
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoyed,  
When with a happy storm they were surprised,  
And curtained with a counsel-keeping cave,



We may, each wreathéd in the other's arms,  
(Our pastimes done) possess a golden slumber,  
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds  
Be unto us as is a nurse's song  
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

*Aaron.* Madam, though Venus govern your desires, 30  
Saturn is dominator over mine:

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,  
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,  
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls  
Even as an adder when she doth unroll  
To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs:  
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.  
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul, 40  
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,  
This is the day of doom for Bassianus:  
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,  
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,  
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.  
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,  
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.  
Now question me no more; we are espied;  
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction. 50

*Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA*

*Tamora.* Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

*Aaron.* No more, great empress, Bassianus comes.  
Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons  
To back thy quarrels whatsoe'er they be. [*he goes*]

*Bassianus.* Who have we here? Rome's  
royal emperess,



Unfurnished of her well-beseeming troop?  
Or is it Dian, habited like her,  
Who hath abandonéd her holy groves  
To see the general hunting in this forest?

- 60 *Tamora*. Saucy controller of my private steps!  
Had I the power that some say Dian had,  
Thy temples should be planted presently  
With horns, as was Actæon's, and the hounds  
Should drive upon thy new-transforméd limbs,  
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

*Lavinia*. Under your patience, gentle emperess,  
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning,  
And to be doubted that your Moor and you  
Are singled forth to try experiments:

- 70 Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!  
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

*Bassianus*. Believe me, queen, your  
swarth Cimmerian

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.  
Why are you séquest'réd from all your train,  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,  
And wandered hither to an obscure plot,  
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,  
If foul desire had not conducted you?

- 80 *Lavinia*. And, being intercepted in your sport,  
Great reason that my noble lord be rated  
For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,  
And let her joy her raven-coloured love,  
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

*Bassianus*. The king my brother shall have note  
of this.

*Lavinia*. Ay, for these slips have made him  
noted long.



Good king, to be so mightily abused!

*Tamora.* Why have I patience to endure all this?

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS*

*Demetrius.* How now, dear sovereign, and our  
gracious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan? 90

*Tamora.* Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have ticed me hither to this place,

A barren detested vale, you see it is;

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,

Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:

And when they showed me this abhorréd pit,

They told me, here, at dead time of the night

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes, 100

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body hearing it

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me they would bind me here

Unto the body of a dismal yew,

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they called me foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms 110

That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed:

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not henceforth my children called.

*Demetrius.* This is a witness that I am thy son.

*[stabs Bassianus]*



*Chiron.* And this for me, struck home to show  
my strength. [*stabbing him likewise*]

*Lavinia.* Ay come, Semiramis, nay,  
barbarous Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

120 *Tamora.* Give me the poniard! you shall know,  
my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

*Demetrius.* Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her.

First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:

This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

*Chiron.* An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

130 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

*Tamora.* But when ye have the honey ye desire,

Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

*Chiron.* I warrant you, madam, we will make  
that sure:

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy

That nice-preserv'd honesty of yours.

*Lavinia.* O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face—

*Tamora.* I will not hear her speak, away with her.

*Lavinia.* Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

*Demetrius.* Listen, fair madam, let it be your glory

140 To see her tears, but be your heart to them

As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

*Lavinia.* When did the tiger's young ones teach  
the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.

The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble,

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.



Yet every mother breeds not sons alike,

[to *Chiron*]

Do thou entreat her show a woman's pity.

*Chiron*. What! wouldst thou have me prove myself  
a bastard?

*Lavinia*. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:  
Yet I have heard—O could I find it now!— 150  
The lion, moved with pity, did endure  
To have his princely paws pared all away:  
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,  
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:  
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
Nothing so kind but something pitiful!

*Tamora*. I know not what it means, away with her!

*Lavinia*. O, let me teach thee for my father's sake,  
That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee.  
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. 160

*Tamora*. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,  
Even for his sake am I pitiless.  
Remember, boys, I poured forth tears in vain  
To save your brother from the sacrifice,  
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.  
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;  
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

*Lavinia* [*clasps her knees*]. O *Tamora*, be called  
a gentle queen,  
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!  
For 'tis not life that I have begged so long, 170  
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

*Tamora*. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let  
me go.

*Lavinia*. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more  
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.  
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,



And tumble me into some loathsome pit,  
Where never man's eye may behold my body  
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

*Tamora.* So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.  
180 No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

*Demetrius.* Away! for thou hast staid us here too long.

*Lavinia.* No grace? no womanhood? Ah  
beastly creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!  
Confusion fall——

*Chiron.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth [*he gags her*].  
Bring thou her husband.

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

*Demetrius heaves the corpse into a pit, thereafter covering it with branches; the two then go off dragging Lavinia between them*

*Tamora.* Farewell, my sons, see that you make  
her sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed  
Till all the Andronici be made away.

190 Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,  
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [*she goes*]

*Enter from another direction, AARON  
with QUINTUS and MARTIUS*

*Aaron.* Come on, my lords, the better foot before!  
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit  
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

*Quintus.* My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

*Martius.* And mine, I promise you: were it not  
for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*he falls into the pit*]



*Quintus.* What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole  
is this,

Whose mouth is covered with rude-growing briers,  
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood 200  
As fresh as morning dew distilled on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me.

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

*Martius.* O, brother, with the dismall'st object hurt  
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

(*Aaron.* Now will I fetch the king to find them here,  
That he thereby may have a likely guess,  
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*he goes*]

*Martius.* Why dost not comfort me, and help me out  
From this unhallowed and blood-stained hole? 210

*Quintus.* I am surpriséd with an uncouth fear,  
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints,  
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

*Martius.* To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,  
Aaron and thou look down into this den,  
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

*Quintus.* Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart  
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:  
O, tell me who it is, for ne'er till now 220  
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

*Martius.*† Lord Bassianus lies berayed in blood,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughtered lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

*Quintus.* If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

*Martius.* Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
A precious ring, that lightens all this hole,  
Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,



230 And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:  
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,  
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.  
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—  
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—  
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,  
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

*Quintus.* Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;  
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,  
I may be plucked into the swallowing womb

240 Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave. [*he strives*  
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

*Martius.* Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

*Quintus.* Thy hand once more, I will not loose again,  
Till thou art here aloft or I below: [*he strives again*  
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[*he falls in*

*Enter the Emperor and AARON the Moor*

*Saturninus.* Along with me! I'll see what hole is here,  
And what he is that now is leaped into it.  
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend  
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

250 *Martius.* The unhappy sons of old Andronicus,  
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,  
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

*Saturninus.* My brother dead! I know thou dost  
but jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge,  
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;  
'Tis not an hour since I left them there.

*Martius.* We know not where you left them all alive,  
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.



*Enter TAMORA, ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS*

*Tamora.* Where is my lord the king?

*Saturninus.* Here, Tamora, though grieved with  
killing grief.

260

*Tamora.* Where is thy brother, Bassianus?

*Saturninus.* Now to the bottom dost thou search  
my wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murderéd.

*Tamora.* Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,  
The complot of this timeless tragedy;  
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold  
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

*[she giveth Saturnine a letter]*

*Saturninus [reads].* 'An if we miss to meet  
him handsomely—

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean—

Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.

270

Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward

Among the nettles at the elder tree,

Which overshades the mouth of that same pit

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this and purchase us thy lasting friends.'

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out

That should have murdered Bassianus here.

*Aaron.* My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

280

*[discovers it]*

*Saturninus [to Titus].* Two of thy whelps, fell curs  
of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison,

There let them bide until we have devised



Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

*Tamora.* What, are they in this pit?

O wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discoveréd!

*[they hale them forth]*

*Titus.* High emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

290 That this fell fault of my accurséd sons,

Accurséd, if the fault be proved in them—

*Saturninus.* If it be proved! you see, it is apparent.

Who found this letter? *Tamora*, was it you?

*Tamora.* Andronicus himself did take it up.

*Titus.* I did, my lord, yet let me be their bail,

For by my father's reverend tomb I vow

They shall be ready at your highness' will,

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

*Saturninus.* Thou shalt not bail them, see thou  
follow me.

300 Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers,

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain,

For by my soul were there worse end than death,

That end upon them should be executed.

*Tamora.* Andronicus, I will entreat the king,

Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

*Titus.* Come, Lucius, come, stay not to talk  
with them.

*[they go]*

[2. 4.] *Enter the Empress' sons with LAVINIA, her  
hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and ravished*

*Demetrius.* So, now go tell, an if thy tongue  
can speak,

Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravished thee.

*Chiron.* Write down thy mind, bewray thy  
meaning so,



And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

*Demetrius.* See, how with signs and tokens she  
can scrawl.

*Chiron.* Go home, call for sweet water, wash  
thy hands.

*Demetrius.* She hath no tongue to call nor hands  
to wash,

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

*Chiron.* An 'twere my cause, I should go hang myself.

*Demetrius.* If thou hadst hands to help thee knit  
the cord. *[they go 10*

*Enter MARCUS from hunting*

*Marcus.* Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast!  
Cousin, a word, where is your husband?

*[she turns her face*

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber an eternal sleep!

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands

Hath lopped and hewed and made thy body bare

Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness 20

As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirred with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy roséd lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee,

And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,

As from a conduit with three issuing spouts, 30



Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face  
Blushing to be encountered with a cloud.  
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?  
O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,  
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!  
Sorrow concealéd, like an oven stopped,  
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
Fair Philomel, why she but lost her tongue,  
And in a tedious sampler sewed her mind:  
40 But lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;  
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,  
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
That could have better sewed than Philomel.  
O, had the monster seen those lily hands  
Tremble like aspen leaves upon a lute,  
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,  
He would not then have touched them for his life!  
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony  
Which that sweet tongue hath made,  
50 He would have dropped his knife, and fell asleep  
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.  
Come, let us go and make thy father blind,  
For such a sight will blind a father's eye.  
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads,  
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?  
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:  
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [they go



[3. I.] *Enter the Judges and Senators with Titus' two sons bound, passing on to the place of execution, and TITUS going before, pleading*

*Titus.* Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!  
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent  
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;  
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,  
For all the frosty nights that I have watched,  
And for these bitter tears, which now you see  
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,  
Be pitiful to my condemnéd sons,  
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.  
For two and twenty sons I never wept, 10  
Because they died in honour's lofty bed;

*Andronicus lieth down and the Judges pass by him*

For these, tribunes, in the dust I write  
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears:  
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;  
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.  
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,  
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,  
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:  
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still,  
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow, 20  
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,  
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

*Enter LUCIUS, with his weapon drawn*

O reverend tribunes! O gentle aged men!  
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death,  
And let me say, that never wept before,



My tears are now prevailing orators.

*Lucius.* O noble father, you lament in vain,  
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,  
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

30 *Titus.* Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.  
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

*Lucius.* My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

*Titus.* Why, 'tis no matter, man, if they did hear  
They would not mark me, if they did mark  
They would not pity me, yet plead I must,  
†And bootless unto them...

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,  
Who though they cannot answer my distress,  
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,

40 For that they will not intercept my tale:  
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet  
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;  
And were they but attiréd in grave weeds,  
Rome could afford no tribunes like to these.  
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:  
A stone is silent and offendeth not,  
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.

[*rises*]

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

*Lucius.* To rescue my two brothers from their death:  
50 For which attempt the judges have pronounced  
My everlasting doom of banishment.

*Titus.* O happy man! they have befriended thee:  
Why foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive  
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?  
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey  
But me and mine. How happy art thou then,  
From these devourers to be banishéd!  
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?



*Enter MARCUS with LAVINIA*

*Marcus.* Titus, prepare thy agéd eyes to weep,  
Or if not so, thy noble heart to break: 60  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

*Titus.* Will it consume me? let me see it then.

*Marcus.* This was thy daughter.

*Titus.* Why, Marcus, so she is.

*Lucius.* Ah me! this object kills me!

*Titus.* Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.  
Speak, Lavinia, what accurséd hand  
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?  
What fool hath added water to the sea,  
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?  
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st, 70  
And now like Nilus it disdaineth bounds.

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,  
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;  
And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life;  
In bootless prayer have they been held up,  
And they have served me to effectless use.  
Now all the service I require of them  
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.  
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,  
For hands to do Rome service is but vain. 80

*Lucius.* Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyred thee?

*Marcus.* O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,  
That blabbed them with such pleasing eloquence,  
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,  
Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung  
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

*Lucius.* O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

*Marcus.* O, thus I found her, straying in the park,  
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer



90 That hath received some unrecuring wound.

*Titus.* It was my dear, and he that wounded her  
Hath hurt me more than had he killed me dead:  
For now I stand as one upon a rock,  
Environed with a wilderness of sea,  
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
Expecting ever when some envious surge  
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone,  
Here stands my other son, a banished man,

100 And here my brother weeping at my woes:  
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn  
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,  
It would have madded me: what shall I do  
Now I behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,  
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyred thee:  
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death  
Thy brothers are condemned, and dead by this.

110 Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!  
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew  
Upon a gathered lily almost withered.

*Marcus.* Perchance she weeps because they killed  
her husband,

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

*Titus.* If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,  
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed,  
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.

120 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,  
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:  
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,



And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,  
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks  
How they are stained, like meadows yet not dry  
With miry slime left on them by a flood?  
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long  
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,  
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?  
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?  
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows  
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?  
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,  
Plot some device of further misery,  
To make us wondered at in time to come.

130

*Lucius.* Sweet father, cease your tears, for at  
your grief

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

*Marcus.* Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry  
thine eyes. *[proffers his handkerchief]*

*Titus.* Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot  
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,  
For thou, poor man, hast drowned it with thine own. 140

*Lucius.* Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

*[proffers his handkerchief; she shakes her head]*

*Titus.* Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:  
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say  
That to her brother which I said to thee:  
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,  
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.  
O, what a sympathy of woe is this!  
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

*Enter AARON the Moor alone*

*Aaron.* Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor  
Sends thee this word, that, if thou love thy sons, 150



Let Marcius, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,  
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,  
And send it to the king: he for the same  
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,  
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

*Titus.* O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!  
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?  
160 With all my heart, I'll send the emperor  
My hand;  
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

*Lucius.* Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,  
That hath thrown down so many enemies,  
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn.  
My youth can better spare my blood than you,  
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

*Marcus.* Which of your hands hath not  
defended Rome,  
And reared aloft the bloody battle-axe,  
170 Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?  
O, none of both but are of high desert:  
My hand hath been but idle, let it serve  
To ransom my two nephews from their death,  
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

*Aaron.* Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,  
For fear they die before their pardon come.

*Marcus.* My hand shall go.

*Lucius.* By heaven, it shall not go.

*Titus.* Sirs, strive no more; such withered herbs  
as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

180 *Lucius.* Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,  
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

*Marcus.* And, for our father's sake and mother's care,



Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

*Titus.* Agree between you, I will spare my hand.

*Lucius.* Then I'll go fetch an axe.

*Marcus.* But I will use the axe.

*[Lucius and Marcus hurry forth]*

*Titus.* Come hither, Aaron. I'll deceive them both;  
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

*(Aaron.* If that be called deceit, I will be honest,  
And never whilst I live deceive men so: 190  
But I'll deceive you in another sort,  
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

*[he cuts off Titus' hand]*

*Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS again*

*Titus.* Now stay your strife, what shall be  
is dispatched.

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand,  
Tell him it was a hand that warded him  
From thousand dangers, bid him bury it—  
More hath it merited, that let it have:  
As for my sons, say I account of them  
As jewels purchased at an easy price,  
And yet dear too because I bought mine own. 200

*Aaron.* I go, Andronicus, and for thy hand  
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.  
*[Aside]* Their heads, I mean. O, how this villainy  
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!  
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. *[he goes]*

*Titus.* O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,  
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth.  
If any power pities wretched tears,  
To that I call! *[to Lavinia]* What, wouldst thou kneel  
with me?



Do then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers,  
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,  
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds  
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

*Marcus.* O brother, speak with possibility,  
And do not break into these deep extremes.

*Titus.* Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?  
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

*Marcus.* But yet let reason govern thy lament.

220 *Titus.* If there were reason for these miseries,  
Then into limits could I bind my woes:  
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?  
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?  
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?  
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs doth blow!  
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:  
Then must my sea be movéd with her sighs,  
Then must my earth with her continual tears  
230 Become a deluge, overflowed and drowned:  
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.  
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave  
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand*

*Messenger.* Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid  
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor:  
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,  
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back,  
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mocked:  
240 That woe is me to think upon thy woes,  
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*he goes*]



*Marcus.* Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,  
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!  
These miseries are more than may be borne!  
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,  
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

*Lucius.* Ah, that this sight should make so deep  
a wound,  
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!  
That ever death should let life bear his name,  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe! 250

[*Lavinia kisses Titus*]

*Marcus.* Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless  
As frozen water to a starv'd snake.

*Titus.* When will this fearful slumber have an end?

*Marcus.* Now, farewell, flattery, die Andronicus,  
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons' heads,  
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here,  
Thy other banished son with this dear sight  
Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother, I,  
Even like a stony image cold and numb.  
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs: 260  
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight  
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:  
Now is a time to storm, why art thou still?

*Titus.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Marcus.* Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with  
this hour.

*Titus.* Why, I have not another tear to shed;  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would usurp upon my wat'ry eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears; 270  
Then which way shall I find Revenge's Cave?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,



And threat me I shall never come to bliss  
Till all these mischiefs be returned again,  
Even in their throats that hath committed them.  
Come, let me see what task I have to do.  
You heavy people, circle me about,  
That I may turn me to each one of you,  
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.

*He kneels, with MARCUS, LUCIUS, LAVINIA and the two  
heads round about him; then raises his hand to heaven*

280 The vow is made. [*he rises.*] Come, brother, take  
a head;

And in this hand the other will I bear.

†And Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in this;  
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth:  
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight.  
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.  
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there,  
And, if ye love me, as I think you do,  
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

*[they kiss; Titus departs with Marcus and Lavinia*

*Lucius.* Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,

290 The woeful'st man that ever lived in Rome!  
Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,  
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life:  
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister,  
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!  
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives  
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.  
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,  
And make proud Saturnine and his emperess  
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.  
300 Now will I to the Goths and raise a power,  
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine.

*[he goes]*



[3. 2.] *A room in Titus' house. A banquet set out*

*Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young  
LUCIUS*

*Titus.* So, so, now sit, and look you eat no more  
Than will preserve just so much strength in us  
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot:

Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,  
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief

With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine  
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;

Who, when my heart all mad with misery

Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,

10

Then thus I thump it down.

[*To Lavinia*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk  
in signs,

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,  
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.

Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;

Or get some little knife between thy teeth,

And just against thy heart make thou a hole,

That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall

May run into that sink, and soaking in

Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

20

*Marcus.* Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay  
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

*Titus.* How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.

What violent hands can she lay on her life!

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,



How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?  
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,  
30 Lest we remember still that we have none.  
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,  
As if we should forget we had no hands,  
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!  
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this.  
Here is no drink? Hark, Marcus, what she says—  
I can interpret all her martyred signs—  
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,  
Brewed with her sorrows, meshed upon her cheeks.  
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;

40 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect  
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:  
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,  
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,  
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,  
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.  
*Boy [sobs].* Good grandsire, leave these bitter  
deep laments.

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

*Marcus.* Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,  
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

50 *Titus.* Peace, tender sapling, thou art made of tears,  
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

*[Marcus strikes the dish with a knife]*

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

*Marcus.* At that that I have killed, my lord,—a fly.

*Titus.* Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;  
Mine eyes are cloyed with view of tyranny:  
A deed of death done on the innocent  
Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;  
I see thou art not for my company.

*Marcus.* Alas, my lord, I have but killed a fly.



*Titus.* 'But!' How, if that fly had a father  
and mother?

60

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,  
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!

Poor harmless fly,

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,  
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast killed him.

*Marcus.* Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favoured fly,  
Like to the empress' Moor. Therefore I killed him.

*Titus.* O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,  
For thou hast done a charitable deed.

70

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,  
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,  
Come hither purposely to poison me. [*he strikes at it*  
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.

Ah, sirrah!

Yet I think we are not brought so low,  
But that between us we can kill a fly  
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

*Marcus.* Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,  
He takes false shadows for true substances.

80

*Titus.* Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me:

I'll to thy closet, and go read with thee  
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.

Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,  
And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle.

[*they go*]



[4. I.]

*Before Titus' house*

*Enter Lucius' son and LAVINIA running after him; and the boy flies from her with his books under his arm. Then enter TITUS and MARCUS*

*Boy.* Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia Follows me everywhere, I know not why.

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.

Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

*Marcus.* Stand by me, Lucius, do not fear thine aunt.

*Titus.* She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

*Boy.* Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

*Marcus.* What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

*Titus.* Fear her not, Lucius. Somewhat doth she mean.

10 See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:  
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care  
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee  
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

*Boy.* My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,  
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:  
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,  
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

20 And I have read that Hecuba of Troy  
Ran mad for sorrow. That made me to fear,  
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt  
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,  
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:  
Which made me down to throw my books and fly,  
Causeless perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt:



And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,  
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

*Marcus.* Lucius, I will.

*[Lavinia with her stumps turns over the books  
which Lucius has let fall]*

*Titus.* How now, Lavinia? Marcus, what  
means this?

30

Some book there is that she desires to see:  
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.  
But thou art deeper read, and better skilled:  
Come, and take choice of all my library,  
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens  
Reveal the damned contriver of this deed.  
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

*Marcus.* I think she means that there were more  
than one

Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was;  
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

40

*Titus.* Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

*Boy.* Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphoses*;  
My mother gave it me.

*Marcus.* For love of her that's gone,  
Perhaps she culled it from among the rest.

*Titus.* Soft! so busily she turns the leaves!  
Help her!

What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?  
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,  
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;  
And rape, I fear, was root of thy annoy.

50

*Marcus.* See, brother, see, note how she quotes  
the leaves.

*Titus.* Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,  
Ravished and wronged, as Philomela was,  
Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?



See, see!

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,—

O, had we never, never hunted there!—

Patterned by that the poet here describes,

By nature made for murders and for rapes.

60 *Marcus.* O, why should nature build so foul a den,  
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

*Titus.* Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none  
but friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:

Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,

That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

*Marcus.* Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down  
by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,

Inspire me, that I may this treason find!

My lord, look here: look here, Lavinia:

70 This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,  
This after me. [*he writes his name with his staff, and  
guides it with feet and mouth.*] I have writ  
my name

Without the help of any hand at all.

Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift!

Write thou, good niece, and here display at last

What God will have discovered for revenge:

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,

That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[*she takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it  
with her stumps and writes*

*Titus.* O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?  
'Stuprum. Chiron. Demetrius.'

80 *Marcus.* What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora  
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

*Titus* Magni Dominator poli,



Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

*Marcus.* O, calm thee, gentle lord! although I know  
There is enough written upon this earth  
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,  
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.  
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;  
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;  
And swear with me, as, with the woful fere  
And father of that chaste dishonoured dame,  
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,  
That we will prosecute by good advice  
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,  
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

90

*Titus.* 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,  
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:  
The dam will wake; and if she wind ye once,  
She's with the lion deeply still in league,  
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,  
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.  
You are a young huntsman, Marcus, let alone;  
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,  
And with a gad of steel will write these words,  
And lay it by: the angry northern wind  
Will blow these sands like Sibyl's leaves abroad,  
And where's our lesson then? Boy, what say you?

100

*Boy.* I say, my lord, that if I were a man,  
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe  
For these base bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

110

*Marcus.* Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft  
For his ungrateful country done the like.

*Boy.* And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

*Titus.* Come, go with me into mine armoury:  
Lucius, I'll fit thee, and withal my boy  
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons



Presents that I intend to send them both:

Come, come; thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

120 Titus. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house.

Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;

Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*he goes; Lavinia and young Lucius follow*]

Marcus. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,  
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,

Than foe-men's marks upon his battered shield,

But yet so just that he will not revenge.

130 Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [*he goes*]

[4. 2.] *A room in the palace*

*Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one door:  
at another door, young LUCIUS and another, with a  
bundle of weapons and verses writ upon them*

Chiron. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius,  
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aaron. Ay, some mad message from his  
mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
I greet your honours from Andronicus.

[*Aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

Demetrius. Gramercy, lovely Lucius, what's  
the news?

(Boy. That you are both deciphered, that's the news,  
For villains marked with rape. [*aloud*] May it  
please you,



My grandsire, well-advised, hath sent by me 10  
The goodliest weapons of his armoury  
To gratify your honourable youth,  
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;  
And so I do, and with his gifts present  
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,  
You may be arméd and appointed well.  
And so I leave you both... [*aside*] like bloody villains.  
[*he goes*]

*Demetrius.* What's here? a scroll, and written  
round about?

Let's see:

'Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, 20  
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.'

*Chiron.* O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:  
I read it in the grammar long ago.

*Aaron.* Ay, just; a verse in Horace; right, you have it.

[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found  
their guilt,

And sends them weapons wrapped about with lines  
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty empress well afoot,  
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit. 30  
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

[*Aloud*] And now, young lords, was't not a happy star  
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,  
Captives, to be advancéd to this height?  
It did me good, before the palace gate  
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

*Demetrius.* But me more good, to see so great a lord  
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

*Aaron.* Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?  
Did you not use his daughter very friendly? 40



*Demetrius.* I would we had a thousand Roman dames  
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

*Chiron.* A charitable wish and full of love.

*Aaron.* Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

*Chiron.* And that would she for twenty  
thousand more.

*Demetrius.* Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods  
For our belovéd mother in her pains. [*they make to go*  
(*Aaron.* Pray to the devils, the gods have given us over.  
[*he stands aside.* Trumpets sound

*Demetrius.* Why do the emperor's trumpets  
flourish thus?

50 *Chiron.* Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

*Demetrius.* Soft! who comes here?

*Enter Nurse with a blackamoor child, which seeing  
the young men she hastily covers with her cloak*

*Nurse.* Good morrow, lords.

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

*Aaron* [*steps forward*]. Well, more or less, or ne'er  
a whit at all,

Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

*Nurse* [*weeps*]. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!  
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

*Aaron.* Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!  
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thy arms?

*Nurse.* O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,  
60 Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace!  
She is delivered, lords, she is delivered.

*Aaron.* To whom?

*Nurse.* I mean, she is brought a-bed.

*Aaron.* Well, God give her good rest! What hath he  
sent her?

*Nurse.* A devil.



*Aaron.* Why, then she is the devil's dam;  
A joyful issue.

*Nurse.* A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue!  
*[shows them the child]*

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad  
Amongst the fair-faced breeders of our clime.  
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,  
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point. 70

*Aaron.* Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?  
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

*Demetrius.* Villain, what hast thou done?

*Aaron.* That which thou canst not undo.

*Chiron.* Thou hast undone our mother.

*Aaron.* Villain, I have done thy mother.

*Demetrius.* And therein, hellish dog, thou hast  
undone her.

Woe to her chance, and damned her loathéd choice!  
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!

*Chiron.* It shall not live. 80

*Aaron.* It shall not die.

*Nurse.* Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

*Aaron.* What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I  
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

*Demetrius.* I'll broach the tadpole on my  
rapier's point:

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

*Aaron.* Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.  
*[takes the child from the nurse, and draws]*

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,  
That shone so brightly when this boy was got, 90  
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point  
That touches this my first-born son and heir!  
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,



With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,  
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,  
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.  
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!  
Ye white-limed walls! ye alehouse painted signs!  
Coal-black is better than another hue,

100 In that it scorns to bear another hue;  
For all the water in the ocean  
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,  
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.  
Tell the empress from me, I am of age  
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

*Demetrius.* Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

*Aaron.* My mistress is my mistress, this my self,  
The vigour and the picture of my youth:  
This before all the world do I prefer;

110 This maugre all the world will I keep safe,  
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

*Demetrius.* By this our mother is for ever shamed.

*Chiron.* Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

*Nurse.* The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

*Chiron.* I blush to think upon this ignomy.

*Aaron.* Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:  
Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing  
The close enacts and counsels of thy heart!  
Here's a young lad framed of another leer:

120 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,  
As who should say, 'Old lad, I am thine own'.  
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed  
Of that self blood that first gave life to you,  
And from that womb where you imprisoned were  
He is enfranchiséd and come to light:  
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,  
Although my seal be stampéd in his face.



*Nurse.* Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

*Demetrius.* Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,  
And we will all subscribe to thy advice: 130  
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

*Aaron.* Then sit we down and let us all consult.  
My son and I will have the wind of you:  
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*they sit*  
*Demetrius.* How many women saw this child of his?

*Aaron.* Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league,  
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,  
The chaféd boar, the mountain lioness,  
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.  
But say again, how many saw the child? 140

*Nurse.* Cornelia the midwife, and myself,  
And no one else but the delivered empress.

*Aaron.* The emperess, the midwife, and yourself:  
Two may keep counsel when the third's away:  
Go to the empress, tell her this I said.

[*he kills her*

Wheak, wheak!

So cries a pig preparéd to the spit.

*Demetrius.* What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore  
didst thou this?

*Aaron.* O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy!  
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours? 150  
A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no.  
And now be it known to you my full intent.  
†Not far one Muly lives, my countryman,  
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;  
His child is like to her, fair as you are:  
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,  
And tell them both the circumstance of all,  
And how by this their child shall be advanced,



And be receivéd for the emperor's heir,  
160 And substituted in the place of mine,  
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;  
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.  
Hark ye, lords; you see I have given her physic,  
[points to the body  
And you must needs bestow her funeral;  
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.  
This done, see that you take no longer days,  
But send the midwife presently to me.  
The midwife and the nurse well made away,  
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.  
170 *Chiron*. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air  
With secrets.

*Demetrius*. For this care of Tamora,  
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[they bear off the Nurse

*Aaron*. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies,  
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,  
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.  
Come on, you thick-lipped slave, I'll bear you hence;  
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:  
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,  
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,  
180 And cabin in a cave, and bring you up  
To be a warrior and command a camp. [he goes



[4. 3.] *Before the palace in Rome*

*Enter TITUS, old MARCUS, his son PUBLIUS, young LUCIUS, and other gentlemen, with bows; and TITUS bears arrows with letters on the ends of them*

*Titus.* Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way.  
Sir boy, let me see your archery;  
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.  
'Terras Astræa reliquit',  
Be you remembered, Marcus: she's gone, she's fled.  
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall  
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;  
Haply you may catch her in the sea;  
Yet there's as little justice as at land:  
No, Publius and Sempronius, you must do it; 10  
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,  
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:  
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,  
I pray you deliver him this petition:  
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,  
And that it comes from old Andronicus,  
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.  
Ah, Rome! Well, well; I made thee miserable  
What time I threw the people's suffrages  
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. 20  
Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,  
And leave you not a man of war unsearched:  
This wicked emperor may have shipped her hence,  
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

*Marcus.* O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,  
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

*Publius.* Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns



By day and night t'attend him carefully,  
And feed his humour kindly as we may,  
30 Till time beget some careful remedy.

*Marcus.* Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.  
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war  
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,  
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

*Titus.* Publius, how now! how now, my masters!  
What, have you met with her?

*Publius.* No, my good lord, but Pluto sends you word,  
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:  
Marry, for Justice, she is so employed,  
40 He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,  
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

*Titus.* He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.  
I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.  
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,  
No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size;  
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,  
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear:  
And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,  
50 We will solicit heaven, and move the gods  
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.  
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

*[he gives them the arrows, according to the  
superscription on the letters]*

'Ad Jovem', that's for you: here, 'Ad Apollinem':  
'Ad Martem', that's for myself:  
Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury:  
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;  
You were as good to shoot against the wind.  
To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.  
Of my word, I have written to effect;



There's not a god left unsolicited.

60

(*Marcus*. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into  
the court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

*Titus*. Now, masters, draw. [*they shoot*.] O, well  
said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

*Marcus*. My lord, I aimed a mile beyond the moon;  
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

*Titus*. Ha, ha!

Publius, Publius, what hast thou done!

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

*Marcus*. This was the sport, my lord: when

Publius shot,

70

The bull being galled, gave Aries such a knock

That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court,

And who should find them but the empress' villain?

She laughed, and told the Moor he should not choose

But give them to his master for a present.

*Titus*. Why, there it goes! God give his lordship joy!

*Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons in it*

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?

Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

*Clown*. O, the gibbet-maker! he says that he hath 80  
taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged  
till the next week.

*Titus*. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

*Clown*. Alas, sir, I know not Jubiter; I never drank  
with him in all my life.

*Titus*. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

*Clown*. Ay, of my pigeons, sir, nothing else.

*Titus*. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?



*Clown.* From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there!  
90 God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in  
my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to  
the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt  
my uncle and one of the emperal's men.

*Marcus.* Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for  
your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the  
emperor from you.

*Titus.* Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the  
emperor with a grace?

*Clown.* Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all  
100 my life.

*Titus.* Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,  
But give your pigeons to the emperor:  
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.  
Hold, hold, meanwhile, here's money for thy charges.  
Give me a pen and ink. [*he writes*]  
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

*Clown.* Ay, sir.

*Titus.* Then here is a supplication for you. And when  
you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel,  
110 then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and  
then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir! See you  
do it bravely.

*Clown.* I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

*Titus.* Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.  
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,  
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.  
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,  
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

*Clown.* God be with you, sir; I will. [*he goes*]

120 *Titus.* Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me.  
[*they go li keewise*]



[4. 4.] *Enter Emperor and Empress and her two sons, with lords, etc. The Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that Titus shot at him*

*Saturninus.* Why, lords, what wrongs are these!

Was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,  
 Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent  
 Of equal justice used in such contempt?  
 My lords, you know, as know the mightful gods,  
 However these disturbers of our peace  
 Buzz in the people's ears, there naught hath passed  
 But even with law against the wilful sons  
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if  
 His sorrows have so overwhelmed his wits, 10  
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,  
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?  
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress!  
 See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury,  
 This to Apollo, this to the god of war:  
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!  
 What's this but libelling against the senate,  
 And blazoning our injustice every where?  
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?  
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were. 20  
 But if I live, his feigned ecstasies  
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages,  
 But he and his shall know that justice lives  
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,  
 He'll so awake, as he in fury shall  
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

*Tamora.* My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,  
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,  
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,



30 Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,  
Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarred his heart;  
And rather comfort his distressed plight  
Than prosecute the meanest or the best  
For these contempts. [*aside*] Why, thus it  
shall become  
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all.  
But, Titus, I have touched thee to the quick,  
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,  
Then is all safe, the anchor in the port.—

*Enter Clown*

How now, good fellow? wouldst thou speak with us?

40 *Clown*. Yea, forsooth, an your mistress-ship be em-  
perial.

*Tamora*. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

*Clown*. 'Tis he. [*kneels*] God and Saint Stephen give  
you godden. I have brought you a letter and a couple  
of pigeons here. [*Saturninus reads the letter*]

*Saturninus*. Go, take him away, and hang  
him presently.

*Clown*. How much money must I have?

*Tamora*. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

*Clown*. Hanged! by'r lady, then I have brought up  
50 a neck to a fair end. [*guards lead him away*]

*Saturninus*. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds.

May this be borne? As if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butchered wrongfully.

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege:

For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man—



Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,  
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me. 60

*Enter EMILIUS, a messenger*

What news with thee, *Emilius*?

*Emilius*. Arm, arm, my lord! Rome never had  
more cause.

The Goths have gathered head, and with a power  
Of high-resolvéd men, bent to the spoil,  
They hither march amain, under conduct  
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;  
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do  
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

*Saturninus*. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths? 70  
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms.  
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:  
'Tis he the common people love so much;  
Myself hath often heard them say,  
When I have walkéd like a private man,  
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,  
And they have wished that Lucius were  
their emperor.

*Tamora*. Why should you fear? is not your  
city strong?

*Saturninus*. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius, 80  
And will revolt from me to succour him.

*Tamora*. King, be thy thoughts imperious, Like  
thy name.

Is the sun dimmed, that gnats do fly in it?  
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby,  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings  
He can at pleasure stint their melody:



Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.

Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,

90 I will enchant the old Andronicus

With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;

Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,

The other rotted with delicious feed.

*Saturninus.* But he will not entreat his son for us

*Tamora.* If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will:

For I can smooth, and fill his aged ears

With golden promises, that, were his heart

Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

100 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.

[*To Æmilius*] Go thou before, be our ambassador:

Say that the emperor requests a parley

Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting

Even at his father's house, the old *Andronicus*.

*Saturninus.* *Æmilius*, do this message honourably,

And if he stand on hostage for his safety,

Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

*Æmilius.* Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*he goes*]

*Tamora.* Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,

110 And temper him with all the art I have,

To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.

And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,

And bury all thy fear in my devices.

*Saturninus.* Then go successantly, and plead to him.

[*they go*]



[5. 1]

*Plains near Rome**Enter LUCIUS, with an army of Goths.**Drums and colours*

*Lucius.* Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,  
I have received letters from great Rome,  
Which signifies what hate they bear their emperor,  
And how desirous of our sight they are.  
Therefore, great lords, be as your titles witness  
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;  
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,  
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,  
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort, 10  
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds  
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,  
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,  
Led by their master to the flow'réd fields,  
And be avenged on curséd Tamora.

*The other Goths.* And as he saith, so say we all  
with him.

*Lucius.* I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.  
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a GOTH, leading AARON with his  
child in his arms*

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I strayed 20  
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,  
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.  
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard



The crying babe controlled with this discourse:  
'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!  
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,  
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
30 Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:  
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,  
They never do beget a coal-black calf.  
Peace, villain, peace!'—even thus he rates the babe—  
'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,  
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,  
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'  
With this, my weapon drawn, I rushed upon him,  
Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither,  
To use as you think needful of the man.

40 *Lucius*. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil  
That robbed Andronicus of his good hand.  
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye,  
And here's the base fruit of her burning lust.  
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey  
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?  
Why dost not speak? What, deaf? not a word?  
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,  
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

*Aaron*. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

50 *Lucius*. Too like the sire for ever being good.  
First hang the child; that he may see it sprawl—  
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.  
Get me a ladder.

[*a ladder brought, and Aaron forced to ascend*

*Aaron* [*aloft*]. Lucius, save the child;  
And bear it from me to the empress.  
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,  
That highly may advantage thee to hear:  
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,



I'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all!'

*Lucius.* Say on, and if it please me which  
thou speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourished. 60

*Aaron.* And if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,  
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;  
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,  
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies  
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously performed:  
And this shall all be buried in my death,  
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

*Lucius.* Tell on thy mind, I say thy child shall live.

*Aaron.* Swear that he shall, and then I will begin. 70

*Lucius.* Who should I swear by? thou believest  
no god:

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

*Aaron.* What if I do not? as indeed I do not;  
Yet, for I know thou art religious,  
And hast a thing within thee calléd conscience,  
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,  
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,  
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know  
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,  
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears, 80  
To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow  
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,  
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,  
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;  
Or else I will discover naught to thee.

*Lucius.* Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

*Aaron.* First know thou, I begot him on the empress

*Lucius.* O most insatiate and luxurious woman!

*Aaron.* Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity



90 To that which thou shalt hear of me anon  
'Twas her two sons that murdered Bassianus;  
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravished her,  
And cut her hands, and trimmed her as thou sawest.

*Lucius.* O detestable villain! call'st thou  
that trimming?

*Aaron.* Why, she was washed, and cut, and trimmed!  
and 'twas

Trim sport for them which had the doing of it.

*Lucius.* O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

*Aaron.* Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,  
100 As sure a card as ever won the set;

That bloody mind, I think, they learned of me,  
As true a dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth

I trained thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within that letter mentioned,

Confederate with the queen and her two sons:

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

110 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I played the cheater for thy father's hand,

And when I had it drew myself apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pried me through the crevice of a wall,

When for his hand he had his two sons' heads;

Beheld his tears and laughed so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:

And when I told the empress of this sport,

She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale,

120 And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

*Goth.* What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?



*Aaron.* Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

*Lucius.* Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

*Aaron.* Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,

Few come within the compass of my curse—

Wherein I did not some notorious ill:

As kill a man or else devise his death,

Ravish a maid or plot the way to do it,

Accuse some innocent and forswear myself,

130

Set deadly enmity between two friends,

Make poor men's cattle break their necks,

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

Oft have I digged up dead men from their graves,

And set them upright at their dear friends' door,

Even when their sorrow almost was forgot,

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

Have with my knife carv'd in Roman letters

'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'

140

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things

As willingly as one would kill a fly,

And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,

But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

*Lucius.* Bring down the devil, for he must not die

So sweet a death as hanging presently.

*Aaron.* If there be devils, would I were a devil,

To live and burn in everlasting fire,

So I might have your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

150

*Lucius.* Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak

no more. [*soldiers gag him and bring him down*]

*A Goth comes up*

*Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome



Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*Lucius.* Let him come near.

*ÆMILIUS is brought forward*

Welcome, *Æmilius*, what's the news from Rome?

*Æmilius.* Lord *Lucius*, and you princes of the Goths,  
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;  
And, for he understands you are in arms,  
He craves a parley at your father's house,  
160 Willing you to demand your hostages,  
And they shall be immediately delivered.

1 *Goth.* What says our general?

*Lucius.* *Æmilius*, let the emperor give his pledges  
Unto my father and my uncle *Marcus*,  
And we will come. March away. [*they go*

[5. 2.]

*Court of Titus' house*

*Enter TAMORA and her two sons, disguised  
as Revenge attended by Rape and Murder*

*Tamora.* Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,  
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,  
And say I am *Revenge*, sent from below  
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.  
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps  
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;  
Tell him *Revenge* is come to join with him,  
And work confusion on his enemies. [*they knock*

*TITUS opens a window above*

*Titus.* Who doth molest my contemplation?  
10 Is it your trick to make me ope the door,  
That so my sad decrees may fly away,



And all my study be to no effect?  
You are deceived: for what I mean to do  
See here in bloody lines I have set down.  
And what is written shall be executed.

*[he shows a paper written with blood]*

*Tamora.* Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

*Titus.* No, not a word. How can I grace my talk,  
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?

Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

*Tamora.* If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk  
with me.

20

*Titus.* I am not mad, I know thee well enough.  
Witness this wretched stump, witness these  
crimson lines,

Witness these trenches made by grief and care,  
Witness the tiring day and heavy night,  
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well  
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:  
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

*Tamora.* Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;  
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.

I am Revenge, sent from th'infernal kingdom

30

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,  
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.  
Come down and welcome me to this world's light;  
Confer with me of murder and of death:

There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,

No vast obscurity or misty vale,

Where bloody murder or detested rape

Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,

And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,

Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

40

*Titus.* Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,  
To be a torment to mine enemies?



*Tamora.* I am, therefore come down and welcome me.

*Titus.* Do me some service ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;  
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,  
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;  
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,  
And whirl along with thee about the globe.

50 Provide two proper palfreys, black as jet,  
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,  
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:  
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,  
I will dismount, and by thy waggon-wheel  
Trot like a servile footman all day long,  
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,  
Until his very downfall in the sea.  
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,  
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

60 *Tamora.* These are my ministers and come with me.

*Titus.* Are these thy ministers? what are they called?

*Tamora.* Rape and Murder; therefore calléd so,  
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

*Titus.* Good Lord, how like the empress' sons  
they are!

And you the empress! but we worldly men  
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:

And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,  
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

*[he shuts the window]*

70 *Tamora.* This closing with him fits his lunacy.  
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick humours,  
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,  
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,  
And, being credulous in this mad thought,



I'll make him send for Lucius his son;  
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,  
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,  
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,  
Or at the least make them his enemies.  
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme. So

*Titus comes from the house*

*Titus.* Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.  
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house:  
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:  
How like the empress and her sons you are!  
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:  
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?  
For well I wot the empress never wags  
But in her company there is a Moor;  
And, would you represent our queen aright,  
It were convenient you had such a devil: 90  
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

*Tamora.* What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

*Demetrius.* Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

*Chiron.* Show me a villain that hath done a rape,  
And I am sent to be revenged on him.

*Tamora.* Show me a thousand that hath done  
thee wrong,  
And I will be revengéd on them all.

*Titus.* Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,  
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,  
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer. 100  
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap  
To find another that is like to thee,  
Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.  
Go thou with them, and in the emperor's court  
There is a queen attended by a Moor;



Well shalt thou know her by thine own proportion,  
For up and down she doth resemble thee;  
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;  
They have been violent to me and mine.

110 *Tamora.* Well hast thou lessoned us: this shall we do.  
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,  
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,  
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,  
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:  
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
I will bring in the empress and her sons,  
The emperor himself, and all thy foes,  
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,  
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.

120 What says Andronicus to this device?

*Titus.* Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

*MARCUS comes forth*

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;  
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Goths:  
Bid him repair to me and bring with him  
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths:  
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:  
Tell him the emperor and the empress too  
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.  
This do thou for my love, and so let him,  
130 As he regards his aged father's life.

*Marcus.* This will I do, and soon return again.

[*he goes*]

*Tamora.* Now will I hence about thy business,  
And take my ministers along with me.

*Titus.* Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,  
Or else I'll call my brother back again,  
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.



(*Tamora*. What say you, boys? will you abide  
with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor

How I have governed our determined jest?

Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair, 140

And tarry with him till I turn again.

(*Titus*. I knew them all, though they supposed  
me mad;

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,

A pair of curséd hell-hounds and their dam.

*Demetrius*. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

*Tamora*. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes  
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

*Titus*. I know thou dost; and, sweet

Revenge, farewell.

[*she goes*]

*Chiron*. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employed?

*Titus*. Tut, I have work enough for you to do. 150

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

*PUBLIUS and others come from the house*

*Publius*. What is your will?

*Titus*. Know you these two?

*Publius*. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron  
and Demetrius.

*Titus*. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceived;

The one is Murder, and Rape is the other's name:

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:

Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them:

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour, 160

And now I find it: therefore bind them sure;

And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*he goes in*]

[*Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius*]

*Chiron*. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.



*Publius.* And therefore do we what we  
are commanded.

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:  
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

*Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS with a knife,  
and LAVINIA with a basin*

*Titus.* Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.  
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,  
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

170 O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stained  
with mud,

This goodly summer with your winter mixed.  
You killed her husband, and, for that vile fault  
Two of her brothers were condemned to death,  
My hand cut off and made a merry jest:  
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear  
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,  
Inhuman traitors, you constrained and forced.  
What would you say, if I should let you speak?

180 Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.  
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,  
Whiles that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold  
The basin that receives your guilty blood.

You know your mother means to feast with me,  
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:  
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,  
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,  
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,

190 And make two pasties of your shameful heads,  
And bid that strumpet, your unhallowed dam,  
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.



This is the feast that I have bid her to,  
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;  
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,  
And worse than Progne I will be revenged.  
And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,  
Receive the blood; and when that they are dead,  
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,  
And with this hateful liquor temper it,  
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.  
Come, come, be every one officious  
To make this banquet, which I wish may prove  
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.

200

*[he cuts their throats]*

So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,  
And see them ready against their mother comes.

*[they bear the bodies into the house]*

[5. 3.] *Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the Goths, with AARON a prisoner, and the child in the arms of an attendant*

*Lucius.* Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind  
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 *Goth.* And ours with thine, befall what  
fortune will.

*Lucius.* Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,  
This ravenous tiger, this accurséd devil;  
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,  
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,  
For testimony of her foul proceedings:  
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;  
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

10

*Aaron.* Some devil whisper curses in my ear,  
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth  
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!



*Lucius.* Away, inhuman dog! unhallowed slave!  
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[*Goths lead Aaron in. Trumpets sound*  
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter Emperor and Empress, with Tribunes  
and others*

*Saturninus.* What, hath the firmament mo suns  
than one?

*Lucius.* What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

*Marcus.* Rome's emperor, and nephew, break  
the parle;

20 These quarrels must be quietly debated.  
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus  
Hath ordained to an honourable end,  
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome.  
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.  
*Saturninus.* Marcus, we will.

*Servants bring forth a table. Trumpets sounding, enter  
TITUS, like a cook, placing the dishes, and LAVINIA with  
a veil over her face, young LUCIUS, and others*

*Titus.* Welcome, my lord; welcome, dread queen;  
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;  
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,  
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

30 *Saturninus.* Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?

*Titus.* Because I would be sure to have all well,  
To entertain your highness and your empress.

*Tamora.* We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

*Titus.* An if your highness knew my heart, you were.  
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:  
Was it well done of rash Virginius  
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,



Because she was enforced, stained, and deflowered?

*Saturninus.* It was, Andronicus.

*Titus.* Your reason, mighty lord!

40

*Saturninus.* Because the girl should not survive  
her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

*Titus.* A reason mighty, strong, and effectual,  
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,  
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.  
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,  
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

[*he kills her*]

*Saturninus.* What hast thou done, unnatural  
and unkind?

*Titus.* Killed her for whom my tears have made  
me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was,

50

And have a thousand times more cause than he  
To do this outrage, and it now is done.

*Saturninus.* What, was she ravished? tell who did  
the deed.

*Titus.* Will't please you eat? will't please your  
highness feed?

*Tamora.* Why hast thou slain thine only  
daughter thus?

*Titus.* Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:  
They ravished her and cut away her tongue;  
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

*Saturninus.* Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

*Titus.* Why, there they are both, bakéd in this pie, 60  
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,  
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*he stabs the empress*]



*Saturninus.* Die, frantic wretch, for this accurséd deed.

[kills Titus]

*Lucius.* Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?  
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

*He kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus,  
and others go up into the balcony*

*Marcus.* You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,  
By uproars severed, as a flight of fowl  
Scattered by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

70 O, let me teach you how to knit again  
This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf,  
These broken limbs again into one body;  
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,  
And she whom mighty kingdoms curt'sy to,  
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,  
Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,  
Grave witnesses of true experience,  
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—

[to Lucius] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst

80 our ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse  
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear  
The story of that baleful burning night,  
When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy;  
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitched our ears,  
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in  
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.  
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;  
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,

90 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,  
And break my utt'rance, even in the time  
When it should move ye to attend me most,  
And force you to commiseration.



Here's Rome's young captain, let him tell the tale,  
While I stand by and weep to hear him speak.

*Lucius.* Then, gracious auditory, be it known to you,  
That Chiron and the damned Demetrius  
Were they that murderéd our emperor's brother;  
And they it were that ravishéd our sister.  
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded, 100  
Our father's tears despised, and basely cozened  
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out  
And sent her enemies unto the grave.  
Lastly, myself unkindly banishéd,  
The gates shut on me, and turned weeping out,  
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;  
Who drowned their enmity in my true tears,  
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend:  
I am the turned-forth, be it known to you,  
That have preserved her welfare in my blood, 110  
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,  
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.  
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;  
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,  
That my report is just and full of truth.  
But, soft! methinks, I do digress too much,  
Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me,  
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

*Marcus.* Now is my turn to speak. Behold the child:

[points

Of this was Tamora deliveréd,  
The issue of an irreligious Moor,  
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:  
The villain is alive in Titus' house,  
†Damned as he is, to witness this is true.  
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge  
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience, 120



Or more than any living man could bear.

Now have you heard the truth. What say you, Romans?

Have we done aught amiss, show us wherein,

130 And, from the place where you behold us pleading

The poor remainder of Andronici

Will, hand in hand, all headlong hurl ourselves

And on the ragged stones beat forth our souls,

And make a mutual closure of our house.

Speak, Romans, speak, and if you say we shall,

Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

*Æmilius.* Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,

Lucius our emperor; for well I know

140 The common voice do cry it shall be so.

*All.* Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!

*Marcus* [*to soldiers*]. Go, go into old Titus'  
sorrowful house,

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,

To be adjudged some direful slaughter death,

As punishment for his most wicked life.

*LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the others descend*

*All.* Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

*Lucius.* Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,

To heal Rome's harms and wipe away her woe!

But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,

150 For nature puts me to a heavy task.

Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,

To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.

*[he kisses the dead Titus]*

O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stained face,

The last true duties of thy noble son!

*Marcus.* Tear for tear and loving kiss for kiss



Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:  
O, were the sum of these that I should pay  
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

*Lucius.* Come hither, boy; come, come, and  
learn of us

160

To melt in showers: thy grandsire loved thee well:  
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,  
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;  
Many a story hath he told to thee,  
And bid thee bear his pretty tales in mind,  
And talk of them when he was dead and gone.

*Marcus.* How many thousand times hath these  
poor lips,

When they were living, warmed themselves on thine!  
O, now, sweet boy, give them their latest kiss.  
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;  
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

170

*Boy.* O, grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart  
Would I were dead, so you did live again!—  
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping,  
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

*Soldiers return with AARON*

*Roman.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes;  
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

*Lucius.* Set him breast-deep in earth, and  
famish him;

There let him stand and rave and cry for food:  
If any one relieves or pities him,  
For the offence he dies. This is our doom.  
Some stay, to see him fastened in the earth.

180

*Aaron.* Ah, why should wrath be mute, and  
fury dumb?



I am no baby, I, that with base prayers  
I should repent the evils I have done:  
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did  
Would I perform, if I might have my will:  
If one good deed in all my life I did,  
190 I do repent it from my very soul.

*Lucius.* Some loving friends convey the  
    emperor hence,  
And give him burial in his father's grave:  
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith  
Be closéd in our household's monument.  
As for that ravenous tiger, Tamora,  
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weed,  
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;  
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey.  
Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,  
200 And being dead, let birds on her take pity.     *[they go]*



# THE COPY FOR *TITUS ANDRONICUS*, 1594, 1600, AND 1623.

## A. *The text of Q 1 and Q 2*

'There can be little doubt', writes Greg, that Q 1 'was printed from the author's copy', and he notes at the same time that its stage-directions 'are descriptive and literary, very much what we should expect from an author not closely connected with the theatre'.<sup>1</sup> This means that the manuscript sold to Danter for printing early in February 1594 was probably what is known as the 'foul papers', i.e. the author's draft from which the theatre prompt-book was prepared. The point about the literary stage-directions is interesting in view of the claim for Peele's authorship of the original play,<sup>2</sup> but they are by no means confined to the first act, and the same type of direction is commonly found in Shakespeare's plays at this early period. May it not, therefore, point to a lack of close connexion between author and company? If Shakespeare was not accustomed to write for the Earl of Sussex's men he would naturally desire that his intentions should be unmistakable. We have seen above<sup>3</sup> that the manuscript had undergone expansion, and that the three and a half lines left standing by inadvertence at 1. 1. 35 are strongly suggestive that at any rate in Act 1 what Danter printed was the original MS. plus Peele's additions. Greg also draws attention to the fact that the speakers' names on sig. I 2 (i.e. the text at 5. 1. 115-40) are centred and leaded, which he

<sup>1</sup> W. W. Greg, *The Editorial Problem in Shakespeare*, p. 117.

<sup>2</sup> See the Introduction, § III.      <sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* pp. xxxiv-xxxvii.



interprets as an indication of a removal of some eight lines of text, probably in proof. Taken in conjunction with the fact that 'apart from misprints the text is good', this feature may conceivably signify that either Peele or Shakespeare saw the play through the press.<sup>1</sup> But whoever read the proofs cannot have done so very carefully, since not only was the superfluous passage left standing after 1. 1. 35, but the punctuation throughout is so scanty as to be practically non-existent. And as it is scarcely more adequate in the F. version, I have had to fall back upon the traditional punctuation of the editors.

The Second Quarto, 1600, fared better with its reader, who noticed and deleted the three and a half lines at 1. 1. 35 and corrected Q 1, which was of course used as copy, in a number of small particulars; a specially intelligent change, as it seems to me, being that of 'Priamus' to 'Piramus' at 2. 3. 231, which, though involving merely the transposition of a couple of letters, argues some classical learning in the corrector.

But the most interesting and serious differences between Q 1 and Q 2 are those at the end of the text. As J. S. G. Bolton<sup>2</sup> and R. B. McKerrow<sup>3</sup> independently pointed out, the copy of Q 1 used by the printers of Q 2 was defective, owing to frayed edges or stains or burns at the foot of the last three leaves (K 2, K 3, K 4), so that the printer's reader had to be called in to fill up the gaps, with results shown in the following table of variants:<sup>4</sup>

#### 5. 3. 25 S.D.:

Q1. *Trumpets sounding, Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the dishes, and Lauinia with a vaile ouer her face.*

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. xlix.

<sup>2</sup> *Pub. Mod. Lang. Assoc. America*, XLIV, 776-80.

<sup>3</sup> *The Library* (4 ser.), XV, 49-53.

<sup>4</sup> See the Introd. to the Folger Facsimile, pp. 24-8.



- Q2. *Sound trumpets, enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meate on the table, and Launina with a vaze ouer her face.*

5. 3. 60:

- Q1. *Titus.* Why there they are both baked in this Pie  
Q2. *Titus.* Why there they are both, baked in that pie.

5. 3. 93-7:

- Q1. And force you to commiseration,  
Her's Romes young Captaine let him tell the tale,  
While I stand by and weepe to heare him speake.  
*Lucius.* Then gracious audiorie be it knowne to you,  
That *Chiron* and the damn'd *Demetrius*,  
Q2. Lending your kind commiseration,  
Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,  
Your harts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.  
*Lucius.* Then noble auditory be it knowne to you,  
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*

5. 3. 129-33:

- Q1. Haue we done ought amisse, shew vs wherein,  
And from the place where you behold vs pleading,  
The poore remainder of *Andronicie*  
Will hand in hand, all headlong hurle our selues,  
And on the ragged stones beat forth our soules,  
Q2. Haue we done ought amisse, shew vs wherein,  
And from the place where you behold vs now,  
The poore remainder of *Andronicie*  
Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,  
And on the ragged stones beate forth our braines,

5. 3. 164-9:

- Q1. Many a storie hath he told to thee,  
And bid thee bare his prettie tales in minde,  
And talke of them when he was dead and gone.  
*Marcus.* How manie thousand times hath these  
poore lips,  
When they were liuing warmd themselves on thine,  
Oh now sweete boy giue them their latest kisse,



- Q2. Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
 Meete and agreeing with thine infancie,  
 In that respect then, like a louing child.  
 Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,  
 Because kind nature doth require it so,  
 Friends should associate friends in griefe and woe.

5. 3. 200:

- Q1. And being dead let birds on her take pittie.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis the Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.*

- Q2. And being so, shall haue like want of pittie,  
 See iustice done on *Aron* that damn'd Moore,  
 By whom our heauie haps had their beginning.  
 Than afterwards to order well the state,  
 That like euents may nere it ruinate.

These last vamped lines are no doubt, as Bolton says, 'stupid', but I find it hard to believe they were written by an ordinary craftsman in the printing office of James Roberts.

### B. *The Folio Text*, 1623

The problem of the copy for F. is a teasing one. As the Cambridge editors noted in 1863, the F. text was actually set up from a specimen of Q3 (1611). But they noted also, and all later authorities have agreed, that this specimen before printing received additions and alterations which can only have come from the theatre. Now it was the normal procedure, as we have seen time and again in this edition, of those responsible for F1, when a good quarto text was available, to collate this with the Globe prompt-book before passing it on to the printing house. And it is at first sight natural to assume that the same process was followed with *Titus*. Indeed, the assumption receives strong support from the fact



that F. contains a whole scene (3. 2) which is not found in any quarto and for which there must therefore have been a manuscript source; while, as Chambers observes, 'the use of *An.* for *Titus* throughout the speech-prefixes here and here alone, and the spelling "Tamira" for "Tamora" in the text' seem to 'point to a distinct scribal origin'.<sup>1</sup> Greg, however, raises a serious objection to this theory of collation. He points out that, if the additions and alterations in the stage-directions were supplied from a manuscript prompt-book, 'it is surely inconceivable that all these small alterations should have been made by comparison with it and no notice taken of the spurious passages substituted in Q2' which we have referred to above. He then continues:

the fact therefore that these remained untouched in F. seems incompatible with the belief that any manuscript was available other than for 3. 2. Yet F. contains directions that must have originated in the playhouse. The only conclusion seems to be that in this instance, owing presumably to the loss of the original prompt-book, a copy of one of the later quartos had been used and annotated in the theatre, and that this was at the disposal of the printer of F.<sup>2</sup>

Readers of the Introduction<sup>3</sup> will notice the connexion of all this with Greg's theory of the prompt-book being burnt in the Globe fire of 1613; but, now Shakespeare's finger-marks have been found all over the Q. text, there is no point in trying to get rid of the prompt-book as incriminating evidence against him. And

<sup>1</sup> *William Shakespeare*, I, 316. I may add that the extra-metrical 'O, O, O,' at 3. 2. 68 suggests that the transcriber was influenced by memories of Burbage's acting; cf. *The Manuscript of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet'*, pp. 77-82.

<sup>2</sup> *The Editorial Problem in Shakespeare*, pp. 119-20.

<sup>3</sup> See above, p. xvii.



though, if the authentic prompt-book existed and was used by the scribe who prepared Q<sub>3</sub> for press, Greg finds it 'inconceivable' that he could on the one hand make 'all these small alterations' and on the other overlook the serious differences between the printed copy and the prompt-book at the end of the play, when one looks into it there does not seem anything very difficult to conceive in the matter. The differences between Q. and F., apart from the division of the latter into acts and scenes, are of two kinds only: (i) changes in the text, i.e. the addition of 3. 2 and of one other line at 1. 1. 398, and (ii) changes in the S.D.'s. And the latter when examined, as they may be in a convenient comparative table of stage-directions furnished by Greg,<sup>1</sup> also turn out to be of two kinds only: (a) insignificant adjustments either of misprints or for the sake of literary decorum, adjustments which Greg himself accounts for as due to 'the editor or compositor'; and (b) additions. Finally, these last, when examined, provide the clue to the whole problem, which is just this: first, as Greg unhesitatingly assumes, these additions were made by the book-holder or prompter, and secondly, as he notes, 'the duplication of "Wind horns" (2. 2. 10) suggests that the latter wrote his notes in the margin'.<sup>2</sup>

Imagine then, that a manuscript prompt-book was available, the same which was made out at the beginning of 1594 or, if that had been thumbed to pieces, a transcript of it; and that the scribe, Ralph Crane or another, entrusted with the job of preparing copy for Jaggard, sat down to correct a specimen of Q<sub>3</sub> by collation with it. He would know beforehand that there was a scene to be copied out and inserted, since being one of the finest in this highly popular play its absence from the printed texts must have been observed

<sup>1</sup> *Op. cit.* pp. 176-7.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 177.



in the course of twenty-eight years. He would also know that he need not bother about the removal from the text of 'profane oaths', because *Titus* does not contain any. Thus beyond making a copy of 3. 2 his main concern would be with the stage-directions, which, to judge from the treatment of other F. texts, he felt it incumbent upon him to bring up to date; and this he could easily do by running his finger down the margins and copying into the quarto the prompter's additions to the original S.D.'s. Was he under any necessity to read through the text at all? I can see none. He was not a modern editor but a seventeenth-century scrivener anxious to finish off a wearisome task. But what about his single addition to the text, apart from 3. 2, viz. the line at 1. 1. 398? I claim that as the exception which proves the rule. For stage-directions are thick on the page at that point, while the line in question is followed by a particularly elaborate direction at the head of which he has copied in a 'Flourish' taken from the prompt-book. He could hardly have missed the presence of an additional line at that point.

If this be accepted as a reasonable account of the relations between Q<sub>3</sub> and F., it brings the latter text into accord with others of the same class so far examined in this edition, as was done in the case of *1 Henry IV.*<sup>1</sup> It also adds to our confidence in the existence of a MS. prompt-book for *Titus*, the 'book' which I have suggested Shakespeare may have taken with him, as payment or perquisite, upon leaving the Earl of Sussex's company in 1594.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See 'Copy for *1 Henry IV.*' (§ B) in my ed.

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. xlix.



## A NOTE ON THE FRONTISPIECE

The frontispiece is, as stated on p. v, a reproduction of a contemporary pen and ink drawing in the library of the Marquess of Bath at Longleat. Obviously intended to represent a stage tableau from *Titus*, the only situation which fits it as regards the figures shown and their attitudes is the one at 1. 1. 130, when the sons of Titus have just left the stage, haling off the wretched Alarbus to the sacrifice, and the Gothic party are expressing their indignation thereat, Aaron apparently doing so in dumb-show with a flourish of his sword. Forty lines of text appear in the manuscript beneath the drawing, and to the left of the column towards the foot of the leaf the scribe responsible for the text has written the name 'Henricus Peacham' together with a date which may be interpreted 1594 or 1595. The text however is a curious cento, copied from what seems to have been either a late quarto or the folio itself, and consisting of two passages (1. 1. 104-120, and 5. 1. 125-144) linked together by three lines partly derived from 1. 1. 121 and 1. 1. 126 and partly concocted by the scribe. In other words, it was made up by someone knowing very little about the play and at a loss to discover the dramatic moment depicted; that is to say by someone other than the artist of the drawing. His ascription and date do not, therefore, carry much weight, and are moreover discredited by the fact that the picture is at once superior to and in a different style from all the extant examples of Peacham's art that have come down to us.

Yet, though we can rely neither on the ascription nor the date, the handwriting of the manuscript is not later, I think, than the middle of the seventeenth century, and perhaps a good deal earlier, so that the



drawing which is earlier still belongs almost certainly to Shakespeare's time and may actually have been made in 1594-5 after all. In any case, here we have, not only the earliest illustration of a play in the Shakespearean canon, not only a remarkable piece of evidence on the much debated subject of how the Elizabethans dressed the characters in their classical plays, but what may, I suppose, be taken as the actual action and grouping of Shakespeare's fellows in Shakespeare's theatre at a particular moment of a play in which he had a hand. It is even possible that the black profile belongs to Burbage and that the beard of Titus conceals the features of Shakespeare himself.

Further discussion of this interesting drawing may be found in *The First Illustration to 'Shakespeare'*, (pp. 326-30, vol. v, 1925 of *The Library*, 4 ser., reprinted in *Shakespearean Gleanings*, 1944) by Sir Edmund Chambers, who was the first to realize its importance; in pp. 31-40 of the Introduction to the Folger Facsimile of *Titus*, 1936, by J. Q. Adams; and by the present writer in *Shakespeare Survey*, 1948, pp. 17-22.



## NOTES

All significant departures from Q. are recorded; the name of the text or edition in which the accepted reading first appeared being placed in brackets. Square brackets about an author's name denote a general acknowledgement; round brackets mean that his actual words are quoted. Line-numeration for references to plays not yet issued in this edition is that found in Bartlett's *Concordance* and the *Globe Shakespeare*.

Q stands for the First Quarto (1594), Q<sub>2</sub> for the Second Quarto (1600), Q<sub>3</sub> for the Third Quarto (1611), F. for the First Folio (1623); G. for Glossary; O.E.D. for the *Oxford English Dictionary*; S.D. for stage-direction; Sh. for Shakespeare and Shakespearian; non-Sh.=not found elsewhere in Sh.; common words (e.g. prob.=probably), together with names of characters and well-known editors, are also abbreviated where convenient.

The following is a list of other books cited with abridged titles: Abbott=*A Sh. Grammar* by A. E. Abbott (3rd ed.), 1870; *Alcazar* (v. Peele); Anders=*Shakespeare's Books* by H. R. D. Anders (*Schriften der Deutschen Shakespeare Gesellschaft*, 1904); *Ang. Fer.* (v. Peele); Apperson=*English Proverbs* etc. by G. L. Apperson, 1929; *Arcadia* (cited from vol. 1, *The Complete Works of Philip Sidney*, ed. A. Feuillerat, 1912); *Arden*=ed. of *Titus* by H. B. Baldon in 'The Arden Sh.'; *Arden of Feversham* (>1592 cited from *The Sh. Apocrypha*, ed. Tucker Brooke, 1908); Bolton='*Titus Andronicus*': *Sh. at Thirty* by J. S. G. Bolton (*Studies in Philology*, xxx, 208-24); Bullen=*The Works of George Peele*, ed. A. H. Bullen, 1888; *Camb.*=*The Cambridge Sh.* ed. by Aldis Wright, 1891; Cap.=the ed. by Edward Capell, 1768; Chambers, *Eliz. St.*=*The Elizabethan Stage* by E. K. Chambers, 1923;



Chambers, *Wm. Sh.* = *William Sh.* by E. K. Chambers, 1930; *Chastity* (v. Peele); Crawford = *The Date and Authenticity of 'Titus Andronicus'* by Charles Crawford (*Sh. Jahrbuch*, xxxvi, 109-21); Cunliffe = *Influence of Seneca on Eliz. Tragedy* by J. W. Cunliffe, 1893; *David* (v. Peele); *Desc. Ast.* (v. Peele); *Device* (v. Peele); Dodsley = *Select Collection of Old Plays* (4th ed.) by W. C. Hazlitt, 15 vols., 1874-6; *Ed. I* (v. Peele); *Ed. III* = *Edward III* (cited from *The Sh. Apocrypha*, ed. Tucker Brooke, 1908) *E.M.I.* = *Every Man in his Humour* by Ben Jonson; *F Q.* = Spenser's *Faerie Queene*; *Farewell* (v. Peele); Franz = *Die Sprache Shakespeares* (4th ed.) by W. Franz, 1939; *Garter* (v. Peele); Gray, A. K. = *Sh. and 'Titus Andronicus'* by A. K. Gray (*Studies in Philology*, xxv, 295-311); Greg = *The Editorial Problem in Sh.* by W. W. Greg, 1942; J. = the ed. by Samuel Johnson, 1765; *Knack* = *A Merry Knack to Know a Knave* 1594 (Dodsley, vi); *Leir* = *The Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters* (> 1594, cited from ed. Sidney Lee, 'The Sh. Classics', 1909); *Lochrine* (c. 1591, cited from *The Sh. Apocrypha*, ed. Tucker Brooke, 1908); Madden = *Diary of M. William Silence* by D. H. Madden, 1907; *MSH.* = *The Manuscript of Sh.'s 'Hamlet'* by J. Dover Wilson, 1934; Noble = *Sh.'s Biblical Knowledge* by R. Noble, 1935; *Old Wives* (v. Peele); *Paris* (v. Peele); Parrott = *Sh.'s Revision of 'Titus Andronicus'* by T. M. Parrott (*Modern Language Review*, xiv, 16-37); Peele = *The Works of George Peele*, ed. A. H. Bullen, 2 vols., 1888. [Contents: (a) Plays: <sup>1</sup> *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584 (c. 1584); *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594 (c. 1589); *The Old Wives' Tale*, 1595 (1591 < > 4); *Edward I*, 1593 (> 1593); *David and Bethsabe*, 1599 (> 1594):

<sup>1</sup> Arranged in order of prob. stage-production, conj. dates (from Chambers, *Eliz. St*) given in brackets after dates of publication.



(b) Poems: *Device of the Pageant*, 1585; *A Farewell to Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake*, 1589; *A Tale of Troy*, 1589; *An Eclogue Gratulatory*, 1589; *Polyhymnia*, 1590; *Descensus Astraeae*, 1591; *The Honour of the Garter*, 1593; *The Praise of Chastity*, 1593; *Anglorum Ferae*, 1595.] Robertson = *An Introduction to the Study of the Shakespeare Canon, proceeding on the problem of 'Titus Andronicus'*, 1924; Seneca, Hipp. = *Hippolytus* of Seneca (cited from the 'Loeb Classics' ed.); *Selimus* (1591 < > 4; cited from Malone Soc. Reprint); *Sp. Trag.* = *The Spanish Tragedy* (c. 1589; cited from *The Works of Thomas Kyd*, ed. F. S. Boas, 1901); Spurgeon = *Sh.'s Imagery* by C. Spurgeon, 1925; Steev. = the ed. by George Steevens, 1773; Sykes = *Sidelights on Sh.* 1919, and *Sidelights on Elizabethan Drama*, 1924, both by H. Dugdale Sykes; Symons = Introd. by Arthur Symons to facsimile of *Titus Andronicus* (1600) by C. Praetorius; *Troy* (v. Peele); *Tamburlaine*, ed. U. M. Ellis-Fermor, 1930 (*Works and Life of Ch. Marlowe*, ed. R. H. Case); *T.R.* = *The Troublesome Reign of King John* (1587 < > 91), cited from facsimile by C. Praetorius, 1888; Theo. = ed. by Theobald, 1734.

*Names of the Characters.* List first given imperfectly by Rowe. *Andronicus*. This name is accented throughout on the second, and not as in classical Latin on the third syllable. *Alarbus* (Q.F.) is perhaps an error or misprint for 'Alarbas'.

*Acts and Scenes.* Undivided in Q.; divided in F. As Johnson saw, 1. 1 and 2. 1 are continuous; and Capell noted that 'Flourish', which F. prints at the head of 2. 1, rightly belongs to the end of 1. 1 (v. note *ad loc.*), a point which proves that the divisions were inserted after the copy for F. had been prepared (v. Greg, p. 119, n. 1). As the same characters enter at beginning of 4. 1 as exit at end of 3. 2, an act-pause would here be necessary.



*Punctuation.* This is, in general, light and often inaccurate, while there is little to suggest rhetorical or dramatic intentions, or indeed any hand except that of a compositor. The Notes below record my most serious departures from the pointing of Q., in the majority of which I adopt that of previous editors. To record all such instances is impossible within the limits of this edition.

*Stage-directions.* Most of those in the text are taken from, or based on, the S.D.'s in Q. and are, as far as possible, quoted verbatim. The Notes only cite from Q. or F. such S.D.'s as call for special comment. For the rest v. Adams's facsimile of Q. and the comparative table of S.D.'s in Greg, pp. 176-7.

## I. I.

*Authorship.* The whole scene is Peele's; cf. Introd. pp. xxv-xxxiv, and see notes ll. 117-18, 153-5 for lines sometimes attributed to Sh.

S.D. Q. 'Enter the Tribunes and Senatours aloft: And then enter Saturninus and his followers at one dore, and Bassianus and his followers [at the other (F.)] with Drums and Trumpets.' 'Enter aloft' implies that the curtains on the upper stage are drawn aside discovering the senate in session. All Eliz. dramatists, except Ben Jonson, regarded the Capitol (v. G.) as the Roman Senate-house or Parliament.

5. *his...that* Cf. ll. 39-40, 163-4, etc. For the possessive pron. as antecedent v. Abbott, § 218, Franz, § 321.

8. *mine age* i.e. he is the elder brother.

*this indignity* i.e. of being passed over.

10-13. *If ever...And* See Introd. pp. xxvii-xxviii.

14-15. *to virtue...nobility* App. a reflexion upon Sat. For style see Introd. p. xxviii. Cf. *Garter*, l. 384, 'to



fame and virtue consecrate', and *Polyhymnia*, l. 280, 'To Virtue or to Vesta consecrate'.

17. S.D. Q. 'Marcus Andronicus with the Crown'.

22-3. *In election...Chosen* i.e. the plebs have chosen as their candidate for the election. Peele implies, but fails to make clear, that each brother is supported by his patrician 'faction'. Cf. I. I. 183-4.

30. *a nation...arms* Cf. *Ed. I*, i. 16, 'nation, trained in feats of arms'.

35 ff. [*and at...the Goths*] See *Intro.* p. xxxiv.

36. *laden...spoils* Recurs *Eclogue*, l. 89. Cf. note l. 74 below.

38. *Renowned...arms* Cf. *Garter*, ll. 209, 285-6 'renowned for arms'.

39. *by honour of his name* Similar formulas in *Garter*, l. 212; *Ed. I*, iii. 72; *Paris*, 5. 1. 86; *Alcazar*, 3. 4. 7. No parallel in Bartlett's 7½ columns on 'honour'.

44. *Dismiss* Recurs ll. 53, 57.

47. *affy* In *2 Hen. VI*, 4. 1. 80 only and there it = betroth.

51. *to whom...all* Cf. *Garter*, l. 213, 'To whom my thoughts are humble and devote'.

55. *Commit...cause* Cf. l. 59.

64. *make way* Recurs l. 89.

65. *Patron of virtue* Cf. l. 1 above and *Garter*, l. 386, 'Patron of music and of chivalry'.

*Rome's...champion* Cf. l. 151.

69. S.D. Q. and F. omit *Alarbus* (cf. *Intro.* pp. xxxiv-xxxv) and instead of 'Aaron the Moor and others' read 'Aron the More and others as many as can be'. Cf. S.D.s *Err.* 4. 4. 146; *Shrew*, 5. 1. 108; *Ed. I*, i. 40.

70-2, 75. *Hail...Returns...re-salute* Crawford cites *Garter*, ll. 347-8, 350, 369, 372. 'Hail, Windsor! Where I sometimes took delight...In my return from France...Lo, from the House of Fame, with princely trains...I re-salute thee here and gratulate', etc.

70. *in...mourning weeds* Recurs *Alcazar*, 1. 2. 16;



cf. below 5. 3. 196 'in mourning weed'. Robertson (p. 224) cites three examples from Greene.

71. *his fraught* (Q.F.) 'his' = the old neuter genitive.

74. *bound... boughs* Cf. *Eclogue*, ll. 95-6 'I see no laurel-boughs... adorn his brows'.

75-6. *re-salute... return* Cf. *Ed. I*, i. 51. 'With heart of joy salutes your sweet return'. For 're-salute' (non-Sh.) v. note ll. 70-2.

77. *Thou... defender* Jupiter Capitolinus. (J.)

80. *Half... Priam had* Cf. *Garter*, ll. 367, 401-2, 'Old Knowles famed for his sons... | Thrice noble lord as happy for his few, | As was the King of Troy for many more'. Both prob. echo 3 *Hen. VI*, 2. 5. 118-20.

81. *the poor remains* Cf. *Ed. I*, 1. 5, 'the poor remainder'; *J. Caes.* 5. 5. 1, 'poor remains of friends'.  
*alive and dead* Recurs l. 123.

82. *These that survive* Cf. l. 173. *survive* Occurs five times in *Titus* and only four times in the rest of Sh.

83. *latest home* Non-Sh. Cf. 'longest home', *Alcazar*, Prol. l. 25; 2 *T.R.* ii. 35-6; *Leir*, 3. 5. 10.

89. *bretheren* (Q3, F.) Q. 'brethren'. Cf. notes, ll. 146, 240, 348, 357.

92. *receptacle* v. G. Accented 'réceptacle'.

97. *hew his limbs* Recurs l. 129.

98. *manes* (F3) Q.F. 'manus'.

110. *triumphs and return*, (Theo.) Q.F. 'triumphs, and returne'.

117-18. *Wilt... merciful* Attrib. to Sh. by many owing to its likeness with Portia's words (*Merch.* 4. 1. 190-2). But a Stoic commonplace, found also in *Ed. III*, 5. 1. 41-2 and Chapman, *Blind Beggar*, x. 71-2, 'Kings in their mercy come most near to Gods | And can no better show it than in ruth'. Steev. cites Cicero, *Pro Ligario*, xii, 38 (cf. T. M. Parrott, *Chapman's Comedies*, p. 680). For the diction cf. *Desc. Ast.* 1. 30, 'Sweet mercy sways her sword', and *Polyhymnia*, l. 190, 'A liberal Hand, badge of nobility'.



121. *Patient yourself* Compose yourself. Non-Sh. Recurs *Ed. I*, i. 44.

122. *your Goths* (Q.) Q2, F. and edd. 'you Goths'. *beheld* i.e. in battle.

131. *never* (Q.) Q2, F. and edd. 'ever'.

132. *Oppose* Cf. G. Non-Sh. sense.

137. *sharp revenge* Cliché in Peele, Greene, Kyd; non-Sh.

138. *the Thracian tyrant* Polymnestor, who murdered Hecuba's son and whose sons she murdered in revenge. Ovid (*Metam.* xiii) tells the story, but mentions no 'tent', a detail Peele, it seems, could only have learnt from Euripides' *Hecuba*. He had himself translated the *Iphigenia* (v. Bullen, I, xvii-xix).

*her* (Theo.) Q.F. 'his'. Hecuba lured him to her tent.

144-5. *sacrificing fire* Recurs *Alcazar*, 5. I. 183. Cf. *Alcazar*, 2. I. 32-3, and *Paris*, Prol. II. 11-13, which associate sacrifice with smoke and perfume.

146. *brethren* (Q.) See note I. 240.

149. S.D. Based on Q.

150-6. *In peace...my sons* Cf. *Macb.* 3. 2. 22-6, with II. 152-5. The style is Peele's (see *Introd.* p. xxxii and notes II. 151, 152), and the passage as a whole is not beyond him, though the best thing in Act I. On the other hand the parallel in *Macb.* is so close that it is difficult not to believe that Sh. was struck by the lines and turned them to glorious use later. He played, no doubt, himself in *Titus*, which was still in the repertoire in 1606.

151. *Rome's readiest champions* Cf. I. 65, 'Rome's best champion'.

*repose...rest* Cf. I. 353, 2. 3. 8 (note), 4. 2. 31, *Introd.* p. xxix, and *Ed. I*, iii. 6, 'let us repose and rest us here'.

152. *Secure...mishaps* Cf. 2. I. 2-3 and note.

155. S.D. Q gives entry at I. 156.



158. *live in fame* Cf. Introd. pp. xxix, xlvii, *Garter*, ll. 398-9, and *Ric. III*, 3. 1. 88.

159. *tributary tears* Recurs 3. 1. 270. Prob. from *Arcadia* (1590), Lib. 2, Ch. 17, p. 1, 'the tribute offer of my teares'. Cf. *Rom.* 3. 2. 103-5 and *V.A.* 1. 632, 'tributary gazes'.

161-2. *tears...Rome* Cf. l. 76.

162. *this* (Q.) Q 2, F. and edd. 'the'.

168. *for virtue's praise* Cf. *Ed. I*, iii. 47, 'For... wisdom's praise'.

S.D. None Q.F. Most edd. read 'Enter below', etc.; but, as the F. S.D. at l. 233 shows, they enter aloft.

173-8. *You that survive...bed* Cf. *Garter*, l. 410, 'survive and triumph in eternity'.

177. *Solon's happiness* When Croesus boasted of his happiness, Solon commented, 'Call no man happy till he be dead' (Herodotus, 1. 32).

178. *in honour's bed* Recurs 3. 1. 11, and *Alcazar*, 5. 1. 176.

182. *palliment...hue* Cf. Introd. p. xlvii.

189. *What* why.

192. *set abroad* v. G. Non-Sh.

195-7. *one and twenty...country* Cf. *Troy*, ll. 15-22, 'With twenty sons...All knights-at-arms... Of wit and manhood...To venter on the highest piece of service'.

202. *canst thou tell?* don't you think you may get it! Cf. *Err.* 3. 1. 52; 1 *Hen. IV*, 2. 1. 38.

206. *were* (Q.) F. 'wert'. Subj. mood.

214. *friends* (Q., F 4 and edd.) Q 2, F. 'friend'.

219. *ye* (Q. 'yee') Q 2, F., etc. 'you'.

221. *gratulate* A favourite word with Peele (Robertson, p. 193). Cf. note ll. 70-2.

224. *our* (Q.) Q 2, F. and edd. 'your'.

226. *Titan's* (Q 2, F. and edd.) Q. 'Tytus'.

233. S.D. From F. Q. omits.

236. *in part* i.e. as part.



238. *onset* v. G.

240. *emperess* Q. 'Empresse'. The word occurs forty times in *Titus*, and the metre shows it trisyllabic at 1. 1. 240, 320; 2. 3. 55, 66; 4. 2. 143; 5. 1. 54, i.e. six times in all. Sometimes Q. spells it with three 'e's' (e.g. at 1. 1. 320; 2. 1. 20; 3. 1. 298), but its practice is inconsistent. I follow Pope and spell according to the metre, since the difference may point to difference of authorship. See notes 1. 1. 89, 146, 348, 357 for parallel case of 'bretheren/brethren'.

242. *Pantheon* (F4) Q.F. 'Pathan'. Misprint; cf. note 1. 333.

250. *imperious* (Q.) Q3, F. 'imperiall'. Cf. 4. 4. 82, 5. 1. 6, and *Ham.* 5. 1. 207.

261. *trust me!* Of Q.F. 'trust me of'. Most edd. 'trust me; of'.

263. *cloudy countenance* Recurs *Knack* (Dodsley, vi, 563, l. 6); see *Introd.* p. lxi. Cf. note 2. 3. 33.

264. *chance* (Q2, F.) Q. 'change'.

268-9. *he comforts...greater* Cf. *Ed. I*, iv. 2-3, 'see the man Must make us great'. Parallel in word and construction.

275. S.D. From *Camb.*

280. *cuique* (F2) Q. 'cuiquum', F. 'cuiquam'.

288. *this door* i.e. the stage-door through which Bass., etc., have fled.

S.D. None Q.F. Cap. (1. 286), 'Exit, bearing off Lavinia; Marcus and Titus' sons guarding them; Mutius last'.

289. *Follow, my lord* Actually as 1. 298 S.D. shows, Sat., Tam. and Aar. exeunt through the inner stage, as to the Capitol.

291. S.D. None Q.F. Cap. 'Re-enter Lucius'.

293. *In...son* Cf. 1. 342.

294. *Nor thou, nor he* Cf. ll. 300, 344, 425; *Introd.* p. xxix. *Paris*, 4. 1. 76 ('nor that nor this'); *Leir*, 5. 10. 53; 1 *T.R.* ii. 88 ('nor he nor thee').



299. *No, Titus, no* Cf. l. 343. A Peele turn; e.g. *David*, viii. 120, 'No, Cusay, no'.

301. *by leisure* v. G. Non-Sh. Cf. *Ed. I*, i. 219.

309. *that...piece* Cf. *Troy* (ed. 1589), l. 288, 'that chaunging peece' (*Cressida*), l. 198, 'this reproachful piece' (*Helen*); *Paris*, 2. 1. 178; *Leir*, 2. 3. 2, 'that pretty piece'.

316-17. *like...Phoebe...nymphs...overshine* An echo (Ritson noted) from Phaer's trans. (1573) of *Aeneid*, 1. 498-501:

Most *like* unto *Diana* when she to hunt goth out,  
Whom thousands of the ladie *nymphes* awaite to do her will:  
She on her armes her quiuer beares, and all them *ouershines*.

316. *Phoebe* F2. Q.F. 'Thebe'.

320. *emperess* (Q.) Cf. note l. 240.

323-4. *Sith priest...bright* Was it ardent Protestantism in Peele that made him describe a pagan temple as if it were a Catholic Church? Cf. the 'ruinous monastery', 5. 1. 21. The ancient temples are commonly called 'churches' in North's *Plutarch*.

326. *re-salute* Cf. note l. 75.

331. *a handmaid* etc. Cf. 1 Sam. xxv, 41.

333. *Pantheon. Lords (Camb.)* Q.F. 'Pantheon Lords'. 'Pantheon' taken as an adj., and the line punctuated accordingly. Cf. note l. 242.

336. *wisdom* Cf. 1. 1. 392; 2. 1. 10, 120; 4. 4. 35, and *Introd.* pp. x-xi.

347. *as becomes* *Rekurs Device*, l. 35.

348. *bretheren* (Q.) 357. *bretheren* Q. 'brethren'. Cf. 'emperess', l. 240 (note). Q. gives S.D. 'Titus two fonnes speakes'.

358. *And shall...accompany* No speech-heading in Q., but preceded by a S.D. 'Titus two fonnes speakes'; similarly 'Titus sonne speakes', precedes l. 359, while the speeches at ll. 368, 369, 370 are headed '3. Sonne', '2. Sonne', '2. Sonne' respectively. The names Quintus



and Martius first appear in Q. as speech-headings at 2. 3. 195, 196.

364. *struck...crest* Cf. *Ang. Fer.* l. 168, 'wound his crest' and G. 'crest'.

368. *is not with himself* is beside himself. Non-Sh.

372. *if...speed* Obscure. I suggest, 'if the rest of you wish to live'.

373. *Renowned* Q. 'renowned'. A common 16th-cent. form; also at 5. 1. 20.

376. *virtue's nest* Cf. *Introd.* p. xxix.

380. *wise Laertes' son* i.e. Ulysses. *Rekurs Troy*, l. 362.

383. *Rise, Marcus, rise* Cf. l. 459, 'Rise, Titus, rise'.

384. *The...that e'er* Favourite construction with Peele; e.g. *Ed. I*, v. 177, 'the sweetest sun that e'er I saw to shine'. Cf. Sykes, *S. on Sh.* pp. 115, 132.

390. *He lives...cause* Cf. *Introd.* p. xlvii, and *Garter*, l. 389, 'virtue's cause'.

Q. reads S.D. 'Exit all but Marcus and Titus'. Rowe and edd. omit.

391. *My lord...dumps* Cf. *Introd.* p. xxxvi.

*dreary dumps* 'dreary' is non-Sh.

392. *the subtle Queen of Goths* Cf. 2. 1. 120, 'her sacred wit'; 4. 2. 29, 'our witty empress'; 4. 4. 35; and note on l. 336 above.

398. *Yes...remunerate* (F.) Not in Q. Cf. pp. 96-7. Malone suspected it should belong to Marcus.

*remunerate* Favourite with Peele (v. Sykes, *S. on Sh.* pp. 108, 130); non-Sh. N.B. 'remuneration' laughed at in *L.L.L.* (3. 1. 131 *et seq.*), and seriously used once (*Troil.* 3. 3. 170).

399. *played your prize* v. G. 'prize'. Non-Sh. phrase.

408. *Meanwhile* Non-Sh. (except *Hen. VIII*, 2. 4. 233); common in Peele (v. Sykes, *S. on Sh.* p. 130). Cf. below 2. 1. 43; 4. 3. 104.



411. *as...I may* Cf. l. 475; 4. 2. 4; 4. 3. 29, and  
1 *T.R.* i. 13, 'Will (as he may) sustaine' etc.

412. *Answer...life* Cf. similar cadence in l. 213.

420. *frankly* Common with Peele; e.g. *Alcazar*,  
1. 1. 101; 2. 4. 92.

428-9. *if ever...were gracious* etc. Cf. *Intro.*  
pp. xxvii-xxviii.

435. *I should...you!* A fine-spun line!

440. *vain suppose* Again at 1 *T.R.* ii. 96; xiii.  
191.

447. *you* (Q.) F. 'vs'.

449. *at entreats* Again at l. 483. Cf. *Sp. Trag.*  
3. 7. 72 ('by intreats').

454. *And make them know* etc. Cf. *Alcazar*, 4. 1.  
72-3. 'And make him know and rue his oversight, |  
That' etc.

456. *Come, come* Again at 2. 1. 120; 5. 3. 137, 160.  
Cf. ll. 383, 459, and 5. 3. 142.

*emperor* A disyllable.

457. *Take up* v. G.

472. *humbled* Cf. note l. 51, and *Intro.* p. xxix.

474-6. *We do* etc. No prefix in Q. F. heads '*Son*';  
Rowe and edd. '*Luc.*'

477. *do I* (Q.) Q2, F., etc. 'I do'.

491. *love-day* v. G. Non-Sh. Cf. 'love-holidays'  
*Ed. I*, vii. 97. O.E.D. 'love-day', cites as a nonce-use  
Greene, *Mourning Garment* (1616) D3 b, where the  
word = a day devoted to love-making.

493. *panther* Non-Sh., but a favourite beast with  
Peele, v. *Troy*, l. 305; *Chastity*, l. 42.

494. *give...bonjour* Cf. *Ed. I*, i. 110, 'Thus  
Longshanks bids his soldiers Bien Venu'.

S.D. Q. 'Exeunt, found trumpets, manet Moore'.  
F. 'Exeunt. Actus Secunda. Flourish. Enter Aaron  
Alone'. See p. 102 (*Acts and Scenes*). The 'found  
trumpets' (Q.) and 'Flourish' (F.) clearly refer to the  
exit of the Emperor.



## 2. I.

*Authorship.* 'Act 2, with all its faults and outrages, is now mainly from the hand of Sh., and in the original play it must have been the act which cried out most for more skilful re-handling. Sh. does his best with it. He brings music and imagery into the line, he floods its horrors with pathos; for a moment (beginning of sc. 3) he glimpses the wanton Roman empress and her swarthy paramour as his own Venus and Adonis, and the ill-fated Lavinia as Lucrece' (A. K. Gray, p. 309). Parrott finds little Sh. in 2. 1. My notes suggest that he put a good deal of life into it.

1-24. *Now climbeth...commonweal's* While the diction of this speech (except at ll. 21-4) is mostly Peele's, the strength and confident swing of the verse suggest Sh. A comparison of *David*, vii. 58-66 with *Ric. III*, i. 1. 1 ff., both close parallels, illustrates the kind of difficulty that confronts us from now onwards.

2-4. *Safe...reach* Cf. i. 1. 152-3. Crawford cites *Garter*, l. 411, 'Out of Oblivion's reach or Envy's shot'. But note how 'pale envy's threat'ning reach' lights it all up; cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, 3. 2. 315, 'lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave', and *Troil.* i. 3. 134.

7. *Gallops the zodiac* Recurs *Desc. Ast.* l. 4, and *Ang. Fer.* l. 24, 'Gallops the zodiac in his fiery wain', which seems 'almost to duplicate the line in *Titus*' (Robertson, p. 180).

16-17. *And faster...Caucasus* Robertson (p. 178) cites two lines from *Ed. I*: 'To tie Prometheus' limbs to Caucasus' (iv. 21) and 'Fast to those looks are all my fancies tied' (x. 201), and notes that here 'the two figures are combined'.

18. *Away...weeds* Cf. *Ed. I*, xxiv. 19, 'Away, thou wanton weeds'. *servile* (Q.) F. 'idle'.

21-3. *This queen...This siren* Cf. *Intro.* p. xxiii.

26. *wits want* Q. 'wits wants'.



28. *Know'st* (F.) Q. 'Knowest'.

31-2. 'Tis not... *Makes* etc. Characteristic Sh. idiom; e.g. *Ric. II*, 1. 1. 50-1, "'Tis not the trial... Can arbitrate'.

33. *I am... as thou* Cf. *M.N.D.* 1. 1. 99, 'I am, my lord, as well derived as he'.

35. *And that... approve* See *Intro.* p. xx.

37. *Clubs, clubs!* Cf. *A.Y.L.* 5. 2. 39, 'Clubs cannot part them'; *1 Hen. VI*, 1. 3. 84, '*Lord Mayor*. I'll call for clubs, if you will not give way'. Aaron speaks contemptuously, as though of prentice-boys. Surely a Sh. touch.

39-41. *dancing-rapier... sheath* Contempt for the rapier (e.g. in *Rom.*, *Tw. Nt* and *Ham.*) is common in Sh. For the 'lath glued' in the sheath, cf. *2 Hen. VI*, 4. 2. 1-2, 'a sword, though made of lath'.

45-52. *Why... Rome* Peelean verse; 'well I wot', a cliché common in Greene and Peele.

46. *ye* (Q.) Q2, F., etc. 'you'.

53-4. *put up. Not I... bosom* See *Intro.* p. xx.

61. *Now, by the...* Cf. *Intro.* p. xxiv.

70. *This discord's... please* v. G. 'ground'. Peele does not quibble thus. For the same quibble v. *Shrew*, 3. 1. 73; *Ric. III*, 3. 7. 49.

71-2. *I care not... all the world* Robertson (p. 227) cites *Sp. Trag.* 2. 6. 5-6, 'On whom I doted more than all the world | Because she loved me more than all the world'.

73. *Youngling* Again at 4. 2. 93; *Ed. I*, vi. 48; *Alcazar*, 1. 2. 68; *1 T.R.* ii. 110; in Sh. only at *Shrew*, 2. 1. 330.

81. *mak'st... strange* Cf. *Gent.* 1. 2. 102 (only).

82-3. *She is... won* Again (in varying forms) at *1 Hen. VI*, 5. 3. 77-8; *Ric. III*, 1. 2. 228-9. The second line, 'a stock formula of Eliz. literature', was first popularized by Greene (cf. Parrott, *Chapman's Comedies*, p. 740), and became proverbial. Cf. Ovid,



*Ars Amatoria*, i. 269-70, 'Prima tuae menti veniat fiducia: cunctas | Posse capi'.

85-6. *more water*... *millor of* Prov.; see Apperson, p. 417; Greene (Grosart's ed. viii. 81; ix. 141); and Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (ed. 1621), p. 789, citing 'Non omnem molitor quae fluit unda videt'.

86-7. *easy*... *shive* Prov.; see Apperson, p. 565.

89. *Better than*... *worn* See Intro. p. xx.

*Vulcan's badge* the cuckold's horn. The line is short; F2 reads 'yet worn'.

91. *court it* Non-Sh. Recurs *Ed. I*, vii. 79.

93-4. *What*... *keeper's nose*? Cf. 2. 2. 25-6. Many find here a reflexion of Sh.'s (supposed) deer-stealing (v. Madden, pp. 222, 319). The sweep of the verse seems his, but both Peele and Greene are fond of hunting scenes and allusions. For 'cleanly' v. note 1. 117 and *Lucr.* 1. 1073.

95. *snatch* Non-Sh. in this sense. Cf. Greene, *Upstart Courtier* (Grosart's ed. xi. 256), 'So he may have... if he like the wench well, a snatch himself'.

96. *serve your turns* Again in this sense at *L.L.L.* 1. 1. 288. Cf. 1. 129 below.

97. *hit it*... *hit it* Similarly equivocal at *L.L.L.* 4. 1. 117-25 (v. G. *L.L.L.*).

100. *square* Again 1. 124; *M.N.D.* 2. 1. 30; *Ant.* 2. 1. 45; 3. 13. 41.

103. *for that you jar* i.e. to get what you are squabbling about.

108. *Take this of me* Again *Shrew*, 2. 1. 190; *Lear*, 4. 6. 173, etc. Note the reference to Lucrece.

110. *than* (Rowe) Q.F. 'this'.

112. *solemn hunting* i.e. royal hunt. Cf. *Macb.* 3. 1. 14, 'solemn supper'.

113. *ladies troop* Cf. 2. 3. 56; *2 Hen. VI*, 1. 3. 80, 'troops of ladies'.

116. *by kind* Cf. *All's Well*, 1. 3. 62, 'your cuckoo



sings by kind'. See also Golding's *Ovid*, vi. 587, 'by kind His flame encreast'.

117. *Single* v. G., 3 *Hen. VI*, 2. 4. 12; *L.L.L.* 5. 1. 78, and *V.A.* ll. 693-4 (of hounds): 'Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled | With much ado the cold fault cleanly out'. *dainty doe* Again 2. 2. 26.

118. *strike her home* Cf. *Lucr.* ll. 580-1: 'He is no woodman that doth bend his bow | To strike a poor unseasonable doe'.

120. *Come, come* Cf. note 1. 1. 456.

*sacred wit* "'Sacred" here signifies "accursed"; a Latinism' (Malone). But why should Aaron call her wit that? The phrase is merely a Peele automatism, originally used of Apollo in *Paris*, 4. 1. 285 [Robertson, p. 195].

121. *To villany...consecrate* Cf. 1. 1. 14, 248-9, and Introd. p. xxviii.

122. *with all that* (Q 2, F., etc.) Q. 'withall what'.

123. *file our engines* sharpen our wits; v. G. and cf. note 3. 1. 82 (citing *Ed. I*).

126. *court...House of Fame* Cf. Chaucer's *House of Fame*. A constant theme of Peele's, e.g. *Paris*, 5. 1. 79; *Troy*, l. 5; *Device*, l. 62; *Chastity*, l. 13. But *Garter*, ll. 340 f., gives closest parallel: 'Yet in the House of Fame, and Courts of Kings | Envy will bite, or snarl and bark at least.'

131. *treasury* Cf. *Lucr.* l. 132; *Ham.* 1. 3. 31.

135. *Per Styga...vehor* i.e. I am swept on through Styx and through shades (=I am ready for anything). This and 'Sit fas aut nefas' (l. 133) seem to be memories of Phaedra's last speech in Seneca's *Hippolytus*, e.g. of l. 1180, which reads 'Per Styga, per amnes igneos amens sequar' [Cunliffe, p. 128].



## 2. 2.

*Authorship.* 'Entirely un-Shakespearian' (Parrott): I think Sh. may have touched it here and there. Note its close resemblance to *M.N.D.* 4. 1. 102 ff.: e.g. l. 3, 'uncouple' (l. 106); the rousing of the lovers with the horn (l. 137); a prince who proudly shows off his hunt to a foreign queen (ll. 105 ff.); while the 'promontory top' of l. 22 tallies with the 'mountain's top' (l. 113); and there is the baying of the dogs in both. See also the opening speech in Seneca's *Hippolytus*.

S.D. Q. omits 'Marcus'; v. l. 20.

1-2. *The hunt...green* Robertson (p. 96) notes the 'exact duplication of rhythm and structure in *Old Wives*, ll. 350-1: 'The day is clear, the welkin bright and gay, | The lark is merry and records her notes'.

*morn* (F.) Q. 'Moone'.

8. *attend...carefully* Again at 4. 3. 28; *Alcazar*, 1. 1. 14; *Device*, l. 44.

21. *Will rouse...chase* Robertson (p. 177) cites *Paris*, 1. 1. 7: 'The fairest, fattest fawn in all the chase'.

*chase* Non-Sh. in this sense; v. G. Again 2. 3. 255 and four times in *Paris*.

24. *run...plain* Cf. 4. 2. 173; *Ed. I*, ix. 25; *Polyhymnia*, l. 169. But swallows do not *run*! Is Sh. playing tricks with Peele's clichés? It is, I think, Sh.'s verse.

*run* (F3) Q.F. 'runnes'. It is the speed of his horses, not that of the game, which Titus boasts of.

## 2. 3.

*Authorship.* Cf. *Introd.* pp. lvii-xl. Symons, Parrott, A. K. Gray all find Sh.'s hand more obvious here than previously. Gray writes (p. 304): 'We have the *mise-en-scène* of *Venus and Adonis*. In the centre of the stage are the two lovers, the woman firm, the man impatient and preoccupied; in the distance is the music of the chase—huntsmen hallooing, horns



winding, dogs barking, and, as the dialogue unwinds, we hear echoes from the poem.' Yet the basic text is often evident.

8. *repose...for their unrest* Cf. 4. 2. 3, 'But let her rest in her unrest awhile', and *Ric. III*, 4. 4. 29. All prob. echoes of *Sp. Trag.* 1. 3. 5; 3. 13. 29, 'rest in...unrest'.

9. *That...chest* i.e. who find the gold.

10-29. *My lovely...asleep* This speech

impresses me as the most melodious and sweet-fancied in the play; and more than that, a really beautiful interlude. If there is any Sh. in the play, this is. [Symons, p. xv.]

Cf. *Introd.* pp. xi-xii.

12. *The birds...bush* Cf. *Lucr.* 1107-8, 'The little birds that tune their morning's joy | Make her moans mad with their sweet melody'.

13. *The snake...sun* v. *Introd.* p. lxi.

*snake* (Q2) Q. 'fnakes'.

17-19. *whilst...at once* Parrott cites *V.A.* 11. 695-6, 'Thus do they [the hounds] spend their mouths: Echo replies | As if another chase were in the skies'. Cf. the echoing 'cry' at *M.N.D.* 4. 1. 113-17 and at *Shrew*, Ind. ii. 47-8, 'Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them, | And fetch *shrill* echoes from the hollow earth'. For 'babbling echo' cf. 4. 2. 151 (note), and for 'well-tuned' cf. *Lucr.* 1. 1080, 'well-tuned warble' and *M.N.D.* 4. 1. 123, 'a cry more tuneable'. All these are themselves echoes of *Arcadia* (1590), Bk i, ch. 10 (p. 60).

20. *Let us sit...noise* Cf. *Merch.* 5. 1. 56.

*yellowing* v. G. F. 'yelping'

21-9. *And, after conflict...asleep* Very like Sh., and most unlike Peele. N.B. 'happy storm'.

26. *golden slumber* Cf. 'golden sleep', 1 *Hen. IV*, 2. 3. 43; *Ric. III*, 4. 1. 84; *Rom.* 2. 3. 38; *Per.* 3. 2. 23; and Dekker's song—'Art thou poor, yet hast thou



golden slumbers?' (See *Oxford Bk of 16th-cent. Verse*, p. 735.)

27-9. *Whiles...asleep* Parrott cites *V.A.* ll. 973-4: 'By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo; | A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well.'

30-50. *Madam...destruction* Here again is the simple and effortless Sh. accent, the organic thought of a living mind, and a large number of parallels with other Sh. plays.

31. *Saturn* The planet of gloom and of evil. *dominator over* Astrol. term; v. G. Cf. 4. 1. 82; *L.L.L.* 1. 1. 217-18, 'the welkin's viceregent, and sole dominator of Navarre'.

32. *deadly-standing* Cf. *Err.* 4. 2. 96, 'deadly looks'; *Ric. III*, 1. 3. 225, 'that deadly eye of thine'; *M.N.D.* 3. 2. 57; and *2 Hen. VI*, 5. 2. 9, 'deadly-handed'.

33. *cloudy melancholy* Cf. 1. 1. 263 (note); *Ham.* 1. 2. 66; *Temp.* 2. 1. 141.

34-6. *My fleece...execution* Cf. *Introd.* p. lxi.  
35. *adder...unroll* A. K. Gray (p. 305) cites *V.A.* ll. 878-80. Cf. *Introd.* p. lxi.

37. *venereal* v. G. Not elsewhere in Sh. or Peele.  
40-1. *Hark...in thee* Marlowe in sentiment, Sh. in cadence.

44. *make pillage* Cf. *Hen. V*, 1. 2. 194-5, 'make boot...which pillage'.

45. *And wash...blood* Robertson (p. 102) cites parallels from *Selimus* (ll. 2379, 2398) and *Locrine* (2. 4. 669). Cf. *Caes.* 3. 1. 106; *Cor.* 1. 10. 27. A commonplace.

49. *parcel* v. G. Sometimes humorous in Sh., e.g., *L.L.L.* 5. 2. 160; *Merch.* 1. 2. 103. Cf. mod. slang, 'bunch'.

*hopeful booty* likely victims. v. G.  
50. S.D. Pope and mod. edd. print this at l. 54. I restore it to Q.F. position, since Bass. and Lav. are clearly intended to overhear Tam.'s endearments.



53. *Be cross* Only in *Shrew*, 2. 1. 243; *Ric. III*, 3. 1. 126.

54. S.D. No exit in Q.F.

55-88. *Who have we here? . . . all this* Cf. *Introd.* pp. lvii-lviii. Note that 'Cimmerian' (l. 72), 'sequest' red' (l. 75), 'snow-white . . . steed' (l. 76) (cf. 'milk-white steed'; *Ed. I*, vi. 22, *Garter*, l. 71), and the verb 'joy' (l. 83) are all non-Sh. Also cf. 'emperess' (l. 55) with 'empress' (l. 52) ('Empresse' in both lines in Q.).

57-8. *Dian . . . groves* Cf. *Shrew*, 2. 1. 252.

60. *my* (Q.) F. 'our'.

65. *Unmannerly intruder* Cf. *Gent.* 3. 1. 157, 372.

69. *singled forth* Cf. note 2. 1. 117.

*experiments* (Q2, F.) Q. 'thy experimens'.

72. *swarth* (F.) Q. 'fwartie'.

77. *obscure* (Q2) Q. 'obfure'.

83. *raven-coloured love* Cf. *L.L.L.* 4. 3. 85, 'amber-coloured raven'.

85. *note* (Pope) Q.F. 'notice'. Metre and word-play (cf. 'noted', l. 86) alike prove Pope correct.

86. *noted long* Yet 'he had been married but one night'. (J.)

88. *have I* (F2). Q.F. 'I haue'.

90. *look . . . wan* Recurs *Err.* 4. 4. 107.

91-115. *Have I not reason . . . called* A deliberate contrast with the description at ll. 10-29, to suit her different mood. Cf. 5. 2. 35-8. Probably Peele rewritten by Sh. Note the general similarity to *Alcazar*, 2. 3. 1-13, and to *Rom.* 4. 4. 39-54.

92. *ticed* Non-Sh.; frequent in Peele.

96. *Here . . . here* Cf. 1. 1. 153, 'Here . . . here'.

96-7. *nothing breeds . . . raven* Cf. *Alcazar*, 2. 3. 8-9, 'and in their curséd tops, | The dismal night-raven and tragic owl | Breed'.

99. *They told* Recurs ll. 105, 106.

*dead time of the night* Similar expressions common in Sh., e.g. *Ric. II*, 4. 1. 10; *Ham.* 1. 1. 65, 1. 2. 198.



102-4. *such fearful...fall mad* Cf. *Rom.* 4. 3. 47-8, 'shrieks... | That living mortals hearing them, run mad'. 104. *straight* Again in l. 106.

110. *Lascivious* Q. 'Lauicious'.

115. *my children called* Q.F. 'called my Children'.

116-33. *This is...sure* This also I take to be Peele touched up by Sh.

120. *the poniard* (Q.) F. 'thy poyniard'.

122. *here is more belongs to* Cf. *Ed. I*, v. 132, 'there belongeth more to'.

124. *This minion...chastity* Sh.'s cadence. For 'stand upon' cf. *Err.* 4. 1. 68, 1 *Hen. VI*, 2. 4. 28, etc.

126. *she braves* (F 2). Q.F. 'braues'.

130. *And...lust* 'Inconsistent with what follows, and seems wantonly thrown in to pile up the horror' (Arden). Yet Sh.'s cadence.

131. *ye desire* (F 2) Q.F. 'we desire'.

132. *Let...sting* This and l. 187 are commands for her death. It is not explained why she is allowed to live.

*outlive, us* (Theo.) Q.F. 'outliue vs'. Dyce conj. 'outlive ye' which makes better sense.

135-78. *That nice-preservéd...murderer* Palpable Sh., with a few traces of Peele here and there. Cf. *Introd.* pp. lviii-lx.

136-47. *thou bear'st...woman's pity* Close to 3 *Hen. VI*, 1. 4. 137-42, e.g. 'bear a woman's face' (l. 140); 'flinty rough, remorseless' (l. 142); 'tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide' (l. 137); 'women are...pitiful' (l. 141). 136. *bear'st* (F.) Q. 'bearest'.

140-1. *but be...rain* Cf. l. 144; 3. 1. 45; 3 *Hen. VI*, 3. 1. 38.

144. *suck'dst* (Rowe, ed. 2) Q.F. 'fuckst'.

145. *Even...thy tyranny* See *Introd.* pp. xxi, lviii.

147. *woman's* (Q.) Q2, F. edd. 'woman'. An important restoration.

148. *What...bastard?* See *Introd.* p. xxi.



149. *the raven...lark* Cf. 3. 1. 158; *Rom.* 3. 5. 27-8; *Merch.* 5. 1. 103.

152. *paws pared* Cf. *Son.* 19. 1.

153. *Some say* Cf. *Introd.* p. xxiii.

153-4. *ravens...nests* Cf. *Wint.* 2. 3. 186. *birds* = chicks.

156. *Nothing so* Cf. *Introd.* p. xxiv.

158. *O, let me teach* Recurs 5. 3. 70. Cf. 'O teach me', *M.N.D.* 1. 1. 192; *Lucr.* 1. 1653; *Rom.* 1. 1. 232.

170-1. *For 'tis...died* Cf. *Introd.* p. lix. Yet even for this there was prob. a Peele basis; cf. *Paris*, 3. 1. 121, 'had not I, poor I, been unhappy', and Sykes, *8. on Sh.* p. 123.

174. *denies...to tell* Cf. *Rom.* 1. 5. 21, 'denies to dance'.

176. *loathsome pit* Again 1. 193; cf. 1 *Hen. VI*, 2. 5. 57; 2 *Hen. VI*, 3. 2. 315.

186. S.D. None in Q. or F.

190. *Now will I* Cf. *Introd.* p. xxiii.

191. *trull* Common in Peele; non-Sh. except in 1 and 3 *Hen. VI*.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Aron with two of Titus sonnes'.

192. *the better foot before* Recurs *K. John*, 4. 2. 170.

197. S.D. After Rowe. None in Q.F.

200-1. *Upon...flowers* Parrott cites *V.A.* 1. 665, 'Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed', and ll. 1055-6, 'No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf or weed, | But stole his blood and seemed with him to bleed'. Even closer in diction to l. 201 is *V.A.* 1. 66, 'So they were dewed with such distilling showers' (cf. *Ric. II*, 3. 3. 46-7), while 'fresh as morning dew' is paralleled at *Rom.* 1. 1. 138 (cf. *M.N.D.* 4. 1. 120).

202. *A very fatal place* Cf. *Merch.* 3. 1. 4-5.

204-5. *the dismall'st...That ever eye* etc. Based on Peele; cf. 1. 1. 384.

210. *unhallowed* (F.) Q. 'vnhollow' ('unhallowd' misread 'unhollowe' before 'hole').



211. *surprised* v. G.

212. *A chilling... joints* See Introd. p. xxi.

214. *true-divining heart* With this and l. 219 cf. *V.A.* ll. 668-70.

220. *who* (Q.) Q<sub>3</sub>, F. edd. 'how'. Yet Q<sub>2</sub> has 'who'.

221. *a child... not what* Cf. *V.A.* ll. 895-8.

222. *berayed in blood* Q. 'bereaud in blood'; Q<sub>2</sub>, F. and edd. 'embrewed here'. Perhaps 'bereaud' is a misprint of 'bereied' (v. O.E.D.) taken for 'bereud'; v. *MSH.* p. 106. See G. 'beray'. The Folger Q. has the emendation 'heere reav'd of lyfe' written in a contemporary hand.

226-30. *Upon his... pit* The lighted monument takes another form in *Rom.* 5. 3. 84 ff. Carbuncles were thought to emit 'not reflected but native light' (J.); cf. *Locrine*, 4. 3. 26-7, 'sun-bright carbuncles | Lighten the room with artificiall day'. Mal. cites *F.Q.* vi. xi. 13: (of Pastorell, captive in the robbers' cave) 'like a Diamond of rich regard | In doubtfull shadow of the darkesome night'; which, itself app. the source of *Rom.* 1. 5. 47-8, seems to link that with this passage, more esp. since Spenser speaks of the 'entrayles' of the cave in st. 41. Yet *F.Q.* vi was not published until 1596.

227. *this hole* (Q.) Q<sub>2</sub>, F. 'the hole'.

231-2. *So pale... blood* Parrott finds this 'exactly in the manner of' *Merch.* 5. 1. 1-14.

231. *Pyramus* (Q<sub>2</sub>, 'Piramus') Q. 'Priamus'. See p. 92.

232. *maiden* Because the blood of unmarried lovers. *maiden blood* Recurs 1 *Hen. VI*, 5. 4. 52.

235. *receptacle* v. G. Accented 'réceptacle'.

236. *Cocytus* i.e. Hell, v. G. Not elsewhere in Sh. or Peele. Perhaps a confused memory of *Locrine*, 4. 5. 44-5, 'Backe will I post to Hell mouth Taenarus | And passe Cocitus to the Elysian fields'; since Taenarus was a cave with a 'misty mouth' (with which cf. 5. 2. 36; 2 *Hen. VI*, 4. 1. 6).



*Cocytus* (F4) Q.F. 'Ocitus'.

239. *swallowing womb* Cf. 5. 2. 192 (note); *Ric. III*, 3. 7. 128; *Ric. II*, 2. 1. 83.

245. S.D. F. 'Both fall in'. The rest as Q. Note that the speeches of 'the Emperor' are headed 'Saturninus' in ll. 246-9, 253-6, but 'King' afterwards in the scene, while Tam. calls him 'king' in the dialogue at ll. 259, 304. The difference may indicate different scribes. Cf. note 4. 4. 70.

250. *sons* (Q.) Q2, F. and edd. 'fonne'.

255. *chase* Cf. note 2. 2. 21.

256. 'Tis...there See p. xxi. *them* (Q.) F. 'him'.

257. *them* (Q.) F. 'him'.

260. *grieved...grief* Careless writing.

262. *to the bottom...wound* Cf. 3. 1. 217; *Troil.* 2. 2. 16-17, 'the tent that searches | To the bottom of the worst'; *Rom.* 3. 5. 199; *Lucr.* l. 1109, 'search the bottom of annoy'.

265. *complot* Again 5. 1. 65; 5. 2. 147; (as verb) *Ric. II*, 1. 3. 189, etc.

*timeless tragedy* Cf. 'timeless end', *Ric. II*, 4. 1. 5; *Rom.* 5. 3. 162; 'timeless grave', *Gent.* 3. 1. 21; and 'timeless death' (three times elsewhere).

266. *fold* v. G.

268-306. *An if we...with them* A passage of Peele's. Even the Arden ed. finds it a relic of 'an older and cruder version of the story'. Note the diffuseness and metrical monotony. For 'handsomely' v. G.

269. *we mean* The explanatory 'I mean' is noted by H. C. Hart as a 'weak poetical trick of Peele's' (v. Sykes's *S. on E.D.* pp. 90-1). Note also the repetition in 'meaning' (l. 271).

278. *Sirs* Cf. l. 283. Sh. does not need such line-filling devices.

288. *upon my feeble knee* Cf. 1. 1. 188, 472; 3. 1. 208.

289. *tears* Cf. 1. 1. 75, 76, 159, 161-2.



290. *fell fault* Again in 5. 3. 100. Cf. 'fell',  
 2. 3. 235, 281.  
 291. *fault* (Theo.) Q.F. 'faults'.  
 298. *their suspicion* i.e. suspicion about them.  
 304. *the king* Cf. note l. 245 S.D.  
 305. *Fear not* fear not for.

## 2. 4.

*Authorship.* See Introd. pp. li-liv. The scene, rich in Sh. parallels, and one in which I can detect no trace of Peele, is, I suggest, an addition to the original play. Note the simple directness of ll. 1-10, so different from the diffuseness of 2. 3. 268-9, or the staccato of 2. 3. 292-306.

3. *Write...mind* See Introd. p. xxi.  
 5. *scrowl* A quibble. v. G.  
 8. *silent walks* Cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, 4. 10. 18, 'quiet walks'.  
 9. *cause* (Q.F.) Pope and later edd. 'case', v. G.  
 9-10. *hang...cord* Cf. *Merch.* 4. 1. 360-3, for a very similar heartless jest.  
 11-57. *Who...misery!* 'A sort of epitome of *Lucrece*, a poetising and decorating with picturesque conceits of the brutal facts of bodily outrage' (Parrott). N.B. the onrush and paragraphing of the verse.  
 14. *planet strike* Cf. *Ham.* 1. 1. 162; *Wint.* 1. 2. 201.  
 15. *an eternal* (Q.) Q2, F. 'in eternal'.  
 16. *Speak, gentle* Recurs 3. 1. 81.  
 17. *Hath* (Q.) Rowe and edd. 'Have'. Cf. note 3. 1. 226.  
 19. *Whose...sleep in* Cf. *V.A.* l. 230, 'Within the circuit of this ivory pale' (the arms of Venus).  
 21. *half* (Q.F.) Theo. and most mod. edd. 'have'. But cf. *Lear*, 1. 1. 104.  
 22-5. *Alas...breath* Cf. *Lucr.* ll. 1730-43. The parallel is discussed at Introd. pp. liii-liv.



23. *fountain stirred* Recurs *Troil.* 3. 3. 311; cf. *Shrew*, 5. 2. 142, 'a fountain troubled'. Sh. seems to have the Pool of Siloam in mind.

27. *him* (Rowe). Q.F. 'them'.

30. *As from a conduit* Cf. *Err.* 5. 1. 313, 'the conduits of my blood', and *Lucr.* ll. 1076, 1234. Eyes as 'conduits' is a common image in Peele; e.g. *David*, viii. 30. See *Introd.* pp. li, lii.

*three* (Hanmer) Q.F. 'their'.

31. *red...face* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, 2. 4. 117 (note) and *V.A.* ll. 177-8.

32. *Blushing...cloud* Cf. *Ric. II*, 3. 3. 62-6. A face in shame or anger likened to the sun 'blushing' in a cloud. Note how the image in *Titus* has been developed in *Ric. II*, a later play, and see notes 2. 4. 54; 3. 1. 122-9, 222-30; 3. 2. 82-3; 5. 2. 188-9; 5. 3. 76 for other instances.

34. *O, that...heart* Cf. *Ric. III*, 1. 2. 193, 'I would I knew thy heart'.

35. *rail...mind* Cf. 1. 57; 3. 1. 234 (cf. *Introd.* pp. lv-lvi), 245; 5. 2. 31, 119.

36-7. *Sorrow...it is* Churton Collins and Parrott cite *V.A.* ll. 331-3:

*An oven that is stopped, or river stayed*  
Burneth more hotly, swelleth more with rage:  
So of *concealéd sorrow* may be said.

The thought is prov. (cf. Apperson, p. 214, 'the closer the fire the hotter', and *Euphues*, Bond, 1. 210), but the verbal parallelism is a double one. See *Gent.* 1. 2. 30 for another use of the image, which is often found in Greene [Robertson, pp. 220-3].

38. *Philomel, why she* (*Camb.*) Q. 'Philomela, why she' F. 'Philomela, she' It is 'Philomel' four times elsewhere in the text and the metre demands that sp. here.

39. *sampler* Cf. *M.N.D.* 3. 2. 205.



44-6. *lily hands...kiss them* Collins and Parrott cite *Son.* 128. 5-6, 'Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap | To kiss the tender inward of thy hand'. Robertson (p. 96) cites *Arcadia* (II. xii. 226), 'Pamela having a while made the lute in his language show how glad it was to be touched by her fingers'. Perhaps Sh. borrowed it therefrom for *Titus*, applying it later to the virginal of the *Sonnets*. For *lily hands* cf. *Lucr.* l. 386; *V.A.* l. 228; *Son.* 99. 6; and for *Tremble like aspen leaves* cf. *2 Hen. IV*, 2. 4. 100-4.

48-51. *Or, had...poet's feet*. Parrott cites *Lucr.* ll. 552-3: 'So his unhallowed haste her words delays, | And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.' The situation is identical: a brutal ravisher stayed by the charm of his victim's voice. And though 'the Thracian poet' occurs in both Golding and Spenser (*Ruins of Rome*, st. xxv, l. 1) and references to Cerberus are of course frequent, Robertson can quote no other instance of the Orpheus story applied to this situation. The parallel is almost enough by itself to prove the hand of Sh.

52-3. *make...blind...eye* Cf. 5. 3. 49 and note.

54. *One hour's...meads* Cf. *Ric. II*, 3. 2. 106-8; *Err.* 3. 2. 46; *M.N.D.* 2. 1. 90-2, 96; *Ric. III*, 2. 2. 68-70; and Montemayor's *Diana*, quoted *Introd.* p. lii, n. 2.

55. *whole months of tears* Cf. *Lucr.* l. 690, 'months of paine'. The 'whole' adds a touch of the ridiculous.

### 3. 1.

*Authorship*. Parallels and style suggest a Peele basis, pretty thoroughly rewritten.

2-7. *For...cheeks* With these lines beginning 'For' cf. those beginning 'By' in *M.N.D.* 1. 1. 169-76.



5. *For...watched* Cf. *Ric. III*, 2. 1. 114-15.  
 6-7. *tears...wrinkles* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI*, 5. 2. 19.  
 Prob. from *Arcadia* (1590), Bk. 1, ch. 1, p. 10.  
 9. *are not* (F2) Q.F. 'is not'.  
 11. *honour's...bed* Peele; cf. 1. 1. 178.  
 12. *For these, tribunes* (Q.F.) Some word like 'good' has been omitted.  
 12-13. *in the dust...tears* Parrott cites *Ric. II*, 3. 2. 146-7 (a close parallel). Cf. also 3 *Hen. VI*, 5. 1. 56.  
 14. *earth's...appetite* A common figure with Sh. (v. 1. 22; 3 *Hen. VI*, 2. 3. 15; *Ric. III*, 3. 3. 14; 4. 4. 30; 1 *Hen. IV*, 1. 1. 5 and note). Also in 1 *T.R.* iv. 221-2.  
 15. *My sons'...blush* Robertson cites *David*, xiii. 57, 'And makes her fields blush with her children's blood'.  
 17-18. *distil...showers* An image found in Peele (*Ed. I*, xxv. 158), in 1 *T.R.* i. 136 and in Sh. (*V.A.* 1. 66, 3 *Hen. VI*, 2. 5. 85, *Troil.* 1. 2. 190).  
 17. *urns* (Hanmer) Q.F. 'ruines'—a minim misprint.  
 21. *on thy* (Q2, F.) Q. 'out hy'.  
 22. *drink...blood* See note l. 14.  
 25. *never wept before* He has done little else since the play began. Cf. 1. 1. 75-6; 2. 3. 289 (and note).  
 28-9. *The tribunes...stone* Characteristic Sh., as is what follows.  
 33-6. *Why, 'tis...unto them* A typical Sh. tangle (cf. *MSH.* p. 24). If 'And bootless...them' be deleted, as was prob. intended, all is well.  
 34. *me, if* (Q.) Q2 'me, or if' F. 'me: oh if'.  
 44. *tribunes* (Q.) Q2, F. and edd. 'tribune'.  
 45-6. *A stone is soft...not* Cf. *Lucr.* ll. 592-4; *Ric. III*, 1. 3. 140-1.  
 54. *wilderness of tigers* Cf. *Introd.* p. xxi, l. 94 and G. 'wilderness'.



59. *prepare...weep* Cf. *Caes.* 3. 2. 173.  
*aged* (Q.) F. 'noble'.
- 62-3. *Will it...she is* Brief speeches; but by a dramatic genius.
64. *object* v. G.
65. *Faint-hearted...her* A touch of greatness here too.
68. *added...sea* Cf. *Introd.* p. xxi, *A.Y.L.* 2. 1. 43, etc. A proverb. notion frequent in Sh. (v. Apperson, p. 84).
69. *brought...Troy* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI*, 5. 4. 70, 'I need not add more fuel to your fire' (Apperson, p. 240); and *Lucr.* l. 1491, 'Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire'.
71. *disdaineth bounds* Cf. *Lucr.* ll. 1118-19. A 'marked interest in a river in flood is quite peculiar to Sh. The river images of Peele, Greene, Heywood and Kyd are few and negligible' (Spurgeon, pp. 93-4).
74. *nursed...life* Cf. *Gent.* 3. 1. 243.
75. *In bootless...held up* Cf. l. 207; *Gent.* 3. 1. 229.
78. *the one...cut the other* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI*, 5. 1. 50-1.
81. *who hath martyred thee* Recurs l. 107. v. G. 'martyr'. 'A 17th-cent. use' (Onions).
82. *engine...thoughts* Again at *V.A.* l. 367 [Malone]. Cf. 2. 1. 123, and *Ed. I*, xxv. 3, 'this faltering engine of my speech'.
83. *blabbed* Elsewhere in Sh. 'blab'='tell what ought to be kept secret' (Schmidt). Prob. a Peele affectation; found in 1 *T.R.* i. 377.
- pleasing eloquence* Parrott (p. 30) notes 'that Sh. in his early plays seems fond of rounding out a line with "eloquence" preceded by an appropriate epithet'; cf. *Gent.* 3. 1. 83; *M.N.D.* 5. 1. 103; *Shrew*, 2. 1. 177; *Rom.* 3. 2. 33.
84. *cage* Cf. *Ric. II*, 1. 3. 166, 'Within my mouth you have engaoled my tongue'.



88. *park* 'chase' is Peele's word; cf. note 2. 2. 21.

91. *my dear* A common quibble with Sh., e.g. *V.A.* 1. 231, 'I'll be a park and thou shalt be my deer'.

94. *a wilderness of sea* Cf. note 1. 54 and *Ham.* 3. 1. 59, 'a sea of troubles'.

95. *the waxing tide* etc. *Son.* 60. 1-4 has exactly the same image; cf. also 'the tide of pomp' etc., *Hen. V.* 4. 1. 260-1.

96-7. *Expecting...swallow him* Cf. *Hen. V.* 4. 1. 97-8. With 'some envious surge' cf. *Ric. II.* 2. 1. 62-3, 'the envious siege | Of watery Neptune'; and with 'brinish bowels' cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* 5. 6. 24-5, 'the sea | Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life'; *Ric. III.* 3. 4. 102-3. For 'brinish' cf. *Lucr.* 1. 1213, 3 *Hen. VI.* 3. 1. 41.

101. *spurn*=blow; v. G. and cf. *Tim.* 1. 1. 85.

103-5. *Had I...body so* Cf. *Introd.* p. xxi and *Gent.* 2. 4. 206-9. *lively*=living.

111-13. *fresh tears...withered* Cf. *Introd.* p. liv; *L.L.L.* 4. 3. 24-7; *M.N.D.* 1. 1. 130-1; and for 'lily...withered' *Ric. II.* 2. 1. 134; *Lucr.* 1. 1254; Peele, *Troy* (1604 ed.), 1. 479; 2 *T.R.* i. 33; and 1. 178 below.

121. *do thee ease* Cf. *Shrew.* 5. 2. 179; 3 *Hen. VI.* 5. 5. 72; *Ham.* 1. 1. 131.

122-29. *Shall thy...bitter tears* Parrott notes a close parallel at *Ric. II.* 3. 3. 160-70.

125. *like* (Q., Rowe conj.) Q2, F. 'in'. Collier and later edd. 'as'.

125-6. *like meadows...flood* Cf. 2. 4. 54, and *K. John.* 5. 4. 52-3, 'like a bated and retired flood, | Leaving our rankness' [Spurgeon, pp. 92-3].

128. *clearness* v. G.

135. *To...time to come* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* 1. 3. 171; *Rom.* 3. 3. 170.

140. *drink a tear* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* 5. 4. 75.

146. *his true* (F4) Q.F. 'her true'.



148. *O, what a sympathy of woe* Cf. *Rom.* 3. 3. 85, and *2 Hen. VI*, 1. 1. 23, 'sympathy of love'.

149. *As far...as Limbo is from bliss* Cf. *Err.* 4. 2. 32, 'in Tartar limbo, worse than hell'. Limbo, the place for departed *pagans* and the unbaptized (v. G.), was further from salvation than Hell, reserved for fallen Christians.

151-6. *Sends...send...send* Signs of hasty composition.

158. *raven...like a lark* Cf. above 2. 3. 149, and *Ric. II*, 3. 3. 183.

160-1. *With...hand* Q. prints this as one line, which enforces the contrast 'heart'—'hand', and suggests that Sh. wrote originally 'king' for 'emperor'.

170. *Writing...castle* Robertson (p. 237) cites Greene, *Orlando Furioso* (ed. Collins, 1. 2. 370-1), 'on this Castle wall | Ile write my resolution with my blood'; and his *Philomela* (ed. Grosart, xi. 187), 'paint reuenge vpon the gates of Venice'.

178. *withered herbs* Cf. *1 Hen. VI*, 2. 5. 11, 'pithless arms like to a withered vine'; *3 Hen. VI*, 3. 2. 156; *Ric. III*, 3. 4. 71.

179. *meet for plucking up* Cf. *Merch.* 4. 1. 115-16.

204. *fat...thoughts* Cf. *Troil.* 2. 2. 48, 'would they but fat their thoughts'.

208. *ruin* i.e. by the loss of his hand. At *Cymb.* 4. 2. 354, a headless body is called a 'ruin'.

209. *If any power...tears* Cf. *Rom.* 3. 5. 198, 'Is there no pity sitting in the clouds', etc.

210. *wouldst* (Q.) Q2 'would', F. 'wilt'.

212. *sighs...welkin dim* Cf. *Rom.* 1. 1. 139, 'Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs'; *L.L.L.* 3. 1. 66, 'sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face'.

217. *sorrow...no bottom* Cf. 2. 3. 262 (note) and *Rom.* 3. 5. 199, 'sees into the bottom of my grief'.

221. *bind* confine within bounds.



222-30. *When heaven . . . drowned* Cf. Introd. pp. lv-lvi. Robertson (pp. 226-7) cites *Sp. Trag.*:

To drown thee with an ocean of my tears. (2. 5. 23)  
O gush out, tears, fountains and floods of tears;  
Blow, sighs, and raise an everlasting storm. (2. 5. 43-4)

This prob. set the fashion in 'these deep extremes', which is parodied (*me judice*) here, and put to comic use by Capulet in *Rom.* 3. 5. 130-8:

How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?  
Evermore showering? In one little body  
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;  
For still thy eyes, which I must call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,  
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds thy sighs;  
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,  
Without a sudden calm, will overset  
Thy tempest-tosséd body.

Cf. also 2 *Hen. VI*, 3. 2. 384-5; *Ric. II*, 3. 3. 54-60, 161-3.

226. *doth* (Q.) Q2, F. 'doe'. *blow* (F2) Q.F. 'flow'.

231-4. *For why . . . tongues* Parrott cites *Lucr.* 1. 703. Cf. *Ric. III*, 4. 4. 130-1, 135 and Introd. p. lv-lvi.

233. *give me leave . . . leave* Cf. Introd. p. xxi and 3 *Hen. VI*, 3. 3. 22.

239. *griefs* (F.) Q 'griefe'.

240. *woe is me . . . woes* Robertson (p. 186) cites *David*, iv. 16, 'Woe is me to think hereon'.

241. S.D. No exit in Q.

242. *Now . . . Sicily* Cf. Laertes' rant, *Ham.* 5. 1. 274-7. Sh. likens the sighs of Lucrece to 'smoke from Ætna' (*Lucr.* l. 1044).

245. *weep with . . . weep* Cf. *Romans* xii. 15.

249. *That ever . . .* Cf. Introd. p. xxiv.

250. S.D. From Johnson.



252. *starvèd snake* Parrott cites 2 *Hen. VI*, 3. I. 343, 'I fear me you but warm a starvèd snake'. But 'snake', apt to crafty York, is inapplicable to Titus.

260-1. *Ah! now...hair* Thus does Constance speak and act in *K. John*, 3. 4.

260. *thy* (Q.) Q2, F. 'my'; Theo. 'thy'.

261. *Rend* (Rowe) Q.F. 'Rent'.

262. *Gnawing* (Q.F.) Cap. conj. 'Gnaw'.

263. *The closing up...eyes* Cf. *Lucr.* l. 163.

265. *Ha, ha, ha!* Cf. Hieronymo's laugh in *Sp. Trag.* 3. 12. 30.

267. *Why...shed* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI*, 2. I. 79-80.

268-70. *Besides...tributary tears* Parrott cites *Ric. III*, 1. 2. 164-7. For 'make them blind' see 2. 4. 52; 5. 3. 49; and for 'tributary tears' cf. I. I. 159 (note).

268-9. *enemy...usurp upon* Characteristic Sh. image; cf. *V.A.l.* 591, 'a sudden pale usurps her cheek'.

275. *hath* (Q.) F. 'have'.

282. *in this* (Hudson, after Lettsom) Q. 'in these Armes', F. 'in these things'. *Camb.* (Note V, p. 479) conj. that 'the author, or some other corrector, to soften what must have been ludicrous in representation, wrote "armes" above "teeth" as a substitute for the latter'; that 'the printer of Q1 took "Armes" to belong to the first line'; and finally, that the scribe responsible for F. 'made sense of the passage by substituting "things" for "Armes"'.  
 286. *to the Goths* See Introd. p. xi.

287. *ye* (Q.) Q2, F. etc. 'you'.

290. *The woefull'st man that ever* etc. Cf. note I. I. 384.

292. *leaves* (Rowe) Q.F. 'loues'.

300. *Now will I* See Introd. p. xxiii.



## 3. 2.

*Authorship.* This sc was first printed in F. (v. Note on Copy, p. 95), and many have doubted Sh.'s authorship. The parallels seem to show it to be, as Parrott claims, certainly his; and, I think, of the same period as the rest of Acts 2 and 3.

1-3. *So, so...of ours* Titus is now half-witted like Hieronymo in the *Sp. Trag.*, though the first reference to his madness occurs at 4. 1. 126.

4. *sorrow-wreathen knot* Parrott cites *Temp.* 1. 2. 224, 'his arms in this sad knot', and *Lucr.* 1. 1662. Cf. also 'unknit...that knot' with 1 *Hen. IV.* 5. 1. 15-16; *Cor.* 4. 2. 31-2. The expression is an Elizabethan commonplace. But Robertson (pp. 99-100), citing *David*, iii. 77, 'with folded arms', and iv. 5, 'sadness with wreathed arms', cannot parallel 'knot' or 'unknit'.

6. *passionate* Cf. *F.Q.* 1. xii. 16. Not elsewhere in Sh. as verb; but cf. 'passioning', *Gent.* 4. 4. 172.

9. *Who* (F.) Rowe 'And'. But Titus' speech is disordered.

10. *in this...prison of my flesh* Another commonplace, for which Robertson (pp. 186, 232) quotes parallels from Peele and Kyd; cf. *K. John*, 3. 4. 19, 'In the vile prison of afflicted breath'.

11. *thus I thump it down* Cf. *Lear*, 2. 4. 57-8 and 122: 'O me, my heart, my rising heart! but, down!' Situation, words, and action are parallel.

12. *map of woe* Yet another commonplace. Cf. *Lucr.* 1. 402 [Parrott].

16-20. *Or get...tears* Parrott (p. 31) cites *Lucr.* 11. 1135-8, in which Lucrece proposes 'to imitate the nightingale singing against a thorn by fixing a sharp knife against her heart'. This proposal is 'conceited', after the poetic fashion of the time, but surely not



'absurd' as Parrott claims, whereas the words of Titus, followed up by the 'sink' in ll. 19-20, which at that date meant 'sewer' and echoes the ridiculous 'brine-pit' of 3. 1. 129, are palpable burlesque. Cf. *Ric. III*, 1. 2. 12-13, where the notion of pouring tears into wounds made by a knife is seriously handled. Clearly the nightingale and thorn in *Lucr.* and the tears of Anne in *Ric. III* are the bases of the image in *Titus*.

24. *no man...but I* Cf. *Intro.* p. xxi.

26-8. *Ah, wherefore...miserable* Cf. 1 *T.R.* x. 27-8 (Constance speaks), 'Must I discourse? let Dido sigh and say | She weepes againe to hear the wrack of Troy?' The two passages are obviously closely connected.

29. *O, handle...hands* Mal. cites the same quibble from *Troil.* 1. 1. 55.

31. *square* v. G.

36. *martyred signs* i.e. the signs the poor martyr makes; prob. an allusion to signs made by those burnt at the stake. Onions' gloss, 'marks of extreme suffering', ignores the context.

37. *drinks...tears* Mal. cites 3 *Hen. VI*, 5. 4. 75, 'drink the water of mine eyes', and *V.A.* 1. 949. The image comes from Ps. lxxx. 5.

38. *Brewed...meshed* 'A very coarse allusion' (Steev.). Cf. *Macb.* 2. 3. 124, 'Our tears are not yet brewed' (ironical).

40. *perfect* v. G.

42-3. *not...nor...nor...nor* A rapid succession of 'nor's' or 'or's' is very characteristic of Sh., e.g. *Rom.* 2. 2. 40-1.

45. *still* 'constant or continual' (J.).

46. *leave...laments* Cf. *Ed. I*, 1. 58, 'leave those sad laments'.

50. *tender...tears* Steev. cites *Cor.* 5. 6. 101, 'thou boy of tears'.

52. *thy knife* (F2) F. 'knife'.



53. *fly* (F2) F. 'Flys'.  
 54. *thee* (F3) F. 'the'.  
*thou...heart* A common exp. Cf. *Ed. I*, x. 196, xxv. 165-6; *Alphonsus* (three times, v. Sykes *S. on E.D.* p. 85); 1 *Hen. VI*, 5. 4. 2.  
 55. *are* (F2) F. omits.  
 56. *deed of death* Again in *K. John*, 4. 3. 118.  
 60. *How, if* (Steev.) F. 'How: if'.  
 61. *his slender gilded wings* Cf. *Lear*, 4. 6. 114, 'the small gilded fly'.  
 62. *lamenting doings* i.e. 'sad doings' (Steev.).  
 68. O, O, O Cf. Note on the Copy, p. 95, n. 1.  
 72. *myself* (F2) F. 'my felfes'.  
 76. *Yet...low* Perhaps a second 'Ah' was omitted before 'yet'.  
 80. *takes...substances* One of Sh.'s dominant notions; cf. *Gent.* 4. 2. 122-3, 126; *Ric. II*, 2. 2. 14; 4. 1. 297-9, etc.  
 82-3. *read...of old* Parrott cites as 'an exact parallel' *Ric. II*, 3. 2. 155-6, and notes the similarity is not merely in the same words and the cadence, but in the fact that in both cases *sad stories* are mentioned as a consolation for sorrow.  
 85. *dazzle* v. G. *V.A.l.* 1064, 'hersight dazzling'; *L.L.L.* 1. 1. 82.

## 4. 1.

*Authorship.* Parrott does not think the sc. Sh.'s. I can see little difference from the style of 3. 2, though the classical tags in ll. 78-83 and their importance to the plot make it pretty certain that the sc. has a substratum of Peele. Cf. note, ll. 88-95.

11. *Somewhither* Not elsewhere in Sh.

12. *Cornelia* Edd. explain 'mother of the Gracchi'. But Cicero's *De Oratore* was not written until 50 years after their death. Another Cornelia, wife of Pompey,



was a friend of Cicero's, and is the heroine of Garnier's *Cornélie* trans. by Kyd; cf. *Intro.* p. xxxiii.

20-1. *Hecuba...mad* Cf. *Troy*, ll. 460-6, 'Hecuba...waxen fell and mad'; and *Ham.* 2. 2. 509-13.

25. *made me* Cf. l. 21.

*down to throw* Awkward. Sign of hasty composition.

29. S.D. From Malone, following Capell.

33. *deeper...skilled* i.e. than to read boys' school-books.

36. *deed* After this, F. prints as a fresh line 'What booke?' which looks like the relic of a partially deleted passage anticipating l. 41. As ll. 62-4, which only speak of one ravisher, were evidently written without reference to ll. 38-40, the latter passage was perhaps a second-thought insertion.

40. *to heaven...heaves* Cf. 3. 1. 207.

41. *tosseth* v. G.

42. *Metamorphoses* (Pope) Q.F. 'Metamorphosis', which is Golding's title. The book was well known both to Sh. and to Peele.

44. *culled* A favourite word with Sh.

45. *Soft! so* (Q.F.) Rowe, 'Soft! see how.'

50. *root...annoy* Cf. *Lucr.* l. 1109, 'the bottom of annoy'. 'Annoy' (sb.) occurs five times in the poems and sonnets.

*thy* (Q.) Q2, F. 'thine'.

51. *quotes* (Q2 and F.) Q. 'coats', v. G. Common in early Sh. plays. The Q. sp. recurs in *L.L.L.* 2. 1. 246.

54. *Forced* (F.) Q. 'Frocd'. For 'ruthless...woods', cf. 2. 1. 128.

58. *Patterned* Cf. *Lucr.* l. 629; *K. John*, 3. 4. 16, etc.

59. *By nature...rapes* Cf. 2. 1. 116.

60. *O, why...den* Cf. *Intro.* p. xxii. Dens and lions (*M.N.D.* 5. 1. 289) suggest each other.

61. *Unless...tragedies* Cf. ll. 82-3, 124-5.



64. *slunk...as Tarquin* Cf. *Lucr.* l. 729, 'he stealeth'; l. 736, 'He like a thievish dog creeps'.  
*slunk* Q. 'flonk'.

71. S.D. from Q.F. after l. 69.

77. S.D. from Q.F.

78. O, *do ye* etc. Q. omits speech-heading, F. assigns it to Tit.

82-3. *Magni...vides* A memory of Seneca, *Hipp.* ll. 671-2, the first half-line of which runs 'Magne regnator deum'. 'Dominator poli' = ruler of the heavens.

86. *To stir a mutiny...thoughts* Cf. *Gaes.* 3. 2. 126-7, 'to stir | Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage'.

87. *arm...exclaims* Cf. *Troil.* 2. 2. 105. For 'exclaims' v. G.

88-95. *My lord...reproach* A. K. Gray (p. 306) notes:

Here upon the stage we have precisely the situation with which the poem [*Lucrece*] closes, when Brutus plucks the knife from *Lucr.*'s side and calls upon her father and her husband to 'revenge the death of this true wife'.

Cf. *Lucr.* ll. 1842-8. Yet 'fere' (a favourite with Peele, and in Sh. only in *Pericles*), together with the occasional wooden diffuseness (e.g. 'prosecute by good advice'), suggest the orig. draft.

89. *hope* In Q. the word is slipping out of the line.

97. *bear-whelps* Cf. *Prov.* xvii. 12, and *Hosea* xiii. 8.

98. *wind* get wind of. Not elsewhere in Sh. nor in Peele. Cf. 4. 2. 133; *Euphues* (Bond ii. 157), *F.Q.* v. ii. 25.

103. *leaf of brass* Cf. *Garter*, l. 408, 'Written in leaves and characters of gold', and *Meas.* 5. 1. 11, 'characters of brass'.

105-6. *the angry...abroad* Steev. cites *Aen.* vi, 74-5: 'Foliis tantum ne carmina manda, | Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.'



107. *our* (Q.) Q2 'you'. F. and edd. 'your'.  
 110. *base* (Q.) Q2, F. and edd. 'bad'.  
 115. *I'll fit thee* Cf. 5. 2. 85; G. 'fit'; *All's Well*, 2. 1. 90, 'I'll fit you'; and *Ado*, 2. 3. 41.  
 118. *my* (Q.) Q2, F. and edd. 'thy' Rowe conj. 'my'.  
 123. *we'll be waited on* i.e. not ignored as hitherto. Cf. 1. 1. 338.  
 124-30. *O heavens... Andronicus!* I suspect this is all Peele. Note the self-address (l. 126), and the possessive antecedent (ll. 126-7), a favourite construction of his (cf. 1. 1. 5, 39, 41-2).  
 126. *ecstasy* madness.  
 130. *Revenge the heavens* i.e. 'Let the heavens revenge' (Steev.). A reference to Romans xii. 19.

## 4. 2.

*Authorship.* Parrott only finds one Sh. parallel (i.e. l. 31) in this sc, but has 'little doubt that he retouched it'. The Peele basis is evident at several points. I find little of Sh. before l. 24.

S.D. '*A room... palace*' From Capell. Entry from Q.

4. *with all... may* A Peelean turn of phrase; cf. note 1. 1. 411.

10. *well-advised* Contradicting Aaron (l. 3). Cf. *Err.* 2. 2. 213, 'mad or well-advised'.

12. *gratify* Cf. 1. 1. 220.

13. *The hope of Rome* Cf. 2. 1. 74; 4. 1. 89.

14. *with... present* Some corruption here. Read perhaps 'this gift' for 'his gifts'.

15. *that* (Pope) Q.F. omit.

18. *round about* v. G.

20-1. *Integer* etc. From Horace, *Odes*, 1. 22:

A man upright in life and free from sin  
 Needs neither Moorish bow nor javelin.



*arcu* (Q.) Q2, F. 'arcus'. Horace reads 'neque' for 'nec'.

22. *the grammar* 'The couplet stands twice in Lily's Grammar (1577 ed.): on leaf 23 and in Pt II under the head of 'De generibus carminum', where Horace is named' (Anders, p. 16).

24 ff. Sh. takes over from this point, I think. Note the bold colloquialisms. 'What a...is' is also characteristic (v. Introd. p. xxiv and Schmidt, 'what').

24. *Ay, just* Exactly so (ironical).

26. *Here's no sound jest!* i.e. Here's a fine jest indeed! Ironical or jocular negative; cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, 5. 3. 33; *Shrew*, 1. 2. 136.

28. *wound, beyond their feeling* Cf. *Ric. II*, 1. 3. 301.

*to the quick*. Again 4. 4. 36; *Err.* 2. 2. 130; *Ham.* 2. 2. 601.

29. *our witty empress* Cf. note 1. 1. 336. The adj. seems to point to a Peele substratum (unless it be a sly tribute by Sh. to her invariable stupidity!).

31. *let...unrest awhile* Cf. note 2. 3. 8. A jesting application of Kyd's tag to a woman in childbed (cf. 1. 63).

35. *did me good* Common in Sh. (v. Schmidt 'good').

38. *Basely insinuate* Cf. 1 *Hen. VI*, 2. 4. 35; *V.A.* 1. 1012; *Ric. III*, 1. 3. 53; *K. John*, 5. 1. 68, etc.

40. *use...friendly* A quibble; cf. *Gent.* 5. 3. 14, 'use a woman lawlessly'.

42. *At such a bay* v. G. 'bay'; cf. *V.A.* 1. 877, 'at a bay'; *Shrew*, 5. 2. 56, etc.

43. *A charitable...love* For a similar allusion to Romans xiii. 9-10 v. *L.L.L.* 4. 3. 360-3.

51. S.D. The audience should see the child clearly at the entry.

53. *Well...at all* Exactly the manner and accent of the Bastard in *K. John*, e.g. 1. 1. 170, 'Something



about, a little from the right', etc. For the jocularity cf. Horatio's 'a piece of him' (*Ham.* 1. 1. 19).

57. *Why, what...keep* Cf. *Tw. Nt* 2. 3. 75, 'What a catawailing do you keep here!' and Jonson, *E.M.I.* (1616), 4. 2. 96.

58. *thy* (Q.) Q2, F. and edd. 'thine'.

68. *fair-faced* (O.E.D.) Q., Q2, 'fairefast', Q3, F. and edd. 'fairest'.

69. *thy stamp* Cf. *Meas.* 2. 4. 46 and below, l. 127.

71. *is black so base a hue?* With Aaron's defence of blackness cf. Berowne's in *L.L.L.* 4. 2. 243-61, and Sh.'s in *Son.* 127.

72. *blowse* O.E.D. supports J.'s gloss, 'a ruddy fat-faced wench', for this word, but gives no authority for its application to a boy. It is prob. used to raise a laugh at a hideous sort of golliwog.

87. *sword shall plough...up* Cf. *Ric. II*, 1. 3. 128.

89. *Now, by the...etc.* See Intro. p. xxiv.

93-6. *I tell you...hands* 'A good example of the original [play] with its characteristic rant and classical decoration' (Parrott).

95. *Alcides* (Q2) Q. 'Alciades'.

97. *sanguine* i.e. pink-cheeked.

98. *white-limed* (Q. 'white limde') Q2, 'white-limbde'; F. 'white-limb'd'. Pope conj. 'white-limed', i.e. white-washed. Alludes to Matt. xxiii. 27, 'whited sepulchres'; cf. *Piers Plowman* (C), xvii. 264-7, 'Țpocrisie...is ylikned in Latyn...to a wal white-lymed and were blak with-inne'.

*alehouse...signs!* i.e. crudely coloured. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, 3. 2. 81, 'make my image but an alehouse sign', and 5. 2. 67. The Bastard also talks of alehouse signs (*K. John*, 2. 1. 288).

99-100. *Coal-black...hue* Cf. note l. 71. 'Black will take no other hue' is a prov. (v. Apperson, p. 53), cited in *Ed. I*, viii. 31; and I suspect the lines are Peele's.



101-3. *For all... flood* See Introd. p. xxii. Alluding to the prov. expression (for an impossible task) 'to wash or make the blackamoor white' (Apperson, p. 53), which Aaron wittily adapts.

107. *my self* (Q.) Edd. 'myself'.

108. *The vigour... youth* Characteristic Sh. hendiadys.

110. *This maugre... keep safe* Cf. *K. John*, I. 1.

123-4, 'your father might have kept | This calf bred from his cow from all the world'.

113. *escape* v. G. and *Lucr.* l. 747.

115. *ignomy* v. G.

116. *Why, there's* See Introd. p. xxiv

117. *betray with blushing* Again *L.L.L.* I. 2. 127. Cf. *Ric. II*, 3. 2. 51.

118. *The close... heart* Sh. in thought and cadence; cf. 2. 3. 24, and *M.N.D.* I. 1. 216.

*thy heart* (Q.) F. 'the hart'.

119. *Here's a...* See Introd. p. xxiv.

*framed* Common in Sh. of the human body; cf. 4. 3. 46.

*of another leer* Cf. *A.Y.L.* 4. 1. 64, 'of a better leer'.

121. *As who should say* See Introd. p. xxiv.

*lad* Daniel conj. 'Dad'.

122. *sensibly* Meaning doubtful, v. G.

124-5. *And from... light* Arden cites 'as confirming Sh.'s authorship', *Wint.* 2. 2. 59-61, 'this child was prisoner to the womb and is | ... thence | Freed and enfranchised'.

124. *that womb* (Q2) Q. 'your wombe'.

133. *My son... of you* Aaron draws apart and places himself between the Gothic princes and his son; the nurse following the child.

138. *The chaféd boar* Cf. *Shrew*, I. 2. 200, 'an angry boar chaféd with sweat'; *V.A.* I. 662, 'an angry-chafing boar'.



139. *The ocean swells... storms* Cf. 5. 3. 13 (note) and *Hen. VIII*, 3. 1. 164, 'They swell, and grow as terrible as storms'.

141. *Cornelia* Cf. 4. 1. 12. The name has obviously been caught up from the previous classical reference.

143. *emperess* Q. 'Empresse'. Cf. note 1. 1. 240. N.B. The word is a disyllable in l. 142.

144. *Two... away* Prov.; cf. *Rom.* 2. 4. 209, and Apperson, p. 655.

146. *Wheak* (O.E.D.) Q. 'weeke' v. G. Cf. Scot, *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, Bk XIII, ch. viii, 'The wheeking of a little pig.'

149. O, Lord, sir Again *L.L.L.* 5. 2. 495, 498; 2 *Hen.* 3. 2. 191; *All's Well*, 4. 3. 344.

*a deed of policy* Cf. 5. 1. 89, 'a deed of charity', and Bartlett, 'deed of...'. Aaron and the Bastard (*K. John*, 2. 1. 396) both prate of 'policy'—a Machiavellian virtue.

151. *babbling gossip* See Introd. p. xxii and 2. 3. 17, 'babbling echo'.

152. *full intent* Again 3 *Hen. VI*, 2. 1. 117; *Hen. V*, 2. 4. 114.

153. *Muly lives* (Steev., 'Muley lives') Q.F. 'Muliteus'. Rowe and most edd. (except Arden, who follows Steev.) 'Muliteus lives'. The word 'lives' (sp. 'leues') might easily become 'teus', while 'Muly Mahomet', a Moor, is the chief villain of Peele's *Alcazar*.

163. S.D. None Q.F. J., *Camb.*, etc., 'Pointing to the Nurse'.

166. *days*=time. Unusual; no exact parallel; but cf. *K. John*, 3. 1. 110, 'wear out the days'; and *Troil.* 4. 5. 12, 'tis but early days'.

173. *to the Goths* See Introd. p. xi.

*as swift... flies* Cf. note 2. 2. 24.

179. *And feed* Hammer read 'And feast'; plausible, since 'feed' seems repeated from l. 178.



## 4. 3.

*Authorship.* Parrott (p. 32) finds Sh.'s hand 'not perceptible in the first part of the scene. The madness, real or feigned, of Titus is a palpable imitation of Hieronymo's; the Latin quotations, the decorative classical allusions and the rant are all old style.' The 'old style' may be Kyd's (v. Introd. p. xxxiii); certainly there is a close connexion between this scene and *Sp. Trag.* scenes 3. 12, 3. 13, where Hieronymo, like Titus, seeks for justice which has fled the earth (v. notes, ll. 11, 13). Yet I find traces of Peele at ll. 27-34 and perhaps at ll. 101-4, while as to Sh., his hand seems evident in ll. 42-8, may be seen perhaps (as Parrott suggests) in ll. 70-6, and is almost certainly responsible for the anticipation of Old Gobbo in the Clown, though ll. 95-101 show that a clown appeared in the original scene also.

4-8. *Terras... sea* As arranged by Cap. Q.F. divide 'Terras... Marcus | Shees... tooles | You... Ocean | And... sea'.

4. *Terras Astræa reliquit* From Ovid, *Metam.* i. 150, v. G. Peele's *Descensus Astrææ, The Device of a Pageant, for Lord Mayor's Day* was publ. 1591. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI*, i. 6. 4.

*Astræa* Q. 'Astreá', F. 'Astrea'.

8. *Haply* (F.) Q. 'happilie'. A common sp.; cf. *Oth.* (Q.) 3. 3. 263; (F.) 4. 2. 44, 'happely'.

*catch* (Q.) F. 'find'.

11. *dig with mattock* etc. Cf. *Sp. Trag.* 3. 12. 71-5. 'I'll rip the bowels of the earth... I'll make a pickaxe of my poniard' [Robertson, p. 228].

13. *Pluto's region* Cf. *Sp. Trag.* 3. 13. 108-10. 'Though on this earth justice will not be found, | I'll down to Hell and in this passion | Knock at the dismall gates of Pluto's Court' [Robertson, p. 228].

22. *man of war* Non-Sh. Recurs *Ed. I*, i. 1. 4.



24. *go pipe for* Arden cites *Wint.* 4. 4. 691-2, 'let the law go whistle'.

27-34. *Therefore... Saturnine* A sudden return to Peele's cadence and diction. Note (i) the echo: 'carefully' (l. 28) and 'careful' (l. 30), both favourite words of Peele's; (ii) 'as we may' (l. 29), v. note 1. 1. 411; (iii) 'wreak' as a sb. (l. 33), non-Sh., common in Peele.

27 *lord* (F 2.) Q.F. 'Lords'.

31. *Kinsmen... remedy* This ends a page in Q., and is followed by the catchword 'But', which suggests that a line has been omitted.

42. *feed me with delays* 'keep me in vain hopes, put me off' (Schmidt). Cf. *Ham.* 3. 2. 91-2, 'I eat the air, promise-crammed'.

43-4. *I'll dive... heels* Cf. Hotspur in 1 *Hen. IV*, 1. 3. 203-5. For 'the burning lake below' cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, 1. 4. 42.

44. *Acheron* (F 2) Q.F. 'Acaron'. Cf. G.

45. *but shrubs, no cedars* Cf. *Intro.* p. xxii.

51. *to wreak our wrongs* Again at *Alcazar*, 2 *Prol.* 31.

52. *Come... gear* Robertson (p. 230) cites *Sp. Trag.* 3. 6. 23: 'Come, come, come on; when shall we to this gear?'

53. *Apollinem* (Rowe) Q.F. 'Apollonem'.

56. *To Saturn, Caius* (Cap.). Q.F. 'To Saturnine, to Caius'.

63. *well said* = well done! Cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, 5. 4. 75, etc.

65. *aimed* (Hudson) Q.F. 'aime'. L. 66 shows Marcus had shot his bolt. Cf. Apperson, p. 84, 'to cast beyond the moon'.

66. *Jupiter* (Q 2, F.) Q. 'Iubiter' (and at ll. 79, 83). Prob. corrected on the press or in proof to agree with sp. at l. 84, which is there confirmed by the Clown's misapprehension at ll. 80-2.

74-5. *should not choose But* See *Intro.* p. xxiv.



76. *there it goes* The hunter's cry of encouragement; cf. *Temp.* 4. 1. 257.

S.D. Q.F. 'Enter the Clowne' etc. The same Clown, with his basket and his pigeons, does service as Old Gobbo in *Merch.* 2. 2. 29 ff.

77. *News...come* Q. assigns this to 'Clowne'. Q2 rectifies.

79. *Jupiter* (Q2, F.) Q. 'Iubiter'. See note 1. 66.

80. O, (*Camb.*) Q.F. 'Ho'. Rowe 'Who?'

*gibbet-maker* or *gibbeter* (as he takes Jupiter or Iubiter to be).

83. *Jupiter* (Q2, F.) Q. 'Iubiter'.

84. *Iubiter* (Q.) Q2, F. 'Jupiter'. The Q. sp. is necessary here to explain the Clown's last speech.

86. *carrier* The postman of Sh.'s day.

90-1. *God forbid...young days* As Parrott notes, citing *Hen. V.* 2. 3. 19-21, only Sh. can have written this. Cf. Touchstone in *A.Y.L.* 5. 4. 54, 'I press in, sir, amongst the rest' etc.

92. *tribunal plebs* Blunder for 'tribunus plebis'. N.B. The Clown is also seeking for justice, with a bribe.

93. *emperial's* (Q.) Q2, 'Emperialls'. Here the Clown resembles Lance (*Gent.* 2. 3. 4) who seeks his master at the 'Imperiall's court'.

94-107. *Why, sir...Ay, sir* Perhaps duplication here owing to revision. N.B. Titus asks virtually the same questions at l. 97 and l. 106. Ll. 94-100, and ll. 101-7 seem therefore alternatives, and the latter to be the later because it is not, like the other, detachable from the text. Further, if ll. 94-100 be omitted, the text gains, since a suggestion by Marcus thus becomes a sudden idea of Titus, inspired by encountering a fellow-seeker for justice. Nevertheless ll. 101-4, which are in verse and contain the word 'meanwhile' (see note 1. 1. 408), appear to belong to the orig. text.

104. *charges* i.e. the cost of the pigeons.

106. *deliver* (Q2, F.) Q. 'deliver vp'.



116. *For...suppliant* Seems to imply that Marcus wrote the letter, which agrees with ll. 94-6, but not with l. 105; and ll. 114-18 are prob. then orig. text. Yet Titus' point is clear; the sealed document is to be a surprise packet for Sat., who, thinking it a humble supplication, will find a knife within!

## 4. 4.

*Authorship.* Swinburne (*Study of Sh.* pp 32-3) assigned this sc. to Sh., because its blank verse is 'of more variety and vigour than we find in the baser parts of the play'. Like Parrott I think it 'older work' rewritten by Sh.

1-2. *Was ever* Cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, 4. 9. 1-2, 'Was ever king...', and v. Schmidt 'ever' (as a word of enforcement).

4. *egal* Cf. *Paris*, 4. 1. 281, 5. 1. 5; *Merch.* 3. 4. 13; *Ric. III*, 3. 7. 213.

5. *as know* (Camb.) Rowe 'as do'. Q.F. omit.

7. *Buzz...ears* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI*, 2. 6. 95; *Ric. II*, 2. 1. 26; *Ham.* 4. 5. 89.

12. *His fits* etc. Cf. *Intro.* p. xxxiii.

17. *libelling* i.e. circulating libellous leaflets (scrolls).

18. *unjustice* (Q.) F. 'Iniustice'.

20. *As who would say* See *Intro.* p. xxiv.

24. *she sleep* (Rowe and 18th-c. edd.) Q.F. 'he sleepe'. Before 'He'll so awake' 'she' (i.e. justice) must be right. Rowe, etc. also read 'she in fury' (l. 25), less convincingly.

27-38. *My gracious...the port* Why pretend thus to Sat.? What relation has all this, esp. ll. 37-8, to Aaron's flight to the Goths (v. 4. 2. 173-5)? The speech seems to refer to some lost thread of the plot. Cf. *Intro.* p. xi.

35. *High-witted Tamora* Cf. note 1. 1. 336, *Troy*, 1. 403, 'highly glose', and *Intro.* p. x.

36. *touched* v. G.



40. *mistress-ship* (Q. 'Mistrifship') Q2, F., and mod. edd. 'Misterfship'.

*emperial* Cf. note 4. 3. 93.

43-4. *God...give you godden* Costard in *L.L.L.* 4. 1. 41 also salutes thus and has a similar difficulty in identifying the sovereign.

43. *Stephen* Q. 'Steven'.

49-50. *by'r lady* (F4) Q. 'be Lady'. *I have...end* Indubitably Sh. Cf. Lance (*Gent.* 4. 4. 3) who 'brought up' his dog 'of a puppy'.

54. *borne*? *As* (F.) Q. 'borne as'.

59. *thy slaughter-man* Cf. 1 *Hen. VI*, 3. 3. 75, 'thy slaughter-men'; 3 *Hen. VI*, 1. 4. 169, 'Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin'; and *Hen. V*, 3. 3. 41.

61. S.D. Q. 'Enter Nutius Emillius.'

63. *Arm, arm, my Lord* (Cap.; Globe) Q.F. 'Arme my Lords'.

70. *Is warlike* etc. Q.F., which hitherto in this sc. have used the prefix 'Satur.', here and for the rest of the text change to 'King'. Cf. 2. 3. 260 (note).

71-2. *nip...As flowers with frost* Cf. *L.L.L.* 5. 2. 797-8, 'If frosts...Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love'.

72. *grass...storms*. Cf. *Ric. II*, 3. 3. 162, 'Our sighs and they [tears] shall lodge the summer corn'; and 2 *Hen. VI*, 3. 2. 176.

73. *begin* (F2) Q.F. 'begins'.

76. *a private man* Again 1 *Hen. VI*, 5. 4. 136.

82. *be...imperious...name* Cf. 5. 1. 5-6.

*thoughts imperious* Cf. *Gent.* 2. 4. 128, 'high imperious thoughts'.

83. *Is the sun...fly in it?* Cf. *Introd.* p. xxii, and *Lucr.* l. 1014, in which the allusion to gnats is followed (as here) by one to eagles.

86-7. *with the shadow...melody* Cf. *Lucr.* ll 506-7, 'like a falcon...Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade.'



88. *the giddy men of Rome* Cf. 5. 2. 78; 2 *Hen. VI*, 2. 4. 21, 'the giddy multitude'; and Bartlett for other parallels.

91-2. *sweet... dangerous... baits* Cf. *Ado*, 3. 1. 33, 'the false sweet bait that we lay for it'.

92. *honey-stalks* v. G. Not elsewhere in Sh. or other writers. Cf. the tragedy of Gabriel Oak's sheep in Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*.

99. *ears* (F.) Q. 'yeares'.

101. *before, be* (Cap. and edd.) Q.F. 'before to be'.

106. *stand on* (F4 and edd.) v. G. Q.F. 'stand in'. O.E.D. gives no support for 'stand in' in this sense, and Sh. always writes 'stand on' or 'upon' elsewhere.

110. *temper* v. G. Common in Sh., e.g. *Gent*. 3. 2. 64.

114. *successantly* See Introd. p. lvi.

## 5. 1.

*Authorship.* Apart from ll. 1-8 and one or two other lines (e.g. 54-6) the whole sc. may well be Sh.'s. Parrott is puzzled to find 'little characteristic poetry by which to identify his hand', though he tells us the sc. 'shows the highest percentage in the play' of feminine endings. If Aaron's speeches, which account for two-thirds of it, be not 'characteristic' of Sh, I do not know what is. The orig. may have been a brief scene dealing with the capture and hanging of Aaron; cf. note ll. 145-6.

S.D. Locality from Capell; Entry from Q but reading 'with Drums [F. 'Drum'] and Souldiers', which suggests that 'Drums and Souldiers' was a prompter's marginal note. Cf. p. 96.

1. *Approved... friends* Cf. Introd. p. xxxi.

2. *letters* = letter.

3. *signifies* (Q.F.) Rowe read 'signify'.

5-6. *be... Imperious* Cf. 4. 4. 82.

7. *Rome* i.e. Saturnine.



8. *treble* (F.) Q. 'treable'.
9. *Brave slip* Cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, 2. 2. 58, 'fair slips';
3. 2. 214. (
13. *bold in* v. G.
- 14-15. *Like stinging bees...fields* Cf. *Hen. V*,
1. 2. 193-6.
16. *avenged* (F.) Q. 'aduengde'. A 16th- and 17th-c. form 'after assumed Latin analogies' (O.E.D.).
- curséd Tamora* Arden ed. suggests that Tamora's unpopularity with the Goths, as is made clear in the German version (v. Introd. p. xli), was due to her having, in the old text, poisoned the Gothic king her husband in favour of Aaron.
17. *And...with him* Q.F. omit prefix.
- 21-3. *To gaze...wasted building* Cf. *Son.* 73 4, 'Bare ruined choirs' etc.
27. *dam* (Q 2, F.) Q. 'Dame'.
- 31-2. *But...calf* Cf. the Bastard in *K. John*,
1. 1. 124.
42. *the pearl...eye* Prov. Cf. 'A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye' (Apperson, p. 52) and *Gent.* 5. 2. 12.
43. *her* (Q.) F. and edd. 'his'.
44. *wall-eyed* v. G. and cf. *K. John*, 4. 3. 49.
51. *sprawl* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI*, 5. 5. 39, 'Sprawl'st thou?' (of Prince Edward).
53. *Get...ladder* Q.F. give to *Aar.* Theo. rectified. S.D. From *Camb.* (after Cap.).
54. *emperess* Q. 'empresse'. Cf. note 1. 1. 240.
- 57-8. *If thou...you all* Cf. Introd. p. xxii.
- 64-7. *deeds...Ruthful to hear...buried in my death* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI*, 2. 5. 95; *Rom.* Prol. 8; *Gent.* 3. 1. 207.
71. *Who should I swear by* etc. See *Ric. III*, 4. 4. 366-77, for the same point.
75. *a thing within* Again (of conscience) at 2 *Hen. IV*, 4. 1. 183.



76. *twenty* v. G. and l. 120.

*popish tricks* etc. Cf. 1. 1. 323-4 and note. The phrase smacks of Peele.

87. *empress* This might be trisyllabic; v. note 1. 1. 240, and cf. l. 118 below, where it is clearly two syllables.

89. *deed of charity* Again *Ric. III*, 2. 1. 49. Cf. 4. 2. 149 (note).

95. *washed...trimmed* As by a barber.  
*and trimmed* Q. prints this at beg. of l. 96.

96. *which* (Q.) Q2, F. 'that'.

97. *barbarous* Q. 'barberous'. Is a pun intended?

99. *coddling* v. G. O.E.D. gives no other instance.

100. *As sure a card* The opposite of a 'cooling card'. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, 3. 2. 89, 'Master Surecard'; and *K. John*, 5. 2. 105, 'the best cards for the game'.

102. *As true a dog...head* 'An allusion to bulldogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front and seizing him by the nose' (J.).

107. *that* (Q.) Q2, F. 'the'.

111. *played...hand* A quibble; v. G. 'cheater'.

114. *pried* A favourite Sh. word; v. Bartlett. Cf. *Pyramus and Thisbe* and Wall in *M.N.D.*

117. *eyes...rainy* Cf. 'rainy eyes', *Ric. II*, 3. 2. 146.

119. *pleasing tale* Before at 3. 2. 47.

121-2. *blush...like a black dog* i.e. not at all. Prov. Apperson, p. 58.

124-44. *Ay, that...thousand more* For the parallel between this and Marlowe's *Few of Malta* v. Introd. p. lxii. Less obvious, but scarcely less interesting, is the parallel with *Ric. III*, 1. 3. 324 ff.

126. *within the compass of my curse* Again *Ric. III*, 1. 3. 284.

132. *Make...necks* Short line. Mal. suggested adding 'and die'.



133. *hay-stacks* (F.) Q. 'haystalks'.

134. *And bid...tears* Surely Sh., not Marlowe.

136. *door* (Q.F.) F3 and edd. 'doors'.

137. *sorrow...was* (F2) Q.F. 'sorrows...was'.

138-40. *And on...dead* Cf. *Jew of Malta*, 2. 3.

197-9:

And now and then one hung himself for grief,  
Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll  
How I with interest tormented him.

141. *Tut* (Q2, F.) Q. 'But'.

145-6. *Bring down...presently* Omit this, and l. 151 might be the order for Aaron's death. Bolton (p. 215) notes that in 5. 3. he appears 'to be sent to his death off-stage in a manner strongly suggesting interpolation.' Cf. notes 5. 3. 120-40, 142-5.

148-50. *To live...tongue* Noble cites Rev. xx. 10.

151. S.D. From Cap. Q. gives Aemilius his entry here.

## 5. 2.

*Authorship.* Full of Sh. parallels; and Tam.'s disguise, though in itself stupid, is theatrically very effective, and gives occasion for a most impressive presentation of Titus. An orig. sc. there must have been, but Sh. has, I think, re-written it with care.

S.D. *Court...house* From Cap.'s heading to 5. 3, which is continuous with 5. 2. Tam.'s disguise recalls the *Sp. Trag.* where Revenge is one of the dramatis personae.

1. *this...habilitment* Cf. Introd. p. xxii; v. G. 'sad'.

5. *keeps* Cf. *V.A.l.* 637, 'keeps his chamber', *Tim.* 3. 4. 73.

8. S.D. Q.F. 'They knocke and Titus opens his studie doore'. Ll. 33, 43, 67 ff. show that Titus speaks from the upper stage. They knock therefore on one of



the lower stage-doors and he appears either, as I think, at the window above, or on the balcony itself.

11. *decrees* v. G.

18. *to give it that accord* i.e. to accompany it. An actor's thought; cf. *Ham.* 3. 2. 17, 'suit the action to the word' etc.

*it that accord* (Pope) Q. 'that accord', F. 'it action'.

19. For 'odds' cf. *Ham.* 5. 2. 259-61.

21. *I am not mad* Again K. *John*, 3. 4. 45 (Constance).

22-5. *Witness...sorrow* Robertson (p. 106) cites *Lochrine*, 5. 1. 11-12 and *Selimus* (ll. 1476-86) for consecutive lines beginning 'witness'.

23. *trenches* Cf. note 3. 1. 6-7, and *Son.* 2. 2, 'And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field'.

31. *the...mind* This Promethean image recurs in *Lear*, 2. 4. 137. Cf. *Tim.* 4. 3. 49, and *Oth.* 2. 1. 305-6.

32. *wreakful* Prob. a Peele word; cf. 4. 3. 33, 51; 4. 4. 11.

35-6. *There's...vale* Cf. 2. 3. 93; *Lucr.* 1. 1250, 'cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep'.

38. *couch for fear* Cf. *Hen. V*, 4. 2. 37, 'couch down in fear'; *Lucr.* 1. 507.

38-40. *but I will...Revenge* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, 1. 3. 221-2, 'But I will find him...And in his ear I'll hollo "Mortimer"'.  
 49. *globe* (S. Walker) Q.F. and most edd. 'globes'. But the context (e.g. ll. 54-5) shows that the terrestrial globe is meant.

50. *two* (Rowe) Q.F. 'thee two'. After 'thee' (l. 49) and 'thy' (l. 48) an easy misp. Cf. note l. 71.

52. *murderers* (Cap.) Q.F. 'murder'.

*caves* (F2) Q.F. 'cares'.

54-7. *by thy...sea* An interesting glimpse of the Eliz. serving-man. Parrott cites the parallel in *Hen. V*, 4. 1. 268-71.



54. *thy* (Q.) Q 2, F. 'the'.
56. *Hyperion's* (F4) Q. 'Epeons', F. 'Eptons'.
57. *very* I conj. 'weary'.
59. *Rapine* v. G. Also in ll 62, 83, 103. O.E.D. cites no instance with this meaning.
61. *these* (Dyce) Q.F. 'them', F 2, 'they'.
- what are they called?* As Titus has already named them twice over at ll. 45, 59, there is an inconsistency here surely too glaring to be explained as his lunacy.
62. *Rape* (Q.) F. 'Rapine' which edd. follow.
64. *Good Lord, how* etc. Cf. *Shrew*, 4. 5. 2, and note l. 66 below.
65. *worldly* (Q. 'wordlie') i.e. of this world.
66. *miserable...eyes* Parrott notes the Sh. accumulation of epithets and cites *Shrew*, 4. 5. 45, 'mistaking eyes'; l. 49, 'mad mistaking'.
- 68-9. *And, if...by and by* A sly touch of humour.
69. S.D. None in Q.F. *Camb.* reads 'Exit above'.
71. *humours* (Q.) Q 2, F. and edd. 'fits'—repeated by the compositor from l. 70. Cf. 4. 3. 29. See also Schmidt, 'brain-sick'; *Ric. III*, 4. 1. 65, 'feed my humour', and *Merch.* 1. 3. 44.
77. *out of hand* v. G. Again 1 *Hen. VI*, 3. 2. 102; 3 *Hen. VI*, 4. 7. 63.
80. *ply* Cf. 4. 1. 15 S.D. Q.F. give no entry.
96. *hath* (Q.) Q 2, F. 'have'.
103. *he's* (Hanmer) Q.F. 'he is'. Cf. l. 100.
106. *shalt* (Q.) Q 2, F. and edd. 'maift'.
107. *up and down* v. G.
132. *Now will I hence* Cf. *Intro.* p. xxiii.
137. *abide* (Q.) Q 2, F. 'bide'. Rowe conj. 'abide'.
142. *knew...supposed* (Q.) Q 2, F. 'know...suppose'.
144. *dam* (F) Q. 'Dame'.
145. *at pleasure* Previously at 4. 4. 86.
148. S.D. Q.F. omit.
151. S.D. Q.F. omit.



154-5. *Chiron and* (Theo.) Q.F. omit 'and'.

157. *and Rape* (Q.) Q2, F. 'Rape'.

162. S.D. From Cap. Q.F. omit.

171. *the spring...mud* Parrott cites *Lucr.* 1. 577, 'Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee'. Cf. also *Shrew*, 5. 2. 142-3; 2 *Hen. VI*, 3. 1. 101; *Ric. II*, 5. 3. 62.

172. *This goodly...mixed* Robertson (p. 110) cites parallels from *Sp. Trag.* (1 *Ind.* 12, 13; 2. 1. 34; 3. 13. 147-8) but none relate to lust. Cf. *V.A.* 1. 802, 'Lust's winter comes e're summer half be done'.

183. *Whiles* (Q.) Q2 'Whilft'.

188-9. *And with your blood...a coffin* The origin, I guess, of the curious image at *Ric. II*, 3. 2. 153-4 of the grave as a pie covering the body. Cf. G. 'coffin'.

191. *your unhallowed dam* Cf. *Intro.* p. xxii.

192. *the earth...increase* Cf. *Rom.* 2. 3. 9, 'the earth's that's nature's mother is her tomb'. 'The earth's increase' is common both in Sh. and the Bible.

195-6. *Philomel...Progne* v. G.

197. *prepare your throats* Cf. *Merch.* 4. 1. 242. 'Prepare' is often used as a threat in Sh.

202. *officious* busy. Not in this sense elsewhere in Sh. But v. *Sp. Trag.* 3. 6. 42.

204. *the Centaurs' feast* v. G.

### 5. 3.

*Authorship.* I agree with Parrott that Sh. 'seems to have revised' this scene 'rather thoroughly', and with Bolton that Aaron did not appear in the orig. draft. The Q. S.D.s give him no entry.

S.D. Locality from Cap.

11. *Some devil...ear* Cf. *K. John*, 2. 1. 566-7, 'rounded in the ear | With...that sly devil' and 1 *T.R.* ii. 140, 'How doth Alecto whisper in mine ear?'.



*my* (Q.F.) Q2 'mine'.

13. *The...swelling heart* Cf. 1 *Hen. VI*, 3. 1. 26 cited at Introd. p. xxii, and *Alcazar*, 2. 3. 3, 'The fatal poison of my swelling heart'.

17. All Sat.'s speeches in this scene are headed *King* in Q.

*mo suns than one* Cf. *Hen. VIII*, 1. 1. 6 and p. xii of my Introd. to *Ric. II*. For 'mo' v. G.

19-25. *Rome's...will* Prob. a scrap of Peele. N.B. 'careful' (l. 21), cf. 4. 3. 27-34 (note); and the style of l. 23 (cf. that of 1. 1. 249).

19. *break* v. G., l. 91, and *Wives*, 3. 4. 22, 'break their talk'.

26. *my lord* (Q.) Q2, F. and edd. 'my gracious lord'.

36-8. *rash Virginius...enforced* Virginius slew his daughter to *prevent* her being 'enforced', as seems to be implied in ll. 50-2. Peele would almost certainly know the story as told by Livy (iii. 44-58) and retold by Chaucer (*Physician's Tale*). The mistaken implication here may, then, be put down to Sh., as Parrott suggests. Robertson (pp. 154-5) attempts to rebut this.

41. *Because...shame* If Peele utilized Chaucer's l. 214, 'Ther been two weyes, outhur deeth or shame', it is easy to see how the present line originated.

43-4. *A reason...warrant* Through the identification of the two situations, the 'reason', 'precedent', etc. have become far less 'effectual', since the original argument must have run: if Virg. slew his daughter while still a virgin, Titus had 'a thousand times more cause'.

*strong and* (Q.) Hanmer and edd. omit 'and'.

47. S.D. From F. (Q. omits).

49. *blind* Cf. 2. 4. 52; 2 *Hen. VI*, 3. 2. 62; *Ric. III*, 1. 2. 167.

52. *To do...done* F. omits.



60. *this pie* (Q.) Q2, F. and edd. 'that pie'. Cf. Note on Copy, p. 93.

64. S.D. None in Q.F.

66. *There's... deed* Cf. *Meas.* 5. 1. 405-7.

S.D. From *Camb.* None Q.F.

68-9. *severed... gusts* Parrott cites *M.N.D.* 3. 2. 20-4, 'As wild geese... Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky'.

70. *O, let me teach you* Cf. 2. 3. 158.

70-2. *to knit... body* Sh.'s recurrent political moral. With l. 72, cf. *Ric. II*, 3. 2. 187, 'learn to make a body of a limb'.

73-95. *Lest Rome... speak* Capell continues speech to *Marcus* and reads 'Lest' for Q.F. 'Let'. Q.F. begin a new speech at l. 73, which Q. assigns to *Romane Lord* and F. to *Goth.* *Camb.* (Note xi, p. 480) suggests that the lines 'were intended to be spoken by a Roman lord after Lucius had stabbed the Emperor', and that 'perhaps they were an afterthought... written at the foot of the page' and then wrongly placed by the Q. compositor. I too think them 'an afterthought', but that Capell's solution is the correct one. In other words, I suggest that '*Romane Lord*' was Sh.'s heading to a marginal addition, or slip, which he intended should be tacked on to *Marcus*' lines 67-72.

74. *she... curt'sy to.* Cf. *Merch.* 1. 1. 9-13.

*curt'sy* Q. 'curfie'.

75. *castaway* Cf. *Lucr.* 1. 744, 'a hopeless cast-away'.

76. *Do... herself* Cf. *Ric. II*, 2. 1. 66 and *Introd.* p. xxii.

77. *frosty... age* Cf. *A.Y.L.* 2. 3. 52-3, 'My age... frosty'; 2 *Hen. VI*, 5. 1. 167, 'the frosty head'; and *Lucr.* 1. 1452, 'with chaps and wrinkles'.

82. *To love-sick... ear* Cf. *Introd.* p. xxiii.

84-6. *When subtle... engine in* Robertson (p. 183) cites lines about Sinon from *Troy*, ll. 400-11; a good



parallel, since they contain the words 'subtle Grecians', 'bewitched', 'fatal', and 'engine'.

87. *civil wound* Again in *Ric. II*, 1. 3. 128; *Ric. III*, 5. 5. 40.

92. *ye* (Q.) Q2, F., etc. 'you'.

93. *And force you to* (Q.) Q2 and edd. 'Lending your kind', F. 'Lending your kind hand'. For these variants, and those at ll. 94-7, 129-33, 164-9 and 200, see Note on Copy, pp. 93-4, where they are quoted in full and explained.

96-115. *Then, gracious . . . of truth* Obviously Peele, in its diffuseness and stiffness.

116-18. *But, soft . . . themselves* As obviously Sh. 'But soft!' is a favourite opening with him (twenty instances in Bartlett), while see *Merch.* 3. 4. 22 and *Ado*, 5. 2. 69-82 on the subject of self-praise.

120-40. *Of this . . . be so* A return to Peele, though ll. 123-4 must be a later insertion, if Aaron was originated in 5. 1. N.B. (i) 'irreligious' (l. 121) is found 1. 1. 130 above and *Wives*, 5. 5. 242, but not elsewhere in Sh.; (ii) 'the poor remainder of' (l. 131) recurs *Ed. I*, 1. 5; *Alcazar*, 3. 3. 5; *Selimus* (l. 1287) [Robertson, p. 235], while cf. above 1. 1. 81, 'poor remains'; (iii) with 'Speak, Romans, speak' (l. 135) cf. 'Rise, Marcus, rise' (1. 1. 383); (iv) 'Come, come' (l. 137) is found at l. 160 below, and in 1. 1. 456 and 2. 1. 120; (v) 'common voice' (l. 140) recurs 1. 1. 21.

124. *Damned* (Theo.) Q.F. 'And'. Mal. accepts Theo., and cites *Oth.* 1. 2. 63, 'Damned as thou art'. Moors, being black like devils, were damned as it were by nature: cf. *K. John*, 4. 3. 121.

125. *cause* (F4) Q.F. 'Course'.

128. *have you* (Q.) Q2, F. 'you have'.

*truth. What* Q. 'truth, what'.

129-33. *Have we . . . souls* See Note on the Copy, p. 93.



141-71. *Lucius...of him* This also I take as Peele's, perhaps touched up here and there by Shakespeare.

141. *Lucius* etc. Q.F. assigns the line to Marcus. *Camb.* (after Cap.) give it to 'All'.

142-5. *Go, go...life* The awkwardness of this dramatic parenthesis, between two virtually identical lines, suggests a later insertion; yet the style is Peele's, not Shakespeare's. N.B. 'Go, go' (cf. note iv, ll. 120-40) and the weak lines 144-5. Cf. *Introd.* p. xlix.

144. *adjudged* (F.) Q. 'adiudge'.

145. S.D. after Capell. None in Q.F.

146. *Lucius* etc. Like l. 141 assigned to Marcus in Q.F.

149. *give...aim* Non-Sh. Sense doubtful. v. G. Grant White conj. 'give...air' (cf. 'stand all aloof').

150. *nature puts me* A Sh. idiom; v. G. 'nature', 'put'.

152. *obsequious tears* Cf. i. i. 159-60, and *Ham.* i. 2. 92, 'obsequious sorrow'. S.D. after Johnson.

154. *-stained* (F 3) Q.F. 'flaine'.

155. *noble son* Self-praise, and therefore not Sh.; cf. note ll. 116-18.

160. *come, come* Cf. note (iv), ll. 120-40.

164-9. *Many...kiss* See Note on the Copy, p. 93-4.

171. *him...him* (F.) Q. 'them...them'.

172-5. *O, grandsire...mouth* Here speaks a living voice, after the mechanical formalism of Uncle Marcus. I think the rest of the sc. is Sh. also.

175. S.D. None in Q.F.

176. *You sad* etc. Q. assigns to *Romane*; F. to *Romans*.

178. *breeder* Sh. is fond of 'breed' and 'breeder'; see 4. 2. 68; 3 *Hen. VI.* 2. i. 42; *Gent.* 3. i. 243, etc. *dire events* Recurs *V.A.* l. 1159.

179. *breast-deep* etc. Cf. *Wives*, 3. 4. 87-8.



184-90. *Ah, why...soul* A shorter version of 5. 1. 124-44.

195. *ravenous tiger* The epithet does duty for Aaron in l. 5. Hasty writing.

196-9. *No funeral rite...pity* Cf. the words of the churlish priest at Ophelia's funeral (*Ham.* 5. 1. 221-8).

196. *weed* (Q.) Q2, F. and edd. 'weeds'. Cf. 1. 1. 70.

198. *of prey* (F.) Q. 'to pray'.

199-200. *beastly...birds* 'Quibble on beasts and birds' in l. 198 (Bolton, *P.M.L.A.* xlv. 778). Bolton also remarks the pointed repetition of 'pity' as the final note of the play; surely a Sh. touch.

200. *And...pity* (Q.) Q2, F. and edd. 'And being so shall have like want of pitty'. For this and the five lines which Q2, F. and mod edd. print after it, see Note on the Copy, p. 94.



## GLOSSARY

- ABJECTLY, meanly, with contempt; 2. 3. 4  
 ABUSE, deceive; 2. 3. 87  
 ACCITE (cf. *2 Hen. IV*, 2. 2. 58; 5. 2. 141), summon; 1. 1. 27  
 ACHERON, one of the rivers of Hades here supposed a lake, (cf. note 3. 5. 15, *Macb.*); 4. 3. 44  
 ACHIEVE, gain, obtain; 2. 1. 80, 81  
 ACTÆON, hunter turned into a stag and torn to pieces by his own hounds as a punishment for gazing on Diana bathing; 2. 3. 63  
 ADMIT, favour, declare for (cf. *K. John*, 2. 1. 361; *Cor.* 2. 3. 151); 1. 1. 222  
 ADVICE, deliberation; 1. 1. 379; 4. 1. 93  
 ADVISE, consider, bethink oneself (cf. *well-advised*); 4. 2. 129  
 AFFECT, (i) love; 2. 1. 28; (ii) aim at; 2. 1. 105.  
 AFFY, (in) trust (v. note); 1. 1. 47  
 AFOOT, 'up and about', after illness or childbirth; 4. 2. 29  
 AIM, 'give aim' = 'guide (a person) in his aim by informing him of the result of a preceding shot' (O.E.D.), and so (perhaps) fig 'give room and scope to his thoughts' (Schmidt); 5. 3. 149  
 ALCIDES, name of Hercules, as descendant of Alcaeus; 4. 2. 95  
 AMAIN, with speed; 4. 4. 66  
 ANCHORAGE, 'set of anchors' (O.E.D.); 1. 1. 73  
 ANNOY (sb.), harm, injury (here in strong sense); 4. 1. 50  
 ANSWER, (i) (a) render account for, bear responsibility for; (b) pay for; 1. 1. 412, 2. 3. 298; (ii) respond to; 3. 1. 38  
 APPARENT, manifest; 2. 3. 292  
 APPOINT, equip; 4. 2. 16  
 APPROVE, prove; 2. 1. 35; 5. 1. 1  
 ARM (fig.), make strong; 4. 1. 87  
 ASTRÆA, goddess of justice who lived on earth in the Golden Age and retired to Heaven in the Age of Iron; 4. 3. 4  
 BANDY, brawl, fight (cf. *Rom.* 3. 1. 92); 1. 1. 312  
 BAUBLE, the court fool's stick with top carved in shape of head; 5. 1. 79  
 BAY (hunting term), (i) 'deep, prolonged barking of hounds' (Onions); 2. 2. 3; (ii) position of hunted animal when it turns and faces the hounds ('at a bay', 'at the bay'), extremity; 4. 2. 42  
 BEHOLDING, beholden, under obligation (freq. in Sh.); 1. 1. 396; 5. 3. 33  
 BENT TO, intent upon; 4. 4. 65  
 BERAY, foul, defile (cf. Holinshed, *Hist. Scot.* ii. 150. 'the bed all berayed with blood'); 2. 3. 222



- BETRAY, deceive, entrap (cf. *Oth.* 5. 2. 6); 5. 2. 147
- BITE ONE'S TONGUE, be silent or speechless (cf. 2 *Hen.* VI, 1. 1. 230; 3 *Hen.* VI, 1. 4. 47); 3. 1. 131
- BLAZON, proclaim; 4. 4. 18
- BLOWSE, 'ruddy-faced fat wench' (Schmidt), here of a baby boy (v. note); 4. 2. 72
- BOAST (sb.), display (cf. vb. *Lucr.* 1. 55); 2. 3. 11
- BOLD IN, confident in; 5. 1. 13
- BOOTY, prey, victims (of a robbery) (cf. 3 *Hen.* VI, 1. 4. 63); 2. 3. 49
- BOWELS, lit. and fig. as seat of affections; 3. 1. 231
- BRABBLE, brawl, quarrel; 2. 1. 62
- BRAVE (sb.), bravado, threat; 2. 1. 30
- BRAVE (vb.), (i) challenge, defy; 2. 1. 25 S.D.; 2. 3. 126; 4. 2. 36, 137; (ii) 'brave it' = defiantly show oneself; 4. 1. 122
- BRAVE (adj.), epithet of praise with vague sense, 'fine'; 4. 2. 136
- BRAWL, quarrel; 4. 3. 92
- BREAK, (i) (into), speak passionately or impulsively (cf. mod. 'break out into'); 3. 1. 216; (ii) (tr.) 'break one's heart' = die (cf. *M.W.W.* 2. 2. 284); 5. 1. 113; (iii) interrupt; 5. 3. 19, 91
- BREATHE DIM, make dim with one's breath; 3. 1. 212
- BRINISH, briny; 3. 1. 97
- BROACH, (i) (a quarrel), begin, enter on, 2. 1. 67; (ii) stick on a sword's point as on a spit (cf. *Hen.* V, 5 Pr. 32); 4. 2. 85
- BUSINESS, trouble (O.E.D. 7); 1. 1. 192
- BUZZ, whisper (scandal, etc.) into someone's ear (cf. 'buzzer', *Ham.* 4. 5. 89), 4. 4. 7
- CABIN (vb.), lodge in a confined space (cf. *Macb.* 3. 4. 24); 4. 2. 180
- CANDIDATUS, candidate for office in Rome (lit. one clothed in white); 1. 1. 185
- CAPITOL, Hist. the hill N.W. of the Forum on which stood the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. Usually identified with the Senate House by the Elizabethans; 1. 1. 12, 77.
- CARD, v. *sure card*; 5. 1. 100
- CAREFUL, costing or taking trouble; 4. 3. 30; 5. 3. 21
- CARRY, carry on or off, 'get away with'; 2. 3. 127
- CASTLE (fig.), defensive stronghold; 3. 1. 170
- CAUSE, (a) case, affair, (b) disease, sickness; 2. 4. 9
- CAUSELESS (adv.), without reasonable cause; 4. 1. 26
- CENTAURS' FEAST. Refers to the bloody battle which followed the marriage feast to which the Lapithae invited the Centaurs; 5. 2. 204
- CERTAIN, sure; 2. 1. 95
- CHAFED, brought to bay (freq.); 4. 2. 138
- CHALLENGE, accuse (cf. *Macb.* 3. 4. 42); 1. 1. 340.
- CHAMPION, warrior, man of valour (elsewhere in this sense only in 1, 2, 3 *Hen.* VI); 1. 1. 65, 151
- CHANCE, mishap; 4. 2. 78
- CHARGE, expense; 4. 3. 104



- CHARMING, (*a*) attractive, (*b*) binding with a magic spell; 2. 1. 16
- CHASE, hunting-ground; 2. 2. 21; 2. 3. 255
- CHEATER, officer appointed to look after property forfeited to the Crown (escheats); hence, because of his opportunities of fraud, fig in the modern sense; 5. 1. 111
- CHEER, (i) look, countenance, 1. 1. 264; (ii) hospitable fare; 5. 3. 28
- CIMMERIAN, 'black man', from Cimmerians in Homer, on whose land the sun never shone, and hence a symbol for darkness; 2. 3. 72
- CIRCUMSCRIBE, confine within limits, restrain; 1. 1. 68
- CITE, make mention of; 5. 3. 117
- CIVIL, belonging to civil strife; 5. 3. 87
- CLEANLY, at once 'cleverly' and 'completely'; 2. 1. 94
- CLEARNESS, (*a*) (abstr. for concr.) clear pool, (*b*) purity (cf. *All's Well*, 1. 3. 6); 3. 1. 128
- CLOSE, enclose; 5. 3. 194
- CLOSING (sb.), agreement, coming to terms, 5. 2. 70
- CLOSURE, end; 5. 3. 134
- CLUBS, cry to summon aid to stop a brawl in London (v note), 2. 1. 37
- COACH, chariot; 2. 1. 7
- COCYTUS, one of the rivers of Hades, here used for Hades itself (v. note); 2. 3. 236
- CODDING, lustful (here only), from 'cods' = testicles (O.E.D. 'cod' 4); 5. 1. 99
- COFFIN, pie-crust (cf. 'custard-coffin'; *Shrew*, 4. 3. 82); 5. 2. 189
- COIL, fuss, commotion; 3. 1. 225
- COIN (vb), produce (fig from minting a coin); 2. 3. 5
- COMPACT (adj.), composed (cf. *M.N.D.* 5. 1. 8), 5. 3. 88
- COMPETITOR (In Sh usu. = partner.) (i) candidate; 1. 1. 63; (ii) rival; 2. 1. 77
- COMPLAINER, mourner, lamenting; 3. 2. 39
- COMLOT, plot; 2. 3. 265; 5. 1. 65; 5. 2. 147
- CONCEIT, device, invention; 4. 2. 30
- CONDUCT, leadership, command; 4. 4. 66
- CONFEDERATE (sb and adj.), conspirator, joined in conspiracy (cf. *Ham* 3. 2. 256, 'confederate season'); 1. 1. 303, 344; 4. 1. 39, 5. 1. 108
- CONFIDENT, confiding, trustful; 1. 1. 61
- CONFLICT, used equivocally of sexual intercourse; 2. 3. 21
- CONFOUND, ruin, destroy; 4. 2. 6
- CONFRONT, face as accuser or witness (O E D 3*b*), 4. 4. 3
- CONFUSION, ruin, destruction; 2. 3. 184; 5. 2. 8
- CONTROL, thwart, overrule, restrain; 1. 1. 420, 3. 1. 260; check; 5. 1. 26
- CONTROLMENT, check, restraint; 2. 1. 68
- CONVENIENT, fitting, proper; 5. 2. 90
- CORDIAL (source of) comfort, 1. 1. 166
- CORNELIA (v. note), 4. 1. 12
- COUCH, lie hidden; 5. 2. 38
- COURT IT, woo; 2. 1. 91



- COUSIN, niece (in Sh. of any near relation); 2. 4. 12, 41
- COZEN, cheat; 5. 3. 101
- CRACK, explosive noise (of gun, thunder, etc.) (cf. *Macb.* 4. 1. 117); 2. 1. 3
- CREST. As a symbol of military honour here = 'honour'; 1. 1. 364
- CROSS, perverse; 2. 3. 53
- CRY, deep barking of hounds in unison; 2. 2. 10 (S.D.)
- CURTAIN, cover, conceal; 2. 3. 24
- CUT, (i) cut off; 2. 4. 2, 27; 3. 1. 78 *et al.*; (ii) take away (w quibble on (i)); 2. 4. 40
- CYCLOPS, race of one-eyed giants in Homer and Hesiod; 4. 3. 46
- DAINTILY, deliciously (w. ironical quibble on sense, 'fastidiously'); 5. 3. 61
- DAINTY, delicate, lovely; 2. 1. 117
- DANCING-RAPIER, sword worn only for ornament in dancing (cf. *All's Well*, 2. 1. 32-3); 2. 1. 39
- DATE, term of existence (cf. *M.N.D.* 3. 2. 373, etc); 1. 1. 168
- DAYS (see note); 4. 2. 166
- DAZZLE (of the eyes), lose clearness of sight (cf. 3 *Hen. VI*, 2. 1. 25; Webster, *Duch. of Malft*, 4. 2. 281); 3. 2. 85
- DEADLY-STANDING, fixed in a deathlike stare; 2. 3. 32
- DEAL, 'some deal' = a little; 3. 1. 245
- DEAR, (i) (a) precious, beloved, (b) expensive; 3. 1. 200; (ii) grievous, dire (freq. in Sh., a different word from (i)); 3. 1. 257
- DECIPHER, detect (cf. 1 *Hen. VI*, 4. 1. 184); 4. 2. 8
- DECREE, (vb.) resolve; 2. 3. 274
- DECREE (sb.) decision; 5. 2. 11
- DESERT, merit, meritorious deed; 1. 1. 24, 45, 236, 256; 3. 1. 170
- DETECT, expose; 2. 4. 27
- DETESTED, detestable; 2. 3. 93
- DEVICE, (i) contrivance, plot; 1. 1. 395; (ii) plan; 2. 1. 79; 3. 1. 134; 4. 4. 53, 113; 5. 2. 120, 143
- DEVISE, plot; 5. 1. 128
- DIGRESS, transgress, offend (cf. *Ric. II*, 5. 3. 66); 5. 3. 116
- DISCOVER, reveal (most freq. Sh. sense); 4. 1. 75; 5. 1. 85
- DISTRACT, distraught; 4. 3. 26
- DO, have sexual intercourse with; 4. 2. 76
- DOMINATOR '(Astrol) A planet or sign supposed to dominate a particular person' (O.E.D.); 2. 3. 31
- DOOM, pronounce judgement (rare sense in Sh., but cf. *Cym.* 5. 5. 420); 4. 2. 114
- DOUBT, suspect, 2. 3. 68
- DOWNFALL, (sun's) setting; 5. 2. 57
- DRIVE (upon), set (on), rush (upon). A hunting term (v. Madden, p. 321); 2. 3. 64
- DRUG, plant from which poison can be extracted; 1. 1. 154
- DULL, gloomy, dark; 2. 1. 128
- EASE, 'do ease' = bring relief from sorrow, 3. 1. 121
- ECSTASY, madness, fit of madness; 4. 1. 126; 4. 4. 21



- EGAL, equal (cf. *Merch.* 3. 4. 13); 4. 4. 4
- EMPERAL, EMPERIAL, blunder for 'emperor'; 4. 3. 93; 4. 4. 40-1
- EMPERY, (i) dominion, 1. 1. 19 (cf. *Hen. V.* 1. 2. 227); (ii) status of emperor; 1. 1. 22, 201
- EMPIRE, status of emperor; 1. 1. 183
- ENACT (sb.), purpose; 4. 2. 118
- ENCELADUS, one of the Titans who warred against the Olympian gods; 4. 2. 93
- ENGINE, lit. mother wit (> Lat. *ingenium*), (i) scheme; 2. 1. 123; (ii) instrument (cf. 'engine of thoughts', *V.A.* 1. 367); 3. 1. 82; (i) and (ii) app. combined in 5. 3. 86
- ENSIGN, token, emblem; 1. 1. 252
- ENTRAILS, inward parts, interior (v. note II. 226-30); 2. 3. 230
- ENTREAT, entreaty; 1. 1. 449, 483
- ENVOUS, malicious, malignant; 3. 1. 96
- ENVY, hatred, malice; 2. 1. 4
- ESCAPE (or 'escape'), transgression, esp. sexual (cf. *Oth.* 1. 3. 197; *W.T.* 3. 3. 71, 72); 4. 2. 113
- EXCLAIM (sb.), outcry, protest (cf. *Ric. II.* 1. 2. 2; *Ric. III.* 1. 2. 52; 4. 4. 135); 4. 1. 87
- EXTENT, 'exercise (of justice, kindness)' (Onions); 4. 4. 3
- EXTREMES, extravagant passion or hysterical behaviour (cf. *W.T.* 4. 4. 6; *Shrew.* Ind. i. 137); 3. 1. 216
- FAIR (adv.), civilly, courteously (cf. *Ric. III.* 4. 4. 151); 1. 1. 46; 5. 2. 140
- FAT, fig. = 'delight', 3. 1. 204
- FATAL-PLOTTED, contrived so as to cause a death (here only); 2. 3. 47
- FEAR (vb.), fear for; 2. 3. 305
- FEELING, effect upon the feeling or senses (cf. *Ric. II.* 1. 3. 301); 4. 2. 28
- FERE, spouse (only *Per. Pr.* 1. 21 elsewhere in Sh.); 4. 1. 90
- FIND, (i) experience; 2. 3. 150; 5. 2. 161; (ii) find out; 4. 2. 26
- FIT (sb.), paroxysm (of lust); 2. 1. 134; (of madness), 4. 1. 17; 4. 4. 12
- FIT (vb.) furnish (a person) with (something); 4. 1. 115; 5. 2. 85
- FLATTER, deceive; 3. 2. 72
- FLATTERY, delusion, self-deception; 3. 1. 254
- FLEECE, mass of hair on the head (cf. *Son.* 68. 8); 2. 3. 34
- FOLD, conceal (cf. *Lucr.* 1. 1073); 2. 3. 266
- FOOL, a term of endearment or pity (cf. *Tw. Nt.* 5. 1. 369; *Lear.* 5. 3. 305); 3. 2. 20
- FORFEND, avert, forbid; 1. 1. 434
- FORGE, invent; 5. 2. 71
- FORLORN, of wretched appearance; 2. 3. 94
- FORWARD, ardent, eager; 1. 1. 56
- FRANKLY, bounteously, generously; 1. 1. 420
- FRANTIC, mad; 4. 4. 60; 5. 3. 64



- FRANTICLY, like a madman; 3. 2. 31  
 FRAUGHT (sb.), freight; 1. 1. 71  
 FUMBLE, 'wrap up clumsily' (O.E.D. 3); 4. 2. 58  
 FURY, madness; 4. 1. 24  
 GAD, sharp spike; 'gad of steel' = stylus (cf. O.E.D.); 4. 1. 104  
 GEAR, business; 4. 3. 52  
 GENERAL, (i) of a large body of people; 2. 3. 59; (ii) common to a whole class or sex; 2. 3. 183  
 GET, beget; 4. 2. 90  
 GIDDY, fickle; 4. 4. 88; 5. 2. 78  
 GILT, gilded (p. tense of 'gild'); 2. 1. 6  
 GLOZE, use fair (but specious) words; 4. 4. 35  
 GODDEN, good evening; 4. 4. 44  
 GOLDEN, auspicious, happy, refreshing; 2. 3. 26 (cf. note); 4. 4. 98  
 GOVERN, direct, carry through (a plan); 5. 2. 139  
 GRACE (vb.), (i) show favour to; 2. 1. 27; (ii) adorn, embellish; 5. 2. 17  
 GRACIOUS, (i) finding favour, acceptable, 1. 1. 11, 170, 429; 2. 1. 32; (ii) bestowing favour, merciful, favourable; 1. 1. 60, 78, 104; 3. 1. 157; 5. 3. 96  
 GRAMERCY (fr. 'grand merci'), great thanks; 1. 1. 495; 4. 2. 7  
 GRATIFY, reward; 1. 1. 220; 4. 2. 12  
 GRATULATE, show joy at; 1. 1. 221  
 GRIEF, sense of grievance; 1. 1. 438, 443  
 GROOM, fellow; 4. 2. 165  
 GROUND, (a) foundation, basis; (b) (in music) bass or plain-song to a descant; 2. 1. 70  
 HAND (OUT OF), on the spur of the moment; 5. 2. 77  
 HANDSOMELY, handily, conveniently; 2. 3. 268  
 HEAD, armed force; 4. 4. 64  
 HEAVINESS, sorrow; 3. 2. 49  
 HEAVY, sorrowful; 3. 1. 277; 4. 3. 25; 5. 2. 24; 5. 3. 150  
 HECUBA, Queen of Troy, wife of Priam (v. *Ham.* 2. 2. 505 ff.); 4. 1. 20  
 HIGH-WITTED, supremely cunning; 4. 4. 35  
 HIT IT, (a) find the right solution (not pre-Shn.); (b) in an equivocal sense (v. *G. L.L.L.*); 2. 1. 97  
 HOLD! here! (when proffering a tip); 4. 3. 104  
 HONESTY, chastity; 2. 3. 135  
 HONEY-DEW, 'sweet, sticky substance, found on leaves and stems of plants' (O.E.D.); 3. 1. 112  
 HONEY-STALKS, stalks of clover flowers. App. a coinage by Sh. (v. note). "Honey-suckle" was anciently a name for red clover, and is still in Warwickshire and other midland districts' (Onions); 4. 4. 92  
 HOPEFUL, hoped for, 2. 3. 49  
 HORN (vb.), cuckold a husband; 2. 3. 67  
 HUL, appearance, style of beauty; 1. 1. 261  
 HUMBLE (vb.), (i) subject, submit; 1. 1. 51; (ii) offer humbly; 1. 1. 252; (iii) make humble; 1. 1. 472



- HUMOUR, caprice; 4. 3. 29;  
4. 4. 19; 5. 2. 140
- HYMENÆUS, Hymen, god of marriage, here = the marriage ceremony; 1. 1. 325
- HYPERION, the sun-god, the sun; 5. 2. 56
- IGNOMY, ignominy (freq. 16th- and 17th-c. form); 4. 2. 115
- IMPERIOUS, (i) imperial; 1. 1. 250; 4. 4. 82; (ii) commanding; 5. 1. 6
- IMPIETY, lack of natural 'piety' (q.v.); 1. 1. 355
- INCREASE, offspring (freq. in Sh.); 5. 2. 192
- INDIFFERENTLY, impartially, as a neutral; 1. 1. 430
- INGRATEFUL, ungrateful. The commonest form in Sh.; 5. 1. 12
- INHERIT, enjoy possession of (comm. sense in Sh.); 2. 3. 3
- INSINUATE, curry favour (cf. *Ric. II*, 4. 1. 165); 4. 2. 38
- INSULT ON, triumph scornfully over; 3. 2. 71
- INTERCEPT, interrupt; 3. 1. 40
- INTEREST (sb.), claim or title to enjoy possession, hence, enjoyment; 3. 1. 250
- JAR (vb.), lit. make musical discord, (hence) disagree; 2. 1. 103
- JET, encroach; 2. 1. 64
- JOY (vb.), enjoy; 2. 3. 83
- JUST (adv.), exactly; 4. 2. 24
- KEEP, (i) hold, defend; 1. 1. 12; (ii) keep on making; 4. 2. 57; (iii) remain in; 5. 2. 5
- KILL (one's heart); break (cf. *Hen. V*, 2. 1. 87); 3. 2. 54
- KIND, nature (of the thing mentioned); 2. 1. 116; 2. 3. 281
- KNIT, (i) tie; 2. 4. 10; (ii) unite; 5. 3. 70
- LADING, cargo; 1. 1. 72
- LAMENTING, lamentable; 3. 2. 62
- LANGUISHMENT, pining for love, lovesickness (cf. *Lucr.* 1. 1141; elsewhere in Sh. 'languishing'; 2. 1. 110
- LANGUOR, affliction, sorrow, mourning. Mod. sense not found before 1650; 3. 1. 13
- LATEST, last; 1. 1. 83, 149; 5. 3. 169
- LEAGUE, amity (cf. *Ric. III*, 1. 3. 281; *John*, 2. 1. 417); 5. 3. 23
- LEAN, bare (cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, 1. 2. 72, 'lean wardrobe'); 2. 3. 94
- LEAVE, leave off; 1. 1. 424
- LEER, countenance, complexion (cf. *A.T.L.I.* 4. 1. 64); 4. 2. 119
- LEISURE, (BY), very slowly, i.e. not at all, 1. 1. 301
- LESSON (vb.), teach; 5. 2. 110
- LET ALONE, trust (cf. *Tw. Nt.* 3. 4. 187); 4. 3. 113
- LIBEL (vb. intr.), publish libels, 4. 4. 17
- LIMBO. Properly, an abode on edge of Hell (v. note); 3. 1. 149
- LIVELY, (i) living; 3. 1. 105; (ii) striking; 5. 3. 44
- LOOK BACK, relent; 1. 1. 481
- LOVE-DAY, (a) lit. day appointed for a meeting to settle a dispute; (b) quibbling: a day given up to love (v. note); 1. 1. 491



- LUSTILY, merrily (cf. *A.T.L.I.* 4. 2. 18); 2. 2. 14
- LUXURIOUS, lascivious; 5. 1. 88
- MAD (vb.), madden; 3. 1. 104
- MAKE AWAY, kill; 2. 3. 189, 208, 4. 2. 168
- MANES, spirits of the dead; 1. 1. 98
- MAP, picture (cf. *Rsc. II*, 5. 1. 12); 3. 2. 12
- MARK, (i) (mark to), mark out (for); 1. 1. 125
- MARKED, branded (cf. *K. John*, 4. 2. 221); 4. 2. 9
- MARTYR (vb.), (i) mutilate, disfigure (cf. *Lucr.* 1. 802); 3. 1. 81, 107; (ii) kill; 5. 2. 181
- MARTYRED, belonging to a martyr; 3. 2. 36
- MAUGRE, in spite of; 4. 2. 110
- MAY, can, 1. 1. 475; 2. 1. 107; 2. 4. 20; 4. 3. 29
- MEAN (sb.); means; 2. 4. 40
- MEANER, humbler, of lower rank; 2. 1. 73
- MELTING, (a) (lit.) dissolving in rain; (b) (fig.) yielding to tender emotion; 3. 1. 214
- MESH, or (mash) lit. 'mix (malt) with hot water to form wort' (O.E.D.); here, brew; 3. 2. 38
- MESSAGE, errand (sense in *Sh.*, as still in Scotland); 4. 1. 118
- MINION, jade, hussy, 2. 3. 124
- MISCHIEF (stronger sense than mod.), calamity, 5. 1. 65
- Mo, more (in number); 5. 3. 17
- MOTION, proposal, 1. 1. 243
- MUTINY, rebellion; 4. 1. 86
- MUTUAL, common; 5. 3. 71, 134
- NAPKIN, handkerchief; 3. 1. 140, 146
- NATURE, natural affection; 1. 1. 370, 371; 5. 3. 150
- NICE-PRESERVED, preserved by coyness; 2. 3. 135
- NIP, (a) afflict; (b) freeze; 4. 4. 71
- NOISE, music; 2. 2. 6
- NOTE, stigmatize, defame (cf. *Caes.* 4. 3. 2); 2. 3. 86
- NOURISH, nurse; 5. 1. 60, 84
- OBJECT, spectacle. Lit. something presented to the sight; 3. 1. 64
- OBSEQUIOUS, of dutiful sorrow. (The mod. pejorative sense not in *Sh.*); 5. 3. 152
- O'ERCOME (p. part.), overrun, overgrown; 2. 3. 95
- OFFICIOUS, zealous in performing a duty; 5. 2. 202
- ONSET, beginning, first step (cf. *Gent.* 3. 2. 94); 1. 1. 238
- OPINION, reputation, credit; 1. 1. 416
- OPPOSE, compare (Lat. *opponere*); 1. 1. 132
- ORDAIN, design, plan, 5. 3. 22
- OUT, interj. of horror, sorrow, indignation, etc.; 'out alas!' (cf. *Son.* 33. 11); 2. 3. 258; 'out on thee!'; 3. 2. 54
- OUTRAGEOUS, very violent, furious; 3. 2. 13
- OVERBEAR, treat insolently; 4. 4. 2
- OVERLOOK, look down on from above (freq. in *Sh.*); 2. 1. 8
- OVERSHINE, outshine; 1. 1. 317
- OVERWEEN, be presumptuous; 2. 1. 29
- PACK (vb.), plot, conspire; 4. 2. 156



- PAINS, birth-pains; 4. 2. 47
- PAINTED, specious, unreal (cf. *A.Y.L.I.* 2. 1. 3); 2. 3. 126
- PALLIAMENT, candidate's white gown (v. *candidatus*). Only found here and in Peele's *Honour of the Garter*, ll 91, 92; coinage from either *pallium* = cloak, or *paludamentum* = military cloak; 1. 1. 182
- PANTHEON, building in Rome, erected 27 B.C., adorned with statues of many gods (hence the name = 'of all the gods'); here, as commonly, supposed to be a temple to all the gods; consecrated as a Christian church by Boniface IV; 1. 1. 242, 333
- PARCEL, small party or company of persons; 2. 3. 49
- PART (sb.), 'in p. of' = in recognition of, extension of sense 'on behalf of'; 1. 1. 236
- PART (vb.), depart; 1. 1. 488
- PARTY, representative, 1. 1. 21
- PASSION, powerful emotion, e.g. grief; 1. 1. 106; 3. 1. 218; 3. 2. 48
- PASSIONATE (vb.), passionately express (cf. *F.Q.* 1. 12. 16; here only in Sh.); 3. 2. 6
- PATIENCE, indulgence; 2. 3. 66
- PATIENT (oneself), be patient; 1. 1. 121
- PATTERN (vb.), provide with a pattern or precedent; 4. 1. 58
- PEER (vb.), come in sight, appear ('highest-peering' = showing up above all others); 2. 1. 8
- PERFECT (adj.), 'to be perfect in' = to know by heart; 3. 2. 40
- PHILOMEL (or PHILOMELA), Athenian maiden, outraged by her brother-in-law Tereus, who afterwards cut out her tongue to prevent disclosure; 2. 3. 43; 2. 4. 38, 43; 4. 1. 48, 53; 5. 2. 195
- PHOEBE, Diana; 1. 1. 316
- PIECE, contemptuous term for a woman, 'creature', 'thing'; 1. 1. 309
- PIETY (Lat. *pietas*; cf. Virgil's '*pious Aeneas*'), right conduct towards the gods, the state, or the family; 1. 1. 115
- PIPE (for) (vb.), whistle, call in vain (for); 4. 3. 24
- PITCH (term of falconry), highest point (to wh. a hawk soars) (cf. *Ric. III.*, 3. 7. 188; *Ham.* 3. 1. 86); 2. 1. 14
- PLAIN, level; 4. 1. 70
- PLAY A PRIZE, engage in a contest or match (often contemptuous); 1. 1. 399
- PLEDGE (sb.), (i) bail, surety; 4. 4. 107; 5. 1. 163; (ii) i.e. parent or child (pledge of love; cf. Lat. *pignus*); 3. 1. 292
- PLOT (sb.), spot, piece of ground; 4. 1. 70
- PLUTO, sovereign god of Hades; 4. 3. 13, 37
- POLICY, craft, crafty device; 2. 1. 104; 4. 2. 149
- POWER, (i) heavenly being; 3. 1. 209; (ii) army; 3. 1. 300; 4. 4. 64
- PRACTICE, scheme; 5. 2. 77
- PRESENT, immediate; 2. 3. 173
- PRESENTLY, immediately; 2. 3. 62; 4. 2. 167; 4. 4. 46; 5. 1. 146; 5. 3. 59



- PRETEND, profess; 1. 1. 42  
 PRIVILEGE, immunity (cf. *Ric. III*, 3. 1. 41); 4. 4. 58  
 PROGNE, sister of Philomela (v. *Philomel*), in revenge for whose violation she killed her son Itys, and gave his flesh for her husband, Tereus, to eat; 5. 2. 196  
 PROPORTION, shape, form (cf. *Merch.* 3. 4. 14); 5. 2. 106  
 PROPOSE, i.e. to carry out (Lat. *proponere*); 2. 1. 80  
 PROUD, spirited, fierce, cruel; 2. 2. 21; 3. 1. 291; 4. 4. 26, 59  
 PURCHASE, obtain, win; 2. 3. 275  
 PUT TO, bring to, cause to come to; 5. 3. 150  
 PUT UP, put up with; 1. 1. 433  
 PYRAMUS, lover of Thisbe, who, finding her veil covered with blood, supposed her slain, and killed himself; whereafter she finding him dead killed herself likewise (v. Ovid, *Metam.* IV, and *M.N.D.* 5. 1); 2. 3. 231  
 QUESTION, talk to, discuss with; 2. 3. 48  
 QUIT, requite, pay back, 1. 1. 141  
 QUOTE, mark, observe, distinguish (cf. *Rom.* 1. 4. 31, etc.); 4. 1. 51  
 RAGGED, rugged, irregular, broken (cf. *Gent.* 1. 2. 121); 2. 3. 230  
 RAPINE, rape; 5. 2. 59, 62, 83, 103  
 RECEPTACLE, sepulchre, vault. Cf. *Rom.* 4. 3. 39. Lit. a place for retirement or security, room, apartment (O.E.D. 2); 1. 1. 92; 2. 3. 235  
 REFLECT, shine (cf. *Ric. III*, 1. 4. 31; *Lucr.* l. 376), 1. 1. 226  
 RESERVE, preserve; 1. 1. 165  
 RESOLVE, answer (a question), solve (a problem); 5. 3. 35  
 RESOLVED, resolute (in face of some evil) (cf. *Meas.* 3. 2. 240—'resolved to die'); 1. 1. 135  
 REST (sb.), restoration to strength (cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, 4. 3. 27); 4. 2. 63  
 REST (vb.), rely; 1. 1. 267; ('rest in'), depend (on); 2. 3. 41  
 ROSED, rosy; 2. 4. 24  
 ROUND ABOUT, all over, everywhere; 4. 2. 18; 5. 2. 98  
 ROUSE, make rise from lair (technical hunting term); 2. 2. 21  
 RUDE-GROWING, rough; 2. 3. 199  
 RUFFLE, swagger, bully; 1. 1. 313  
 SAD, dismal (cf. *Ric. II*, 5. 5. 70); 5. 2. 11  
 SANGUINE, ruddy, red-faced; 4. 2. 97  
 SAUCINESS, insolence (stronger than the mod. word); 2. 3. 82  
 SAUCY, insolent; 2. 3. 60  
 SCATH, harm (cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, 2. 4. 62; *Ric. III*, 1. 3. 317; *K. John*, 2. 1. 75); 5. 1. 7  
 SCROWL (vb.). 'A form of "scrawl"', gesticulate, 'with a play on "scroll", to write down' (Onions); 2. 4. 5  
 SEAL, token; 4. 2. 69



- SEARCH, probe (a wound); 2. 3. 262
- SECURE (of), safe (from); 2. 1. 3
- SELF, same (cf. 3 *Hen. VI*, 3. 1. 11; *Merck.* 1. 1. 148); 4. 2. 123
- SEMIRAMIS, mythical Assyrian queen, wife of Ninus, proverbial for her sexual licence; 2. 1. 22; 2. 3. 118
- SENSIBLY. Meaning doubtful: (either) as regards the bodily faculties; (or), as common sense tells us, plainly; 4. 2. 122
- SEQUESTER, separate; 2. 3. 75
- SET (abroad), set on foot, stir up; 1. 1. 192
- SHAPE, create, fashion; 4. 4. 58
- SHIFT, contrivance, trick; 4. 1. 73; 4. 2. 177
- SHIVE, slice (only here in *Sh.*); 2. 1. 87
- SHORT, rude; 1. 1. 409
- SHRINK, shrivel up, wither away; 3. 1. 248
- SIBYL, generic name of ancient Italian prophetesses, e.g. the Cumaean Sibyl, who wrote prophetic answers to inquiries on leaves, and placed them outside her cave, where the wind blew them away unless they were collected quickly; 4. 1. 106
- SINGLE (vb. tr.) separate, single out. A hunting term = select one from the herd (v. note, and Madden, p. 31 n., citing Turberville, *Booke of Hunting*, 1576—Tudor and Stuart Library, p. 244); 2. 1. 117; 2. 3. 69
- SINK (sb.), sewer, cesspool (cf. *Trail.* 5. 1. 83; *Cor.* 1. 1. 126); 3. 2. 19
- SINON, Greek who as pretended deserter persuaded the Trojans to admit the wooden horse to Troy; 5. 3. 85
- SLAUGHTER-MAN, slayer (v. note); 4. 4. 59
- SLIP (sb.), (i) offence, fault (cf. *Ham.* 2. 1. 22); 2. 3. 86; (ii) scion; 5. 1. 9
- SMELL (of), smack (of); 2. 1. 132
- SMOOTH (vb.), soothe, flatter; 4. 4. 97; 5. 2. 140
- SMOKE FOR IT, suffer for it. Orig. burn as a heretic for it. Mod. 'get it hot'; 4. 2. 111
- SNATCH (sb.), swift catch (equivocal; v. O.E.D. 6b); 2. 1. 95
- SOLEMN, grand, ceremonious, formal; 2. 1. 112; 5. 2. 115
- OLON, statesman of Athens (c. 640–558 B.C.), famed for his new constitution of Athens (c. 594); 1. 1. 177
- SPEED, (i) fare well (v. note); 1. 1. 372; (ii) succeed; 2. 1. 101
- SPLEENFUL, passionate, lustful (cf. *Trail.* 2. 2. 196); 2. 3. 191
- SPOIL (sb.), spoliation; 4. 4. 65
- SPOTTED, stained, polluted (cf. *Ric. II*, 3. 2. 134; *M.N.D.* 1. 1. 110; *Lea*, 5. 3. 138); 2. 3. 74
- SPRAWL, struggle in death-agony; 5. 1. 51
- SPURN (sb.), lit. contemptuous thrust; 3. 1. 101



- SQUARE** (vb.), (i) (intr.), quarrel (cf. *M.N.D.* 2. 1. 30); 2. 1. 100; (ii) (refl.), quarrel (or perh., settle matters with each other); 2. 1. 124; (iii) (tr.), shape, frame (cf. *Meas.* 5. 1. 478); 3. 2. 31
- STAIN** (vb.), make dim, eclipse (freq. in *Sh.*); 3. 1. 213
- STALE** (sb.), dupe, laughing-stock (cf. *3 Hen. VI*, 3. 3. 260); 1. 1. 304
- STAMP**, lit. coin; hence, thing stamped with a certain impression; 4. 2. 69
- STANCH**, satiate; 3. 1. 14
- STAND ON**, insist upon; 4. 4. 106
- STAND UPON**, rely upon; 2. 3. 124
- STARVED**, numb with cold; 3. 1. 252
- STERN**, cruel; 2. 4. 16; 5. 2. 204
- STINT** (vb.), make cease (cf. *Hen. VIII*, 1. 2. 76); 4. 4. 87
- STOP**, close up; 2. 4. 36
- STORE**, treasury; 1. 1. 94
- STRIKE**, (i) (a) strike down a quarry with spear or arrow, (b) sense (ii); 2. 1. 118; (ii) obscene sense; 2. 1. 129; (iii) 'strike down' = destroy by malign influence (astrological term); 2. 4. 14
- STUPRUM** (Lat.), rape, 4. 1. 79
- SUBTLE**, (i) cunning, crafty; 1. 1. 392; 5. 3. 84; (ii) treacherous; 2. 3. 198
- SUCCESSANTLY**. Meaning doubtful (v. *Intro.* p. lvi). O.E.D. gives no other example, and glosses: 'Arbitrarily from *L. success—succēdēre*, to succeed, + ant +ly. ? In succession'; 4. 4. 114
- SUCCESSIVE** (title), (title) to the succession, 1. 1. 4
- SUPPOSE** (sb.), supposition (cf. *Shrew*, 5. 1. 113); 1. 1. 440
- SURANCE**, assurance (here only in *Sh.*), 5. 2. 46
- SURE**, (i) certain; 2. 3. 133; (ii) harmless, (cf. *1 Hen. IV*, 5. 4. 125); 2. 3. 187 (here = dead); 5. 2. 76
- SURE CARD**, 'an expedient certain to attain its object', a person by whose agency success is assured (O.E.D.); 5. 1. 100
- SURPRISE**, dumbfound, bewilder (cf. *P.A.* 1. 890); 2. 3. 211
- SUUM CUIQUE**, to each his own (Lat.); 1. 1. 280
- SWEET**, perfumed; 2. 4. 6
- SWELL**, overflow; 1. 1. 153; 5. 3. 13
- SWELLING**, swollen (with venom); 2. 3. 101
- SWOUND**, swoon; 5. 1. 119
- TAKE**, suppose (mod. 'take to be'); 5. 2. 154
- TAKE UP**, settle amicably, make friends with (cf. *A.T.L.* 5. 4. 47, 96); 1. 1. 457; 4. 3. 92
- TEDIOUS**, laboriously executed; 2. 4. 39
- TEMPER**, (i) work upon; 4. 4. 110; (ii) mix with a fluid; 5. 2. 200
- TENDER** (vb.), have a tender regard for (cf. *Ham.* 1. 3. 107); 1. 1. 476
- TEREUS**, brother-in-law and violator of *Philomela* (v. *Philomel*); 2. 4. 26, 41; 4. 1. 49



- THROW DOWN, overthrow; 3. 1. 164  
 TICE, entice (here only in Sh.); 2. 3. 92  
 TIMELESS, untimely (cf. *Gent.* 3. 1. 21); 2. 3. 265  
 TITAN, god of the sun, the sun (cf. *1 Hen IV*, 2. 4. 116); 1. 1. 226; 2. 4. 31  
 TOFORE, hitherto, previously (cf. *L.L.L.* 3. 1. 82); 3. 1. 294  
 TOSS, turn over the leaves of (a book); 4. 1. 41  
 TOUCH (vb.), wound, hurt (cf. *Cymb* 4. 3. 4); 4. 4. 36  
 TRAIN (vb.), lure (cf. *Err.* 3. 2. 45, etc.); 5. 1. 104  
 TRIBUNAL PLEBS, clown's error for *tribunus plebis*, tribune of the plebs, 4. 3. 92  
 TRIUMPHER, general awarded a 'triumph' in Rome; 1. 1. 170  
 TROPHY, emblem or memorial placed on a tomb; 1. 1. 388  
 TRULL, prostitute; 2. 3. 191  
 TRUST, trusted person (cf. *1 Hen. VI*, 4. 4. 20); 1. 1. 181  
 TULLY, Cicero, the Roman statesman and orator; 4. 1. 14  
 TURN (sb.), (a) purpose, requirement; (b) action performed in rotation, taken in turn; 2. 1. 96  
 TURN (vb.), return; 5. 2. 141  
 TWENTY, indef. for a large number; 5. 1. 76, 120  
 TYPHON, father of the Titans (v. *Enceladus*); 4. 2. 94  
 TYRANNY, cruelty; 2. 3. 145  
 UNADVISED, ill-advisedly, unwisely; 2. 1. 38  
 UNCOUTH, strange, uncanny; 2. 3. 211  
 UNDO, (a) ruin; 4. 2. 55, 75, 77; (b) annul; 4. 2. 74  
 UNFURNISHED, lit. unequipped, unaccompanied; 2. 3. 56  
 UNKIND(LY), (a) cruel(ly); (b) unnatural(ly); 5. 3. 48, 104  
 UNRECURING, incurable; 3. 1. 90  
 UNREST, indisposition; 4. 2. 31  
 UP AND DOWN, altogether (cf. *Gent.* 2. 3. 28-9; *Ado.* 2. 1. 107-8), 5. 2. 107  
 URCHIN, hedgehog (gen. assoc. with witchcraft or devils; cf. *Macb.* 4. 1. 2; *Temp.* 1. 2. 327); 2. 3. 101  
 URGE, mention, insist upon; 3. 2. 26  
 URN, water-jug (O.E.D. 4); 3. 1. 17  
 VARY (music), repeat the same theme with modifications; 3. 1. 86  
 VAST, desolate; 4. 1. 54, 5. 2. 36  
 VENEREAL, erotic (cf. Nashe, McKerrow, 1. 19; 11. 271), 2. 3. 37  
 VOICE, vote, 1. 1. 218, 230  
 VOUCH, maintain (here, by force of arms); 1. 1. 360  
 VULCAN, the husband of Venus, cuckolded by Mars; 2. 1. 89  
 WAG, move about, go on one's way; 5. 2. 87  
 WAGGON, chariot; 5. 2. 51, 54  
 WAGGONER, charioteer; 5. 2. 48  
 WAIT (on), attend to, obey; 4. 1. 123



- WALL-EYED, glaring, fierce (lit. having the iris of the eye discoloured, which gives a look of fierceness); 5. 1. 44
- WASTED (of a building), ruined (cf. 1 *Hen. VI*, 3. 3. 46; *Son.* 125. 4); 5. 1. 23
- WATCH, stay awake; 3. 1. 5
- WELL-ADVISED, in one's right mind; 4. 2. 10
- WELL-BESEEMING, well-becoming; 2. 3. 56
- WELL SAID! well done! 4. 3. 63
- WHAT (interrog.), why; 1. 1. 189
- WHEAK, squeak (v. note); 4. 2. 146
- WHITE-LIMED, whitewashed (v. note); 4. 2. 98
- WILDERNESS. Sh. thought of a wilderness or desert chiefly as a place where neither law nor mercy held sway; cf. *Lucr.* 1. 544, 'Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws, To the rough beast'; 3. 1. 54, 94
- WIND (vb.), scent (v. note); 4. 1. 98
- WIND (sb.), windward side ('have the w. of' = keep a watch on, like a hunter following game down the wind), 4. 2. 133
- WINK, shut the eyes; 3. 2. 43
- WIT, wisdom, intelligence; 2. 1. 10, 26, 120; 2. 3. 1
- WITTY, wise, clever; 4. 2. 29
- WORLDLY, of this world; 5. 2. 65
- WRIT, writing; 2. 3. 264
- YELLOW. Apparently an extension of 'yell', on the analogy of 'bellow' (O.E.D.); 2. 3. 20
- YOKE (sb.), (i) submission; 1. 1. 69; (ii) sovereignty, government; 1. 1. 111; 4. 1. 110
- YOKE (vb.), subdue, bring under the yoke; 1. 1. 30
- YOUNGLING (contemptuous), youngster, novice (cf. *Shrew*, 2. 1. 330); 2. 1. 73; 4. 2. 93
- ZOUNDS, an oath = God's wounds (cf. *K. John*, 2. 1. 466); 4. 2. 71